

THE
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ART. I.—*The Dublin University Calendars for 1833-4-5-6-7.*

THE consideration of the question, whether Catholics are legally eligible to Scholarships, and Dissenters to both Scholarships and Fellowships, in the University of Dublin, has for some time past occupied our attention. In the article on the Irish and English Universities in our Second Number, the general injustice and impolicy of excluding Catholics and Dissenters from those offices, and of giving a literary monopoly to any sect whatever, were so fully exposed as to render farther observations entirely unnecessary. The propriety of throwing these offices open to the community at large, is not, as it may seem to be, a question of mere local importance, but one that most intimately affects all classes of British subjects, however remotely situated, who feel in any way interested in the advancement of education. To the Dissenters particularly, of all parts of the empire, this subject should be one of engrossing importance. For years past they have been struggling to obtain admission to Oxford and Cambridge, but their appeals have been resisted by the heads of those Universities, with a narrow-minded bigotry, which is directly at variance with their own hackneyed professions, that the extension of the principles of the Established Church will always be in exact proportion with the progress of knowledge and civilization. In consequence of this hostility, the Dissenters of Great Britain have been at length obliged to resort to the expedient of founding a university for themselves. During all this time, we have been wondering why those gentlemen did not turn their attention to the Dublin University, which was willing to receive them within its arms, on terms far superior to those which either of the two former establishments could offer them. Lest some of our readers may be startled by this assertion, we shall here, very briefly, allude to a few of the advantages which that University holds forth.

Firstly. In it—Trinity College, Dublin—the religious principles of the students are never interfered with, except in the instance to which we shall immediately refer. On entering it,

they are required to mention the particular faith which they profess, and if they call themselves anything but Protestants of the Established Church, no question on religious matters is ever afterwards put to them. In this particular, those students who are without the pale of the Established Church, enjoy an advantage over those who are within it, as they are not required to attend chapel or catechetical examinations. Secondly. All the expenses, from the time of entrance to that of obtaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts, amount to only £82. 17s. 6d.* Thirdly. They can live all that time, a period of four years, either in the College or wherever they please, provided only that they attend two examinations in each year. And thus the injurious effects of sending young men to Oxford or Cambridge, and freeing them at the most critical period of their existence from the restraints of the parental authority, may be effectually obviated. Fourthly. The one-third of the ordinary course there, is much more extensive than the entire of the ordinary course at either of the former Universities. And, fifthly. All honours being given to well-tried merit alone, after public impartial examinations, the students have a feeling of emulation excited amongst them, which makes those possessed of any ordinary quantity of intellect, devote themselves to study for the purpose of acquiring those distinctions. In consequence of this, and particularly in consequence of those distinctions being so frequently contended for in each year, the habits of dissipation so prevalent at Oxford and Cambridge, are very seldom known there, the diligent and successful prize-man being a greater object of attraction than the wealthy and profligate spendthrift. Thus the possession of *mind* more than of *money* being the source of distinction there, those who are blessed with moderate fortunes, or have none at all, flock to it, while the rich fly from it. It is not because the course of education there is not as good as that at Oxford or Cambridge, but because it is better

* This applies only to "pensioners," who compose the vast majority of the students. The Fellow Commoners pay exactly double this sum, and the Sizars pay nothing, except £5. 1s. 3d. as entrance fees. The following is a table of the half-yearly charges, including tuition, but exclusive of rooms and commons—as it appears in the volumes before us:—

	Entrance including the first half-year.			Half-year.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Nobleman.....	60	0	0	30	0	0
Fellow Commoner	30	0	0	15	0	0
Pensioner.....	15	0	0	7	10	0
Sizar.....	5	1	3	0	0	0

As, "to take the degree of *Bachelor of Arts*, the student, if a pensioner, must keep four academic years—i.e. he must pass at least eight term examinations," he has to pay the charges for four years, exclusive of the first half-year, which, with the charge of the degree, £7. 17s. 6d., make up the gross sum of £82. 17s. 6d.

and more extensive, and that they should know it tolerably at least to obtain their degree, that these Boetians fly from it to those places where they may get a degree almost for the asking.

These are a few of the many advantages which this University possesses above those at Oxford and Cambridge—but the rest of them we have not now either time or space to enumerate. We are at a loss to conceive, why the Dissenters of Great Britain do not more generally embrace these advantages than they have hitherto done. For though several of them annually graduate here, yet these bear no proportion to the vast numbers of the members of the dissenting sects throughout that portion of the United Kingdom. The only reason which we can imagine for this apparent indifference to a university education is, that perhaps they were deterred by the distance between this capital and the several parts of the sister isle, in which they happened to reside. If this has hitherto been the cause, surely the railways now in progress or in contemplation through every part of the country, must annihilate all impediments of this nature. We trust, therefore, that this numerous and respectable class of people will duly appreciate the various moral and other advantages which this University possesses above Oxford or Cambridge, and that they will call on their representatives to support the measure, which we will proceed to recommend for adoption.

In every point but one, we deem Trinity College, Dublin, to be the best regulated University, and the best adapted for encouraging and promoting literature, that now exists in any portion of the British dominions. It is, however, like most institutions, liable to many objections, and particularly to the following, namely, that though persons of every creed are admitted to contend for all the literary prizes, to which honour alone is attached, all those which have any permanent emoluments appertaining to them, such as Scholarships and Fellowships, are appropriated to Protestants of the Establishment exclusively.* We will, however, show that Catholics are justly and legally eligible to Scholarships, and Dissenters to both Scholarships and Fellowships; and that the system, by which they are excluded from these offices respectively, is a fraudulent usurpation by the members of the Established Church, in violation of all the charters and statutes of the University, of the common law of the land, and of several acts of parliament.

* Scholarships are, certainly, open to persons of all religious denominations, but the emoluments attached to them are so very trivial, that it is scarce worth while to take them into account. Perhaps the reason for leaving them thus open is, that they serve to introduce into the University, poor Catholic and Dissenting students, who, by the temptations of scholarships, and fellowships, and certain other "ingenious devices," are made to see the errors of their way, and become in due time, zealous and disinterested supporters of Protestantism, as by law established

The laws respecting this subject are in general unknown to the public, and to nineteen-twentieths of the students themselves. For though every student, on the day of his matriculation, gets a copy of the charters and statutes of the College, as the code in which his collegiate rights and duties are defined, yet, as they are couched chiefly in modern Latin, and the students do not conceive themselves particularly interested in their contents, they are seldom conveyed by them beyond the gates of the University. It is generally taken for granted by those who have not attentively read the charters and statutes, that there are clauses in them securing Scholarships, Fellowships, and the other offices of trust and profit in the University to members of the Established Church exclusively, and declaring that the College was intended by its founders for the support, protection, and propagation of Protestantism "according to law." Before we leave this subject, we shall prove to the satisfaction of every impartial person, that both these suppositions, so far from having any foundation whatsoever in the charters and statutes, are directly repugnant to their whole tenor and spirit, and also to all the historical evidence of the period, as to the motives on which the University was originally endowed and established.

Before we proceed farther, it may not be improper to give some account of the value of the prizes to which we thus seek to draw public attention. Scholars have their commons free of expense, and their rooms for half the charge paid by pensioners; they pay for tuition, but are exempted from college charges or *decrements*, and receive from the College an annual salary. They hold their Scholarships till they become, or might have become, Masters of Arts. As it is generally in the junior sophister, or third year of the undergraduate course, that the students stand candidates for Scholarships, they therefore may hold it for little less than a period of five years. But it is not merely the immediate pecuniary advantage thus arising, that makes it so great an object of competition, but the distinction, the honour, and the *name*, which is attached to it, as the criterion and reward of classical proficiency, and which is so highly valued, as annually to induce several, who were previously Dissenters or Catholics, to swallow (may we be excused the expression?) the sacramental test of Church of England orthodoxy. The number of scholars is seventy. A Fellowship is the highest prize that this or any other university in the world holds out to literary merit. The Fellow has chambers and commons free of expense, a salary, we believe, of £60 per annum, and eight guineas a year for each pupil that enters under him.* This he holds for life, or till he

* So many pupils had the present Lord Bishop of Killaloe, when a junior fellow, that it was currently stated that he made £30,000 by them, before he rose to a senior's rank.

resigns, marries, is advanced to a benefice, or becomes a senior fellow, when he receives £3000 a year at the lowest. The exact amount is not known, as the College Board observes such extraordinary secrecy with regard to its funds, that it compels the bursar, who by statute must be one of the senior fellows, to keep all the accounts himself, without the assistance of a clerk, lest the public might discover by any means the extent of its revenues. The number of senior fellows is seven: the number of junior is eighteen. The average value of a junior fellowship is generally estimated at something about £600 per annum.

As the principal reason, for which these offices are enjoyed exclusively by professing members of the Established Church, it is urged, that the University was always a Protestant institution, and designed especially for the promotion of the doctrines of that Church. We shall show, by a very brief retrospect of the history of this College,* and of the period in which it was erected, that this is a false and unfounded assumption, and that the College was designed for the diffusion of general literature among Irishmen of all creeds without distinction, and not for the propagation of the dogmas of reformed theologians. The following account of its foundation, we take *verbatim* from the first number of the volumes before us:—

“At the dissolution of the monasteries in Ireland under Henry VIII, the mayor and citizens of Dublin were granted the scite, ambit, or precinct of the dissolved Augustinian Monastery of All Saints, lying within the suburbs of that city. Archbishop Loftus judging this a convenient situation for the intended college, applied to the mayor and citizens, and in two elaborate speeches, in which he laid before them the Queen’s intention of founding a university in Ireland, and the great advantage of such a society to the city, he prevailed on them to grant the said Monastery of All Hallows, with the adjoining land, for the purpose. The Archbishop, having thus far succeeded, employed Henry Ussher, then Archdeacon of Dublin, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, to petition the Queen for her royal charter, and for a mortmain license for the land granted by the city. The Queen received the petition favourably; and, by a warrant dated 29th December 1591, ordered a license of mortmain to pass the seal for the grant of the said Abbey (which is stated to be of the yearly value of £20), and for the foundation of a college, incorporated with the power to accept such lands and contributions for its maintenance, as any of her subjects should be charitably moved to bestow, to the value of £300 a year. On the 3rd of March following, being the thirty-fourth year of her Majesty’s reign, letters patent passed in due form pursuant to the said warrant, which are printed in all copies of the College statutes now in circulation among the students.”—*Univers. Calendar, 1834, p. 25.*

* We call our *Alma Mater*, college or university indiscriminately, as it is a college incorporated “as the Mother of a University.”

History informs us, that the mayors and citizens of this city, both at the time of receiving the lands of this suppressed monastery, and of granting them again for the foundation of this University, were Catholics.* We beg of the reader to bear this fact in memory. The learned author of the works before us, has not once hinted, even in the long account which he has given us of the establishment of the present College, that it was founded for the purpose of promoting the doctrines of the Reformation. And can we suppose that he, the author of the "ingenious device,"† would have omitted an opportunity of mentioning a circumstance so congenial to his own feelings, and so corroborative of the claims of his party to the monopoly of the good things of the University? The simple fact of his not stating that the College was originally a Protestant institution, and founded for the promotion of Protestant interests, should be considered as a sufficient proof of the falsity of the commonly received notions to that effect. But we need not rely solely on this sort of negative evidence, as we have the letters of Queen Elizabeth herself, and her Lord Deputy, to show the design which she had in view in erecting and supporting this University. As the letter of the Lord Deputy comes first in the order of time, we shall commence by placing a few extracts from it before our readers. This was a circular issued to the principal gentry of each barony, entreating the aid of the inhabitants towards supplying funds for forwarding the building, and for other necessary charges. It is dated from "her Majestie's Castle of Dublin, xi March 1591," and is as follows:—

" W. Fitz William,

" Whereas the Queen's most excellent M^{tie}, for the tender care w^h her highness hath of the good and prosperous estate of this her realme of Irelande, and knowing by the experiance of the flourishing estate of England how beneficall yt ys to any countrey to have places of learning in the same, hath by her gratiouse favour passed, and ordered, and authorised us, her D^r Chancellor and the rest of her Councell, to found and establish a colledge of a university near Dublin, in the scite of All Hallows, w^h is freely granted by the citizens thereof, with the precincts belonging to the same, to the value of xx£ by the yeare, who are also willing, eache of them according to their ability, to afford their charitabile contributions for the furthering of so good a purpose. These, therefore, are to request you (having for your assistant such a person as the Sheriff of that county shall appoint for his substitute), carefully to labour with such persons within his barony (having made a book of all their names) whom you think can or will afford any contribution, whether in money, some portion of lands, or

* Plowden's *Historical Review of the State of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 102; and Harris's *History of Dublin*, p. 322-3.

† Rev. James Henthorn Todd, A.M. M.R.I.A.

anie other chattells, whereby their benevolence may be shewed to the putting forward of so notable and excellent a purpose, as this will prove to the benefit of the whole country, whereby knowledge, learning, and civilitie, may be increased, to the banishment of barbarism, tumults, and disordered lyving from among men, and whereby their children, and children's children, especially those that be poor (as it were in an orphan's hospital frely), maie have their learning and education given them with much more ease and lesser charges than in other universities they can obtain it."—University Calendar, 1833, p. 29.

The remainder of the letter has no reference to the reasons for the foundation of the University. We shall now lay a brief extract from Elizabeth's letter before our readers. It seems that the College was dwindling away in its first years from want of funds, and that the Irish government occasionally granted it some small supplies. In 1601 she took it under her own consideration, and, by privy seal dated April 30th, not only confirmed the former grants, but also made a farther grant of £200 a year. The following is an extract from this document:—

" Being informed by letters from Ireland to our privy council here, that the Colledge is in danger to be dissolved, the maintenance thereof being wholly taken away, and no benefit received of our late grant of concealments in regard to the trowbles, and that you have signified you have had supplied them with some means for their continuance until our pleasure be signified in that behalf, we are well pleased, out of our personal care for the maintenance of this Colledge (being of our foundation), and for the *establishment of so great a means of instruction for our people*, to grant unto the provost, fellows, and scholars of the said Colledge both the confirmation and continuance of those means which you have formerly granted into them, and also the farther supply of £200 sterling per annum."—University Calendar, p. 35.

The rest of the document concerns only the sources from which this latter sum was to be received, and therefore it is unnecessary to transfer it to these pages.

We have not ransacked the college library for the purpose of discovering these two documents, to serve our present purposes: we merely take them, as we find them, in the volume before us. And may we not say that, if the compiler of these volumes had been able to discover any other epistles of that princess, more favourable to the cause of which he is so wily an advocate, that he would rather present us with them than with the present document? We ask can anything more clearly demonstrate the utter fallacy of the assumption, that the university was founded for the promotion of the doctrines of the Established Church, than the two documents which we have just quoted? Could anything more clearly prove the truth of our position, that the college was founded for the purpose of diffusing the elements of

general literature among Irishmen of all creeds, without distinction, than these documents, in which we are told that it was established as “a means of instruction for *the people*,” “whereby knowledge, learning, and civilitie, may be increased, to the banishment of barbarism, tumults, and disordered lyving, from among men?” Let the reader bear in mind also, that the writer of the volumes before us has never once attempted to show that it was founded for the purposes to which it is now so unjustly perverted.

But if Elizabeth, and those who with her aided in founding and endowing the university, had any intention of favouring sectarian principles, it is obvious that, however they may avoid allusion to such principles in other documents, they would, at least, in compiling the charters and statutes, have given full and unequivocal expression to those sentiments. But this they have not done, and, consequently, we must conclude that they had no such intentions. As it is most satisfactory, on a subject of this nature, that we should cite our authorities, we shall go regularly through the charters and statutes,* and adduce quotations from them, or state their general purport, according as each mode shall suit best with a brief and clear elucidation of the subject.

The charter of Elizabeth, for founding and endowing the University, does not contain one word in favour of the ascendancy of any sect or party. It states that archdeacon Ussher humbly entreated her majesty, that, as there was not a college in Ireland for instructing students in literature, and the arts, “*in bonis literis et artibus*,” she would be pleased to establish one near Dublin, “for the better education, institution, and instruction of the scholars and students in the said kingdom;”† and that she, through her great anxiety that the Irish youth should get “a pious and liberal education, that they should be thereby better enabled to learn the arts, and cultivate virtue and religion, wishes, concedes, ordains,”‡ &c. &c. Then follow the clauses for founding and endowing the University. These passages, and another,§ in which it is ordained that the Fellows, on the expiration of seven years, after taking the degree of master of arts, should

* The copy of these, to which we shall refer by the letter P, with the number for each page, is the same as that which is given to every student on his matriculation, and was presented to ourselves on that occasion, in 1832. It was printed at the University press, in 1828, and is entitled, “*Chartæ et Statuta Collegii Sacrosanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis Reginæ Elizabethæ juxta Dublin.*”

† P. 1. 2.

‡ “*Sciatis quod nos pro eâ curâ, quam de juventute Regni nostri Hiberniæ pie et liberaliter instituendâ singularem habemus, ac pro benevolentia, quâ studia, studiosque prosequimur (ut eo melius ad bonas artes percipiendas, colendamque virtutem et religionem adjuventur) huic piæ petitioni,*” &c. &c. p. 2.

§ P. 11.

resign their Fellowships, “*pro hujus regni et ecclesiae beneficio*,” are the only ones in the entire of that charter containing an expression of a religious nature. What more general and indefinite terms than piety, virtue, religion, and the church, could have been used on such an occasion? The entire, with the exception of “the church,” are phrases common to Christians, Jews, Mahometans, and Pagans. There is not even a syllable specifying what religion the fellows and scholars should profess, nor what was the church which is so vaguely alluded to in the passage, “*pro hujus regni et ecclesiae beneficio*.” We shall immediately show that the church thus hinted at, could not by possibility be the Protestant church, as by law now established in Ireland. From all this it is manifest that the College was designed by Elizabeth, not as a nursery for Protestant divines, but an institution for the extension of literature and science among all her Irish subjects, without regard to religious distinctions.

The charter of James I., empowering the University to send two members to the Irish Parliament, makes no allusion to the creed of those members, or of the Fellows and Scholars that were to elect them.*

In like manner, the charter of Charles I., which confirms, alters, or repeals several clauses in that of Elizabeth, is completely free from all expressions of a sectarian tendency, and does not contain a single religious expression more definite than those which we have already quoted from that charter.†

The preamble, also, to the statutes of Charles I., respecting the College, does not state anything concerning the Christian religion, or religious distinctions, but merely speaks of “the efficacy of literature in polishing the human mind, and bringing men from a wild and boorish mode of life to civilization and religion.”‡ In proof of which assertion it mentions the attention paid to the study of polite literature (*literarum politiorum disciplinæ*) among the ancient Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and also among modern nations, and “particularly in England, where so many schools and eminent academies testify that the liberal arts were an especial object of concern to her most renowned rulers,” who, for the same considerations, “determined also to restore a colony, as it were, of letters to Ireland, where they formerly flourished.”§ From this it plainly appears that polite literature,

* P. 15.

† P. 25.

‡ “*Permagnam vim in doctrinarum studiis existere ad excolendos hominum animos, et a ferâ, agrestique vitâ, ad humanitatis et religionis officia traducendos, vel inde facile constare potest quod non solum priscis temporibus apud Hebreos, Ægyptios, Græcos, et Romanos, literarum politiorum disciplinæ viguerunt,*” &c. p. 55.

§ “*De literarum quasi coloniâ aliquâ in Hiberniam (in quâ olim floruerunt) reducendâ cogitarunt.*”—p. 56.

such as was cultivated among the pagans of antiquity, and not the Reformed religion, was the object which Charles had in view with regard to the University; and that he wished it to be a school for extending among all his Irish subjects a knowledge of the arts and sciences, and not of the dogmas of Protestant theology.

On the whole it is perfectly clear that the University was founded on the most liberal principles, and that it was by no means intended for the purposes to which it has since been converted, as "the last dark fortress of expiring bigotry." If those who framed the charters and statutes had other intentions, it is obvious that they would have expressed them fully and explicitly; and it is absurd to say that it was a mistake or unintentional omission, since the charter of Elizabeth is as liberal as language could make it; and the charters of James I, and Charles I, successively commented on, confirmed, repealed, or amended, several clauses in it, and yet do not contain a single passage of a sectarian tendency. And how, we ask, can any person at the present day attribute to those monarchs intentions with regard to this subject, which they themselves never took the trouble to express? To persons, disposed to maintain the claims of the "miserable monopolizing minority," by assumptions of this nature, we would observe that, in addition to all the reasons deducible from common sense and common honesty, against such a line of argument, there is also that just and simple maxim of common law, "*exprimum facit silere tacitum*," which forbids us to thwart the public enactments of a legislator, by what we may pretend were his private intentions.

But, whatever were the intentions of those sovereigns, we shall show that the propagation of the Protestant religion, as by law now established, could not have been, by any possibility, their object in founding and supporting the University; and that it was Catholics and Dissenters, and not Church of England Protestants, that mainly contributed to its foundation. With regard to the share which the Catholics had in "the putting forward of so notable and excellent" an undertaking, could we adduce a stronger instance than the fact, that the site for the College, and the adjoining grounds, were granted by the mayor and corporation of Dublin, who were all Catholics, and who testified their devotion to that faith, by their suffering—with the exception of one individual only—both fines and imprisonment, in the reign of James I, rather than conform to the new doctrines?* Even Galway, the most Catholic county in this country, was the only county whose contributions to the College were deemed worthy of

* Vid. Harris *antea*.

notice by the author of the present volumes. Thus, but for the liberality of the Catholics of that city and country, the University would not have been founded at all; and can we suppose that the Protestants of that day were so unprincipled, as that they would exclude these people from all participation in the benefits of it when it was erected? Had it been originally designed to exclude Catholics from the University, it would have been useless to found it at all, and impossible to maintain it on such principles against the will of the nation. It appears, that up to the time of James I, not sixty of the Irish had embraced the Protestant religion, though Ireland then contained more than two millions of souls.* During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the greater part of the forces, employed by her in that country, were Irish Catholics; † and the majority of the Irish House of Commons were also Catholics. For, though the passing of the Act of Uniformity might appear inconsistent with this, yet it is really not so, as all our annalists declare that that act was passed surreptitiously by Stanyhurst, the Speaker, in the absence of those who were expected to oppose it; and who afterwards protested to the Lord Lieutenant against it, and were assured, by him, that it would never be put in execution.‡ In support of this is the fact, that it was seldom, if ever, executed during the remainder of her reign, a period of more than forty years. We may here observe, that it was only in the reign of James I, that the Protestant ascendancy was first established, or even sought to be established, in the Irish House of Commons, by the creation of forty new boroughs, for which, of course, government candidates were returned.§ Notwithstanding this extraordinary stretch of prerogative, the Court party had only a majority of twenty-four in a house of two hundred and twenty-six. The full complement of members was two hundred and thirty-two, but six of those returned did not appear in Parliament.

It must be obvious to our readers that it would not have suited Elizabeth's politic views to found a College here, from which her Catholic subjects were to be ignominiously excluded, when it was on them principally she was relying for support against her enemies. And it must be equally obvious that a Catholic Corporation would not have given their grounds for the erection of such a college, in the benefits of which, neither they nor any of their faith were to have the least participation, and

* Mac Geoghegan's History of Ireland, p. 422.

† Morryson, p. 120. Leland, p. 412—306, et alibi. Sullivan, p. 117, et alibi.

‡ Plowden's Hist. Ire. vol. i. p. 98. Lond. 4to. et Analect Sacr. p. 431.

§ Plowd. Ibidem, p. 108-9. "It appears that during her reign the penal laws were seldom, if ever, executed in Ireland."—Plowd. *antea*, p. 98.

which could serve only to secure their own degradation, and the advancement of their political and religious opponents. From these considerations we must conclude that the exclusion of Catholics could not have been an original feature in the government of this University.

We shall now prove that the class of religionists, who at that period formed the body of those who were called Irish Protestants, and enjoyed all the advantages of the Irish Church Establishment, were not believers in the doctrines then professed by the Church of England, and now by the Church of England and Ireland, but were Dissenters in the meaning attributed to that word by the legally orthodox Protestants of the present day. During Elizabeth's reign, the majority of those attached to the Reformed Faith in Ireland were Puritans.* At the accession of James I they were ascendant in Church and State: the whole body of the Reformed Clergy in Ireland were Puritan; and Ussher, the most eminent of them, was Provost of Trinity College, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh. On this subject we shall quote the words of Carte in his *Life of James, Duke of Ormond.*

"Thus, in the year 1615 a convocation being held in Dublin, it was thought proper that they should have a public confession of faith as well as other churches. The drawing up of it was left to Dr. Ussher, who having not as yet got over the tincture he received in his first studies from the modern authority of foreign divines, inserted in it, not only the Lambeth Articles,* but also several particular fancies of his own, such as the Sabbatarian doctrine of a Judaical rest on the Lord's-day, the particular explication of what in Scripture is revealed only in general concerning the generation of the Son, which Calvin had taken upon him to determine was not from the essence but from the person of the Father; the sacerdotal power of absolution made *declarative* only; abstinences from flesh upon certain days appointed by authority declared not to be religious fasts, but to be grounded merely upon politick views and considerations, and the Pope made to be Antichrist, according to the like determination of the French Huguenots, in one of their Synods at Gappe in Dauphiné, though the characters and distinctions of Antichrist agree in all points to nobody but the impostor Mahomet. These conceptions of his were incorporated into the Articles of the Church of Ireland, and by his credit approved in Convocation, and afterwards confirmed by the Lord Deputy Chichester."—*Carte*, vol. i. p. 73. London, fol. edition.

* Plowd. *antea*, p. 101, note.

† Concerning predestination, grace, and justifying faith, sent down as a standard of doctrine to Cambridge, but immediately suppressed by Elizabeth, and afterwards disapproved and rejected by James I when proposed to him by Dr. Reynolds in the conference at Hampton Court.

Such were the doctrinal principles of the Reformed clergy of Ireland, and particularly of the Provost of the College, and the Primate of Ireland, until the year 1634, when Charles I and the Lord Deputy introduced another reformation. They were anxious to establish a uniformity in doctrine and discipline between the Churches of Ireland and England.

“ The main difficulty was to engage the Primate Ussher, upon whose judgment most of the bishops and clergy depended, and whose honour might be touched by a repeal of the Articles, which he himself had drawn, and who being horribly afraid of bowing at the name of Jesus, and of some other reverences prescribed in the English Canons, which he neither practised nor approved, might reasonably be supposed averse to the reception of either the Articles, or the Canons of the Church of England.... At last an expedient was found out to reconcile the Primate. No censures were to be passed on any of the former Irish Articles, but those of the Church of England were to be approved and received; which was only a virtual, not a formal abrogation of the Irish; and the English Canons were not to be established all of them in a body, but those which His Grace scrupled at being left out, a collection was to be made of the rest for the rule and discipline to be observed in Ireland. The convocation met concurrent with the Second Session of Parliament in the beginning of November 1634. Abundance of the members were Puritanical in their hearts, and made several trifling objections to the body of Canons extracted out of the English, which were offered to their judgment and approbation: particularly such as concerned the solemnity and uniformity of divine worship, the administration of the sacraments, and the ornaments used therein, the qualification for Holy Orders, for benefices and for pluralities, and the oath against simony, and the time of ordination, and the obligation to residency and subscription.”—*Carte*, *Ibid.* p. 74.

He then says that the Articles of the Church of England were at last received, and “ established according to the deputy’s mind; yet more by the influence of his authority than the inclinations of a great part of the Convocation.”*

We shall now give an extract or two from a letter† of the Lord Deputy (Wentworth) to the Archbishop of Canterbury on this subject. After stating that the Lower House of Convocation had appointed a Select Committee to consider the question of receiving the Canons of the Church of England, and that this Committee “ had gone through the book of Canons, and noted in the margin such as they allowed with an A, and on others had entered a D, which stood for *deliberandum*; that in the fifth Article they had brought the Articles of the Church of Ireland to be allowed and received under pain of excommunication, and that they had drawn up their Canons,” he says, “ When I

* *Carte*, *Ibid.*; see also *Leland*, vol. iii. p. 28. † Given in full in *Carte*, *antea*, *ibid.*

came to open the book, and run over their *deliberandums* in the margin, I confess I was not so moved, since I came into Ireland. I told him, (Dean Andrews, the chairman of the Committee) certainly not a Dean of Limerick, but Ananias had sat in the chair of their Committee: however sure I was Ananias had been there in spirit, if not in body, with all the fraternities and conventicles of Amsterdam, and that I was ashamed and scandalized at the above measure." Having summoned all the members of the Committee before him, and having publicly lectured them on "the spirit of Brownism and contradiction," he observed "*in their deliberandums, as if indeed they proposed at once to take away all government and order out of the Church, and to leave every man to choose his own high place, which liketh him best;*" he farther told them, "but this heady and arrogant course (they might know) I was not to endure, nor, if they were disposed to be mad and frantic in this dead and cold season of the year, would I suffer them to be mad in their convocations or in their pulpits." "First, then, I required Dean Andrews, as foreman, that he should report nothing from the Committee to the House. Secondly, I enjoined Dean Lesly, their prolocutor, that in case any of the Committee should propound any question therein, yet he should not put it, but break off the sitting for the time, and acquaint me withal. Thirdly, that he should put no question at all touching the receiving or not of the Articles of the Church of England. Fourthly, that he should put the question for allowing and receiving of the Articles of England, wherein he was by name and writing to take their votes, barely *content* or *not content*, without admitting any other discourse at all; for I would not endure that the Articles of the Church of England should be disputed."* By such violent and arbitrary proceedings were the Canons of the Church of England forced on the consciences of the Irish Puritanical Clergy. Thus we have shown that it was Catholics and Dissenters that principally contributed to the establishment of the University, and that the Church hinted at in the passage, *pro hujus regni et ecclesiæ beneficio*, could not have been the Church by law now established in Ireland; unless, perhaps, that with gentlemen of the Reformed faith, points of doctrine are matters of minor consideration, and therefore changeable at the whim of every prince and prelate, while the possession of power and property is the fundamental Article, which is never to undergo the least alteration, and is to be for ever the guiding beacon to those seeking the haven of Irish Protestant orthodoxy.

* Carte, *antea*, p. 76.

We have stated that there are no passages of a sectarian tendency in the charters of Elizabeth, James I, or Charles I. The cause of this may be found, perhaps, partly in the spirit of "leaving every man to choose his own high place, which liketh him best," for which the deputy so sharply reprehended the clergy. The sketch of ecclesiastical history which we have given, will explain why there are no clauses in the charters and statutes, excluding Protestant Dissenters from any of the offices or honours of the University, or holding out any sort of preference to those professing the peculiar doctrines of the Church of England. What we have hitherto stated tends only to the proof of the position that the University was intended by those who founded and endowed it, not for the especial protection and encouragement of Protestantism, but for the liberal education of the Irish youth of every Christian denomination. We shall now show, from the respective oaths and qualifications of the Fellows and Scholars, that it was the manifest intention of those who framed and established these oaths and qualifications, that Catholics should be eligible to Scholarships, and Dissenters to both Scholarships and Fellowships.

"Those only are to be elected Fellows, of whose *religion*, learning and morals, the Provost and seven Senior Fellows would have conceived good hopes, and who should have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts,"* and "should not be infamous, convicted of heresy, or dissolute in morals and habits."† The reader may observe that religion is an essential qualification of a Fellow, but that there is not a word to express what that religion should be, and that it is entirely left to the discretion of the Provost and seven Senior Fellows. The compiler of the statutes seeing this, and fearing that perhaps those gentlemen may "entertain good hopes of the religion" of a Catholic, supplied this omission by inserting a clause in the chapter "on Divine Worship," inhibiting the election of any one to a Fellowship, "who should not have renounced the Popish religion as far as it differs from the Catholic and orthodox, and the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, by a solemn and public oath."‡ The usual "office" oath of the Fellows seems likewise to have been drawn up particularly against Roman Catholics. It is as follows:—

* "Volumus et Statiimus, ut in Socios ii solum cooptentur, de quorum religione, doctrina et moribus, tum præpositus, tum Socii septem Seniores, spem bonam animis conceperint, quique gradum Baccalaureatus in Artibus jam susceperint."—p. 71.

† "Provideant et statuant, se neminem in Socium electuros, qui sit infamia notatus, de hæresi convictus, aut moribus et vita consuetudine dissolutus."—p. 72.

‡ "Præterea nemo in Sociorum numerum eligatur, qui Pontificie religioni, quatenus a Catholicâ et orthodoxâ dissentit, et Romani Pontificis jurisdictioni per solenne et publicum juramentum non renuntiaverit."—p. 88.

“ I, G. C., elected into the number of the Fellows of this College, sacredly profess in the presence of God, that I acknowledge the authority of the sacred Scripture to be supreme in religion, and that I truly and sincerely believe what is contained in the holy word of God, and that I will to the best of my power constantly resist all opinions, which either Papists or others maintain against the truth of sacred Scripture. As to the Royal authority, I acknowledge that of his present most Serene Majesty (George, &c.) to be the greatest next to God’s in the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and to be subject to the power of no foreign prince or pontiff.”* The rest of the oath has no connexion with our present argument. Again, all the Fellows, except the professors of jurisprudence and medicine, are ordered, under the penalty of perpetual amotion from the College, to “ assume the sacred order of Presbytership,” within three years after taking the degree of A.M. Now, under what pretence can they exclude Dissenters and others, who would comply with the above oaths and regulations, from the Professorships of Jurisprudence and Medicine, or from Fellowships generally, before the period for entering into holy orders arrives? Or why should they exclude Presbyterians at all, whom the very words “ *Sacrum Presbyteratus Ordinem*,” were designed to embrace; who founded the University, and, as we have already shown, were at the time of the compilation of these statutes;† almost the only persons of the Reformed religion then in Ireland? It is manifestly against the entire tenour of the charters and statutes, to exclude them from ANY of the honours or privileges of the University.

But whatever pretext the members of the Established Church may employ to monopolize Fellowships, they can have none to justify or excuse them in excluding Catholics and Dissenters

* “ *Ego, G. C., electus in numerum sociorum hujus Collegii, sancte coram Deo profiteor, me sacre Scripturæ autoritatem in religione summam agnoscere, et quæcunque in Sancto Dei Verbo continentur, vere et ex animo credere, et pro facultate mea omnibus opinionibus quas vel Pontifici vel alii contra Sacras Scripturæ veritatem tuerintur constanter repugnaturum.* Quod ad regiam autoritatem attinet, Serenissimi nunc Regis Georgii Quarti eam secundum Deum summam in regni Angliae, Scotiae et Hiberniae esse agnosco—et nullius externi principis aut Pontificis potestati obnoxiam.”—p. 76.

† “ *Sacrum Presbyteratus Ordinem in se suscipiat.*”—p. 76.

These statutes, which still regulate the University in all particulars, except where they have been altered by subsequent Royal Letters, were passed by Charles I in 1637, three years after the reception of the English Canons. Yet we cannot suppose that the manner of forcing them on the Irish clergy could have converted them all in three years, unless they were of a very malleable disposition. Moreover, a rigid conformity with them was not exacted; even Ussher, the most eminent opponent of them, was that very year one of the Visitors of the College, and the Primate of Ireland. *Vid. Dubl. Univ. Cal. 1833. Introd.*

from Scholarships. In the election of Scholars, it is “to the poverty, talent, learning, and virtue, of the candidates, that attention must be paid.”* Now let the reader observe that the requisite qualifications of a Fellow are religion, learning, and morals, whereas those of a Scholar are poverty, talent, learning and virtue: that while religion is the first object of consideration in the selection of a Fellow, it is entirely excluded in the selection of a Scholar. A similar difference is observable in their respective oaths. That of a Scholar is—“I, N. N., elected into the number of the Scholars of this College, solemnly profess before God that I acknowledge the Royal authority of His Most Serene Majesty (George, &c.) to be the greatest next to God’s in the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and to be subject to the power of no foreign prince or pontiff.”† The remainder of it concerns only the duties which they promise to perform. To this oath, no Catholic can have the least objection. It is drawn up consistently with the principle on which the oath and qualifications for Fellowships seem to have been framed—that of excluding Catholics from Fellowships, and admitting them to Scholarships and all other situations. Here there are no declarations as to the authority of the Scripture, or resistance to the doctrines of the Popes. All these, it is plain, have been omitted in accordance with the principle just alluded to.

But the irrefragable proof, if any were wanting, of the position above laid down, is to be found in the passage before recited from the chapter on divine worship, ordaining that no person be elected a fellow, who should not have renounced by a solemn and public oath the religion and jurisdiction of the Pope. The inevitable conclusion from this clause is, that the framer of it intended that Catholics should be admissible to Scholarships, and all other situations in the University inferior to Fellowships.

This principle is still farther established by the 33 Geo. III, c. 21, entitled “An Act for the relief of His Majesty’s subjects of the Popish religion,” (which first relaxed the severities of the penal code,) the ninth section of which runs thus, “Provided always, and be it hereby enacted, that nothing herein contained

* “In qua electione habeatur ratio inopie, ingenii, doctrinæ, virtutis, et quo magis quisque ex eligendorum numero his excedit, eo magis, ut æquum est, præferatur.”—p. 67.

† “Ego, N. N., electus in numerum Discipulorum hujus Collegii sancte coram Deo profitor, me Regiam Authoritatem Serenissimi nunc Regis Georgii Secundum Deum summam esse, in regnis Angliæ, Scotie, et Hibernie agnosceré, et nullius externi Principis, aut Pontificis, potestati obnoxiam.”—p. 69. Neither this oath, nor any other, is now ever tendered to the scholars.

shall extend, or be construed to extend, to enable any person to sit, or vote, in either House of Parliament, or to exercise, or enjoy, the office of Lord Lieutenant, Lord Deputy [the names of several offices follow here, which it is unnecessary to mention], Masters in Chancery, *Provost, or Fellow of the College of the Holy Undivided Trinity of Queen Elizabeth, near Dublin*, Post-master-general, Lieutenant-general of his Majesty's Ordnance, &c. [here again follow several offices, which having no connexion with the present subject, it is needless to insert], unless he shall have taken, made, and subscribed the oaths and declarations, and performed the several requisites, which by the laws heretofore made, and now of force, are required to enable any person to sit or vote, or to hold, exercise, or enjoy, the said offices respectively." Is not this clause as express in favour of the position for which we contend, as if it were couched in the affirmative, enacting that Catholics should be eligible to Scholarships, and all other situations in the University, except those of Provost and Fellow? It is impossible to draw any other inference from it: if it do not mean this, it means nothing. On this point we think that a doubt cannot be any longer entertained by any unprejudiced person.

But there is no necessity for proving this principle farther, as the Fellows themselves declare that it is not by any law contained in the charters and statutes that Catholics and Dissenters are excluded from Scholarships, but merely through a bye-law of the College Board, that no person shall be elected a Scholar, unless he shall have previously taken the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after the rites of the Established Church, in the College Chapel, on some Sunday between the days of examination and of election.* On this our readers may naturally ask, why then have we taken such a circuitous mode of demonstrating an acknowledged truth? Our answer is simply this, to show that the bye-law is opposed to the expressed will of the founders and endowers of the University, and to the tenour and principle of all the charters and statutes.

That the board has not the privilege of passing bye-laws such as this, we shall now endeavour to demonstrate. Queen Elizabeth gave the Provost and Fellows power to establish whatever rules and laws they might consider necessary for the government of the University.† This power Charles I took from them, and vested in himself, his heirs, and successors for ever,‡ and repealed

* The examinations are held in the week preceding Whit-Sunday, and the Scholars are declared on the day after Trinity-Sunday.

† Page 10.

‡ Page 33.

all the laws passed by them during their exercise of that authority, except those concerning the augmentation of the number of Fellows from 3 to 16, and of the scholars from 3 to 70, and the distinguishing of the former into senior and junior, and the committing of the management of the University to the Provost and seven Senior Fellows for the time being.* He then† ordered that the Provost, Fellows, and Scholars, and their successors, should for ever obey the laws enacted by him, unless he, his heirs, or successors, should think proper to alter them in any particular, But as “many casualties may occur, all of which human prudence cannot foresee,” he empowered the Provost and major part of the Senior Fellows to make new decrees and ordinances in such omitted cases, *where nothing certain is defined in the statutes*, and which are to be obligatory, provided they be not repugnant to the statutes, and be sanctioned by the consent of the visitors of the College.‡ Again, he provides that, if any ambiguities should arise on the construction of the statutes, “they should, in order to discover the truth, consider the literal and grammatical sense, and also his intentions:”§ and that if a decision, in which all parties would acquiesce, should not be pronounced within eight days after the commencement of a dispute, by the Provost and Senior Fellows, that two Fellows to be assigned for that purpose should go together with the contending parties to the visitors of the College, and submit the controversy to them, “beseeching them to interpret and determine all ambiguities, according to the plain, common, literal, and grammatical sense, and the meaning most suited to the existing doubt.”|| With respect to these disputes, he uses the following, almost prophetic, language, “We being unwilling, that any one should derogate in any particular from the words, or intentions, of the said statutes *through any custom, long abuse, or any act whatsoever.*” The language of these clauses is so very plain, that we will not make a single comment on it.

* Page 34.

† Page 35.

‡ “Quod Praepositus et major pars Sociorum Seniorum pro tempore existentium in casibus omissis (ubi nihil certum in statutis nostris definitum fuerit), nova decreta et ordinationes condere valeant et possint, quae, modo non repugnant statutis nostris, et habeant consensum visitatorum Collegii, qui inferius nominantur, vim, obligandi sub penis in iisdem praescriptis obtinere volumus et concedimus.”—p. 36.

§ “Ut ad veritatem exquirendam, literalem et grammaticalem sensum, pariter et mentem nostram respiciant.”—p. 147.

|| “Ut juxta planum, communem, literalem, et grammaticalem sensum, et ad dubium pratenus aptiorem, omnes hujusmodi ambiguitates interpretari et determinare velint.”—p. 148.

¶ “Nolentes quod per consuetudinem ullam aut diuturnum aliquem abusum aut actum quemcunque, verbis aut intentioni dictorum statutorum in aliquo derogetur.”—Ibid.

Now, if this bye-law were established prior to the date of the charter of Charles I, it was abolished by that charter; and it could not, by any legal means at least, be established since that time; as under that charter the Provost and Fellows can form new laws and regulations "in omitted cases only, where nothing certain is defined in the statutes." No one can be so stupid, or so prejudiced, as seriously to assert that the election of Scholars comes under this head of "omitted cases." For if ever any "thing was certainly defined," it was this, where the days* and hours of examination, the qualifications of the candidates, the mode of election, and the oaths of the electors† and elected‡ are precisely and particularly determined. Nothing could be more precisely, "more certainly defined" than this. We know not by what perversion of reason any one can force himself to believe that this was an "omitted case," in which the Board might exercise its legislative functions. It certainly was an unpardonable offence in Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I, not to have foreseen the existence in that country of a sect professing the peculiar tenets of the present Church Establishment; and a still more unpardonable omission not to have secured to it by anticipation all the good things of the University. But to those, who may seriously pretend that this was an omitted case, we have only to reply, that in interpreting charters and statutes such as these, and other legislative records, we are bound by what is said, not by what we may think ought to have been said.

But it must be superfluous to pursue this argument farther, particularly when we can adduce the testimony of the Board in support of the position which we have undertaken to establish. If a doubt could exist before as to the correctness of our views, this testimony must completely remove it. The board, we may here observe, consists of the Provost and seven senior Fellows.§ So limited did they consider their powers of either dispensing with the old laws, or enacting new ones, that they could not alter even the days or hours of examinations, or close or open the college gates a minute later or earlier than the time prescribed in the statutes, or even diminish the double quantity of viands served up on Trinity Sunday, and were obliged to petition Geo. III, in 1819, for a relaxation of the statutes in these and some other particulars. The statute which granted them relief, was drawn up

* Page 67.

† Page 138. *Ego. C. Deum testor in conscientia mea me statuta super nuper lecta fideliter et integre observaturum, et illum vel illos in socium vel socios aut scholares discipulos nominaturum et electurum quem vel quos statuta nuper lecta significare et apertius describere mea conscientia judicabit, omni illegitima affectione, odio, amore et similibus sepositis.*

‡ Page 69.

§ Page 64.

by themselves, and established as one of the statutes of the College by Royal Letters Patent, bearing date the 13th of December, 1819. We shall give the evils complained of, and the remedies applied to them, as we find them in that document :—

“Whereas in different statutes days and hours are prescribed, as well for examining into the progress of the students, and for observing the terms, as well as for closing and opening the College gates; and very many academical duties, and the times for performing them, are too strictly limited, and it has been found that many and grievous inconveniences have therefrom arisen to the College, to which the Provost and Senior Fellows have most humbly petitioned that we would be graciously pleased to grant a remedy. We therefore concede by these presents a power for the future to the Provost and major part of the Senior Fellows to alter, with the consent of the visitors, as circumstances shall seem to require, all the times fixed in the statutes for performing any duties, or doing anything else, except only the hours of morning prayers and pælections, and the times for the examinations and elections of fellows and scholars.”*

Even the amount of the commons on Trinity Sunday was not left to their discretion; but it was specially enacted that it should not exceed the ordinary allowance. We ask, can any one suppose that this Board, which could not dispense with the statutes in these trifles, could dispense with them in the most important matters connected with the University; or that they, who could not even alter the times for the examination and election of Fellows and Scholars, could alter the qualifications for them, by requiring tests, not only not warranted by the statutes, but totally repugnant to them? To say more on this point “would be wasteful and extravagant excess.” We presume that we have thus satisfactorily demonstrated, that the Board has not the privilege of passing bye-laws in general, and particularly such a one as that which forms the subject of the present remarks.

But even supposing that the Board has a general power of making bye-laws for the government of the University, which we have shown it has not, we will now prove that its exercise of it in the present instance, in requiring a qualification not war-

* “Cum in diversis statutorum capitibus Dies et Horæ tum examinationi scholiarium in disciplinis progressus terminisque observandis, tum portis Collegii obserandis et aperiendis præscribuntur, et plurima officia academica et tempora certa limitantur, compertum autem sit multa et gravia exinde incommoda collegio provenisse, quibus remedium gratis præstare dignaremur humillime a nobis petierunt præpositus et Socii Seniores: potestatem igitur concedimus in futurum per præsentes præposito una cum maiore parte Sociorum seniorum, tempora omnia ad officia quælibet præstanda aut omnino ad aliquid agendum in statutis definita (Exceptis solummodo horæ precum et pælectionum matutinarum atque temporibus examinationum et electionum sociorum et Scholarum discipulorum) cum consensu visitatorum mutandi prout res ipsis exigere videbitur.”—p. 183-4.

ranted by the charters, is not only unjust, but illegal. The doctrine of law on which we rely, is laid down in Espinasse's *Nisi Prius*, p. 694, as the second general rule for deciding the validity of a bye-law. The first general rule is this: "Where a corporation is by charter, they cannot make bye-laws to restrain the number of those by whom the election is to be made by charter." The second rule, to which we particularly call attention, is thus laid down in that useful work: "On the same principle, a bye-law cannot narrow the number of persons out of whom an election is to be made: as, for example, by requiring a qualification not required by the charter." And he gives, as an instance and proof of it, the case of the King *versus* Spencer, 3 *Burrowes' Reports*, 1827: "As where the election of the common council was in the mayor, jurats, and commonalty, a bye-law limiting it to the mayor, jurats, and such of the common freemen who should have served for one year the offices of church-warden or overseer of the poor, was held to be bad, as not warranted by the charter." We have already proved that the taking of the sacrament after the ritual of the Established Church is a qualification not required or warranted by the charters or statutes: and the sceptic, who could doubt whether that qualification narrows the number of persons out of whom the election is to be made, would entertain doubts of his own existence. As, therefore, this bye-law narrows the number of persons out of whom the election is to be made, by requiring a qualification not warranted by the charter, it is bad and illegal.

This bye-law appears to us to be only a remnant of the Test and Corporation Acts. The sacramental test was established by these acts: and now, though it is by law abolished, the liberal fraternity of "the Silent Sister" still continue it, as the only means of maintaining an unjust monopoly. This is the real origin of this desecration of the most solemn rite known to the Christian world. Is it not monstrous injustice, that these gentlemen should still continue to enforce these laws, long after they have been repealed by the legislature? Thus, they who pretend such a scrupulous regard for the laws of their country, are in the practice of habitually evading and violating them, to preserve their ascendancy. So conscious are they of the indefensible nature of their conduct in this particular, that they never make any allusion to this sacramental test in any of their works; they do not even insert it in the body of laws delivered to every student as the code of his collegiate rights and duties. Is it not manifest, that, if they deemed it a valid bye-law, they would insert it, as well as they have done all their other rules, or even

their decree against attending meetings without the College ?* The student, who may labour for years to acquire these honours, though he may hear from his companions of the existence of such a practice, has absolutely no official knowledge or notice of it, until a few days before the election, when he gets a hint from his tutor, that he must receive the sacrament in the College chapel, if he wish to stand a chance of being elected. As an additional proof of the great secrecy they observe with regard to this, we may mention the fact of there not being the slightest allusion made to it even in any of the volumes before us, which have been published under the sanction and patronage of the heads of the College, and edited by one of the junior Fellows,† and which descend to the most minute details of every the most trifling particular connected with the University. Under the head of "Examination for Scholarship," these volumes mention the literary exercises which must be performed by the candidates, and then state the other requisites :

"On or before the day of election, every candidate must send in to each of the examiners his name, his father's name, the name of the county in which he was born, and the schoolmaster by whom he was educated. The form in which it is done is as follows: *Ego, A B — filius, natus in comitatu, N. sub ferula — educatus, disciplatum a te peto.* THE STATUTES DIRECT THAT A PREFERENCE BE GIVEN, *ceteris paribus*, TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN EDUCATED IN DUBLIN SCHOOLS, OR BORN IN THOSE COUNTIES WHERE THE COLLEGE HAS PROPERTY: WITH THIS EXCEPTION, SCHOLARSHIPS ARE OPEN TO ALL THE SUBJECTS OF THE BRITISH CROWN, WITHOUT DISTINCTION."‡

There are no hints here as to religious distinctions, or as to taking the sacrament: this is a true and fair version of the statutes, and proves, beyond contradiction, the truth of all for which we have contended. But the learned editor of this work knew quite well, that, in practice at least, receiving the sacrament was an indispensable requisite also. Now, it must be either fear or shame that prevented him from honestly stating this. He would not, assuredly, suppress the most important requisite of all, if he did not fear to draw public attention to the subject. From this our readers may judge how apprehensive the heads of the University are of exposing the unwarrantable means which they adopt to secure all the honours and advantages of the College to those of their own sect, that they may be thereby enabled to

* Page 227.

† Rev. James Henthorn Todd, A.M. M.R.I.A.

‡ See *Dublin University Calendar* for any year since its first appearance—Chapter on SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION.

attach them the more strongly to their party, and to allure poor unprincipled proselytes.

We shall now consider the several ways by which parties aggrieved by this test may endeavour to procure the abolition of it. There are three ways of doing it: by application to the Queen's Bench, the Queen in Council, or to Parliament. The method of applying to the first is by writ,* which should be sued out by some candidate, whose answering would entitle him to a Scholar's place, but who would not have complied with the customary regulation of receiving the sacrament. This course was adopted in 1836, by a gentleman (Mr. Timothy Callaghan) whose highly praiseworthy exertions were baffled by a legal quibble, he having proceeded by a *Mandamus* instead of a *Quo Warranto*. His conduct cannot be too highly appreciated by the Dissenters and Catholics of the empire. He expended years of assiduous labour in acquiring that knowledge, which enabled him to make this attempt to render the highest honours of the University accessible to them: and when the tempting lure was held forth to himself, he scorned the bait, that would be the reward, at the same time, of his talent and his apostacy; and looking only to the general good, he made the noble effort to which we have alluded. This is not the course which we would now recommend as the most feasible. It is not every day we meet gentlemen who have such talent and public spirit as Mr. Callaghan. Since the year 1793, when the 33rd Geo. III, c. 21, to which we have before drawn attention, first exempted Catholics from the necessity of taking the Sacramental Test on entering the College, or standing for Scholarship, he has been the first to endeavour to force the Board to comply fully with that enactment. If we are to expect no more from the future than we have experienced from the past, it will be forty-four years more before such another attempt will be made. But there are other difficulties in the way of a proceeding of this kind, which we feel bound to lay before the public. In suing out the writ, the party must swear that his answering is such as entitles him to a Scholarship: without this he cannot proceed a step. But to this he cannot swear, unless he gets the list of his own answering, and that of those who have been elected Scholars. Here, again, the Board displays its dread of having the illegality and injustice of its conduct in this particular brought before the

* Perhaps it would be prudent for the sake of formal regularity, to appeal to the Visitors before applying to the Queen's Bench. The Visitors are the Archbishop of Dublin and the Chancellor of the University, (the present King of Hanover) or, in his absence, the Vice-Chancellor. The present Vice-Chancellor is the Most Rev. John George Beresford, the Primate of Ireland.

public. In all other examinations the students get the returns of their answering as a matter of course, while in this one they cannot get them except by special favour, and it is only a very few that can get them at all. So that the Board can, and perhaps will for the future, completely prevent this mode of trying the legality of their proceedings, unless the present liberal Provost, Dr. Sadleir, should interpose his authority to check such an undue and partial exercise of their functions.

If an application were made direct to Her Majesty, she would not, in all probability, interfere with the question.

Therefore, the best and surest method is, that some member of either House should move an address to Her Majesty, praying that she would be graciously pleased to issue her royal letters patent, ordering the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, not to put any tests to the candidates for Fellowship, or Scholarship, but such as are required or warranted by the Statutes and Charters of the University, or the law of the land. A motion so framed would effect all our purposes, and would not yield a fair pretext for resisting it to the partisans of monopoly. To such a motion we cannot anticipate a valid objection.

But it might be said, that even though the legislature should adopt such an address, and declare the exaction of the sacramental test to be opposed to the laws of the land and the statutes of the University, yet as the election would still rest solely with the Board, they might and would advance to Scholarships and Fellowships those only whom they should know to be members of the Established Church. We grant the election should still rest with the Board, and that it would be in their power to act in this manner. But those individuals must entertain a very contemptible opinion of the morality of the members of that body, who would suppose them capable of entering into so base a conspiracy to evade and violate the law. Those members would be reckless of feeling, who would violate their electoral oaths,* and sacrifice their honour, for the purpose of pandering to the passions and interests of any section of the community. We are confident, from the known liberality and independence of Drs. Sadleir and Hare, that they never would be parties to so flagitious a confederacy. Were there a majority on the Board of such men as these, we should be quite willing to trust the working of the measure to them. But even as it is now constituted, we entertain some hopes that Catholic and Dissenting candidates would not suffer any fragrant injustice. We do not despair of the Board: a new era is breaking in on it. Calcu-

* Vid. *antea*, p. 265, note.

lating by what has taken place within the last few years, we should not be surprised to see on it, in a few years hence, a decided preponderance of liberals. We will not, however, attempt to dive into futurity; but whatever alterations shall occur, we trust that the present Provost will oppose no impediments to the infusion of some liberality into the institution over which he has been called to preside.

The sacramental test was well described by an able Presbyterian writer, as "only an engine to advance a state faction, and to debase religion to serve mean and unworthy purposes." It is notorious in Ireland, that it makes ten infidels for one Protestant, of those whom it decoys from the bosom of Catholicism. It serves more to spread a systematic disregard of the most sacred rite of the Christian religion, than the writings of all the Deists and Atheists that have ever breathed. It holds out a premium to the young Catholic, ambitious of honour, and struggling to rise in the world, to laugh at the doctrines of his Church, and to look upon freedom from moral restraint, as the triumph of philosophy over prejudice and ignorance. It is a test more of infidelity than of Protestantism, as it proves only that the communicant has lost all scruples as a Catholic, not that he has acquired any steady principles as a Protestant. For, be it known to our readers, that there is no confession of faith, or declaration of belief, in any article or articles whatsoever required of the neophyte. He is not taught to believe the doctrines of the Church of England, but to disbelieve those of Rome. The entire object is gained, if he be made a renegade from the creed of his fathers—and experience shows, that we may apply to the mercenary proselyte, what has been said of the political renegade—"a renegade seldom carries aught but his treason to whatever party he advocates." The melancholy truth of this is felt in Ireland: the young proselyte, who begins by sneering at "Popery" and "Puritanism," almost invariably ends by sneering at Christianity.

Thus the Church of England does not finally gain by these conversions; for though she thereby reduces the ranks of Dissent and Catholicism, yet she does not increase her own strength and security. If the members of that Church be so bigoted as to desire to see Atheism predominant in Trinity College, in preference to the principles of Dissent and Catholicism, the best mode of effecting their object is, by persevering in the present system.

This is not a question peculiar to any sect or party, or to any portion of the empire. All Her Majesty's subjects, who are not members of the Established Church, are equally injured, equally

defrauded by the present system. Nothing can be more unjust than that the College Board should appropriate to one sect privileges and emoluments, which were intended by the founders and endowers of the University to be common to all—that they should remove the stimulants to industry, and deprive merit of its reward, if that industry and merit be unfortunately without the pale of the Establishment: and that they should do this in violation of several Acts of Parliament, of the common law of the land, and of the very charters and statutes which gave them existence as a Corporate Body.

We trust that when this question shall be brought forward in either House of Parliament, the present Ministers, who have laboured so strenuously to promote education among all classes of their fellow-subjects, will not refuse their assistance. By supporting such a motion as we have proposed, they would be enabled to crown with success all their past exertions in the cause of national education—as they would thereby give an incitement to youths to distinguish themselves in the elementary schools, by holding forth to the ambitious and the talented an opportunity of contending for the highest literary prizes at the University without renouncing the ever-cherished creed of their fathers. Never has there been so auspicious a moment for bringing this question forward as the present—in the first session of the first Parliament of the first Virgin Queen who has sat on the throne of these realms since the death of Elizabeth—and, as the honour of founding the University as a school, by which “knowledge, learning and civility,” might be diffused through all classes of her subjects without regard to religious distinctions, and in which the “poor (as it were in an orphan’s hospital freely) maie have their learning and education given them,” belongs to Elizabeth, we hope that Victoria will have the glory of restoring it to these truly noble and national purposes.

ART. II.—*Tracts for the Times.* 3 Vols. London. 1833-6.

THE times, Heaven knows, are sufficiently bad. It is a work of charity to try to mend them. The collection of Tracts, some very short, others of considerable length, which forms the three volumes before us, was published for this purpose. As a well-intentioned attempt, it deserves our sympathy. It is a proof of great zeal, of considerable intrepidity, and of some research. The *Tracts* are the production of a well-known knot

of divines at or from Oxford, the determined foes of dissent, the inconsistent adversaries of Catholicity, and the blind admirers of the Anglican Church. In other words, they are written by staunch assertors of High-Church principles.

Will they succeed in their work? We firmly believe they will: nay, strange to say, we hope so. As to patching up, by their prescriptions, the worn-out constitution of the poor old English Church, it is beyond human power. "Curavimus Babylonem et non est sanata," (*Jer. li. 9*) will be their discovery in the end. It is no longer a matter of rafters and partition-walls; the foundations have given way, the main buttresses are rent; and we are not sure but that one who has been, for three centuries, almost deprived of sight, and kept toiling in bondage, not at, but under the grinding wheel, has his hands upon the great pillars that support it, and having roused himself in his strength, may be about to give them a fearful shake. We speak only of moral power, but it is of the immense moral power of truth.

How, then, will they succeed? Not by their attempts to heal, but by their blows to wound. Their spear may be like that in Grecian fable, which inflicted a gash, but let out an ulcer. They strike boldly and deeply into the very body of dissent, and the morbid humours of Protestantism will be drained out. Let this be done, and Catholic vitality will circulate in their place. They show no mercy to those who venture to break unity in their Church, and like all unmerciful judges, they must expect no mercy. Why did *you* separate from the Roman Church? is a question that every reader of these volumes will ask twenty times. He will find, it is true, what is intended for an answer given him as often: but he will be an easily-satisfied enquirer, if any of these answers prove sufficient for him.

The scope of these *Tracts* seems to us two-fold. First, they endeavour to revive in the Anglican Church a love of ancient principles and practices, by showing on how many points it has departed from them, and how wholesome it would be to return to them. Secondly, they endeavour to place their Church upon the foundation of apostolical succession, enforcing their claims to authority upon the laity, and pressing the clergy to a maintenance of it as a right. Antiquity and authority are their watchwords. They consequently maintain that the English Church has suffered great change during the last century, in having become too Protestant. (*Tr. 38.*) The Fathers of the Reformation, as they are called, are said by them to have kept close to primitive practices, and consequently to have separated less (this they are obliged to own) from the Romish—that is the Catholic Church—than their

successors. The Anglican Church, therefore, already stands in need of another reformation, (*Tr. 38*) which shall lead it back to what those Fathers made it. There must have been a sting in this confession. But still it is made boldly—with profession, however, that such an approach to Catholicity, would only be so inasmuch as we have better preserved primitive forms.

The two heads which we have just rehearsed, as embracing the subject-matter of these books, often run into one another, and it is not always easy to separate them. For authority, based upon apostolical succession, is necessarily a part of antiquity, and ancient practices and doctrines are upheld by an appeal to authority. Wishing, as we do, to treat of these two matters distinctly, we shall endeavour to examine each upon its own peculiar merits; and perhaps we shall better succeed in keeping them distinct, by making each the subject of a separate paper. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves at present to the desire of bringing back the Anglican Church to ancient practices.

The enquiry into this sentiment presents itself to our minds under the form of a very simple question. What was gained by the Reformation, considered as these authors would have it, that is, as a purgation of such malpractices and errors as time had introduced into primitive usages and belief, and a return to the purity of the early ages? Two things should seem to have been necessary to authorize the naming a religious change by such a title. First, all that was really abuse should have been skilfully removed, yet so as to leave all that was ancient and good. If a surgeon, in cutting away a gangrene, cut off a sound limb, he would be said rather to destroy than to heal. Secondly, such measures should be taken, as that similar or worse abuses should not again return. If it had required a thousand years to deform the Church so as to call for a first reformation, this would have proved a sorry work, if, in a couple of hundred more, things had become as bad again. Still worse it would be, if the very Reformation itself had opened a door to similar or worse abuses.

It will be a curious and unexpected result of such mighty convulsions in the religious and political world, as the *Reformation* caused, that the great safeguards of revealed truth should have been pulled down; the stable foundation of divinely appointed regiment in the Church plucked up; rites and ceremonies coeval with christianity abolished; practices come down from the first ages discontinued and discountenanced; and ordinances, believed of old to have been apostolical, abrogated and condemned. And yet all this must be called a “godly work of reformation,” that same “Reformation” signifying a rechristianization of primitive christianity! But will it not be stranger to see the old religion,

which needed such an operation, preserving all these good things intact, to the jealousy of the Reformed, in such wise that when this one wished to return to purer or perfecter forms, it must needs seek its models in the other? Shall we upon examination find things so? Let us see.

1. Episcopal authority is justly considered by the Tract-writers as the foundation of Church government. Of its present state in their Church they write as follows, having quoted passages from St. Clement of Rome, and St. Ignatius Martyr.

“With these and other strong passages in apostolical Fathers, how can we permit ourselves in our present *practical* disregard of episcopal authority? Are not we apt to obey only so far as the law obliges us? Do we support the Bishop, and strive to move all along with him as our bond of union and head? Or is not our every-day conduct as if, except with respect to certain periodical forms and customs, we were each independent in his own parish?”—No. 3, p. 8.

“We who believe the Nicene Creed, must acknowledge it a high privilege, that we belong to the Apostolic Church. How is it that so many of us are, almost avowedly, so cold and indifferent in our thoughts of this privilege? . . . Scripture at first sight is express” (in favour of the divine ministerial commission.) . . . “*The primitive Christians read it accordingly: and cherished with all affectionate reverence the privilege which they thought they found there. Why are we so unlike them?*” —No. 4, p. 1.

“I readily allow, that this view of our calling has something in it too high and mysterious to be fully understood by unlearned Christians. But the learned, surely, are just as unequal to it. It is part of that ineffable mystery, called in our creed the communion of saints, &c. . . . Why should we despair of obtaining, in time, an influence far more legitimate, and less dangerously exciting,” (than that obtained by the upholders of the holy discipline) “but equally searching and extensive, by the diligent inculcation of our *true* and *Scriptural* claim? For it is obvious that, among other results of the primitive doctrine of the apostolical succession, thoroughly considered and followed up, it would make the relation of pastor and parishioner far more engaging, as well as more awful, than it is usually considered at present”—p. 76.

It is certain that all here desired, existed in the English Church down to the time of the Reformation; it is certain that it exists in all countries that have remained Catholic; it is certain that it exists among those who have clung to the old faith in these islands. What, then, was gained by the Reformation on this score? Had you remained Catholic, you would have had no “practical disregard of episcopal authority,” nor would each clergyman have acted “as if independent” of his bishop. Had you remained Catholic, you would have found no difficulty in causing this article of the Nicene Creed to be heartily believed and followed up, nor found yourselves so “unlike the primitive Chris-

tians" in your feelings and conduct respecting it. You would have had no need of treating as a matter not desperate, the prospect of one day acquiring the influence over your flocks which unepiscopal teachers have acquired. A reformed, apostolic Church not to *despair* of acquiring an influence which it possessed before it was *reformed*! If, in regard to episcopal authority and its practical influence, the Reformation did no good, did it do any harm? Clearly so. For if this authority was practically lost only after the Reformation, and only where the Reformation was adopted, it must evidently be charged with having caused the practical abandonment of one of the articles of the Nicene Creed, and produced a great dissimilarity between its followers and the primitive Christians. We unreformed have continued to resemble them. How obstinate of us not to embrace the Reformation!

2. The sad effects of this loss of practical authority in the episcopacy are even more awful than the cause itself. This authority, it is often repeated through these volumes, is not so clearly contained in Scripture as might, *a priori*, have been expected. Men are thus easily led to reject, or, at least, to despise it. This, of course, they would not, if they laid a proper stress on tradition. The consequence of this departure from traditional teaching, in one respect, leads to a similar departure in more important ones: for instance, regarding the doctrines of the blessed Trinity and the Incarnation. Consider well what follows.

"What shall we say, when we consider that a case of doctrine, necessary doctrine, doctrine the very highest and most sacred, may be produced, where the argument lies as little on the surface of Scripture—where the proof, though *most conclusive*, is as indirect and circuitous as that for episcopacy, viz. the doctrine of the Trinity? Where is this solemn and comfortable mystery formally stated in the Scriptures as we find it in the creeds? Why is it not? Let a man consider whether all the objections which he urges against episcopacy may not be turned against his own belief in the Trinity. It is a happy thing for themselves that men are inconsistent: yet it is miserable to advocate and establish a *principle*, which, not in their own case indeed, but in the case of others who learn it of them, leads to Socinianism. This being considered, can we any longer wonder at the awful fact, that the descendants of Calvin, the first Presbyterian, are at the present day in the number of those who have denied the Lord who bought them?"—No. 45, p. 5.

"For the present, referring to that ineffable mystery (the Incarnation), from which, on this day especially, all our devout thoughts should begin, and in which they should end, I would only ask one question; *What will be the feelings of a Christian, particularly of a Christian pastor, should he find hereafter, that, in slighting or discouraging apostolical claims and views (be the temptation what it may), he has really been helping the evil spirit to unsettle man's faith in THE INCARNATION OF THE SON OF GOD?*"—No. 54, p. 12.

These are, indeed, awful consequences of the unsettling of men's minds caused by the Reformation. And they are clearly traceable and imputable to that event. For be the doctrine of Anglicanism what it may, respecting Scripture and tradition, it is evident that in it, as in all Protestant communions, exclusively, could exist this haggling about proofs, because not clear in the written Word. This is manifest; that among Catholics it is not usual for the faithful, still less for pastors, to question, or to "slight, or to discourage, apostolical claims and views :" nor has any one, so far as we know, contended that the dogmas of the Trinity and Incarnation have been perilled amongst us, through insufficient views of Church polity. These, therefore, are peculiar blessings introduced by the godly Reformation. In the English reformed Church a door has been opened to Socinianism, which was close barred before it became reformed, and the un-reformed Catholics still contrive to keep well shut. With such confessions, is it strange that we should not be enamoured of the *Reformation*?

3. The constitutional weakness of the body episcopal could not but be followed by the enervation of its right arm. It has long ceased to wield the thunderbolt of ecclesiastical reproof and public censure against incorrigible sinners or open apostates.

"**CHURCH REFORM.**—All parts of Christendom have much to confess and reform. We have our sins as well as the rest. Oh that *we* would take the lead in the renovation of the Church Catholic on Scripture principles.

"Our greatest sin, perhaps, is the disuse of a 'godly discipline.' Let the reader consider—

"1. The command.—'Put away from yourselves the wicked person.' 'A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject.' 'Mark them which cause divisions and offences, and avoid them.'

"2. The example, viz. in the primitive Church.—'The persons or objects of ecclesiastical censure were all such delinquents as fell into great and scandalous crimes after baptism, whether men or women, priests or people, rich or poor, princes or subjects.'—*Bingham, Antiq.* xvi. 3.

"3. The warning.—'Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven.'—No. 8, p. 4.

Until the Reformation, this godly discipline was in use. Even as yet, in Catholic countries and in our own, ecclesiastical censures are in force, and may be incurred by the violation of the ecclesiastical law. Sometimes they are inflicted by special decree, and are held in the greatest awe by priests and people. We have seen, on the Continent, excommunication taken off before a vast concourse of people, with all the solemn ceremonial of the

ancient Church. The king-queller Napoleon felt the power of the Pontiff's arm, and staggered beneath the blow of his excommunication. Not long ago the present Pope pronounced it in general terms against all the participators in an outrage upon his authority; and numbers, conscience-struck, secretly entreated for absolution. The "godly discipline" was lost at and by the godly Reformation: the Church of England went back from "the example of the primitive Church," when it pretended to return to primitive Christianity: it soon forgot the divine "command" in its eagerness to combat the supposed human commands which it imputed to the Catholic Church. And the latter, which pertinaciously opposed this strange return to primitive Christianity, somehow or other has contrived to keep to this example of the early Church.

4. Another great departure from primitive Christianity, caused by the Reformation, was, according to the Tract-writers, the curtailment of the Church services:—"The services of our Church," they write, "as they now stand, are but a very small portion of the ancient Christian worship: and, though people now-a-days think them too long, there can be no doubt that the primitive believers would have thought them too short." (No. 9.) The writer then explains himself farther, by observing that the early Christians taking literally the scriptural intimation of praising God seven times a day, instituted the canonical hours. "Throughout the Churches which used the Latin tongue," he adds, "the same services were used with very little variation: and in Roman Catholic countries they continue in use, with only a few modern interpolations, even to this day." (p. 2.) Here, then, is a plain confession. The first Christians, in conformity to scriptural suggestion, instituted a certain form of prayer, divided into seven portions, and of considerable length. This was in actual use at the time of the Reformation, with very little variation. Well, the restorers of ancient practices, the purgers of all modern abuses, sweep away the whole system: the unyielding Catholics keep hold of it, and possess it till this day. Which was right?—or what good did the Reformation do here?

Towards the end of the paper we have quoted, there are several statements respecting these offices which need emendation. It is pretended that already before the Reformation the offices of the Church had been compressed into two groups, called matins and vespers, and the spirit which had ordered them in their primitive form had been lost. That consequently, "conscious of the incongruities of primitive forms and modern feelings, the reformers undertook to construct a service more in accordance with the spirit of their age. They adopted the

English language; they curtailed the already compressed ritual of the early Christians, &c."

As to the first part of these reflections, we observe, that it is by no means common in religious communities to group the offices together as stated. Matins are generally sung alone, by many orders at midnight, by some over-night, by others early in the morning. Prime is sung at daybreak, and the shorter canonical hours later, with mass interposed, often a solemn mass between every two. Vespers and complin are also performed separately. In collegiate churches, where the canons reside at some distance from the church, the offices are more brought together. It may be said that the writer of the Tract spoke only of the state of things at the Reformation. If so, we have not the means at hand to verify his assertion. But we will take it as well grounded: what follows? Why that the Catholic Church contrived to correct abuses then existing without abolishing the ordinances they affected. That she at least knew the difference between destruction and reformation. Why could not Protestants do the same? In their zeal to return to primitive practices, why did they abolish them? Surely the Catholic Church proved that it was not necessary to humour modern feelings by such sacrifices. Which, then, is the true lover, follower, or restorer of early Christian observances?

On the latter part of our extract we frankly own, that when first we perused it, we were quite mistaken. We fancied that the writer meant to cast some censure on the adoption of the English language, in preference to that uniform speech "which had reversed the curse of Babel." By Dr. Pusey's vindication of the Tracts, we learn that such was not the author's meaning, but that the passage in question was favourable to the change of language. (vol. iii. p. 17.) We think any dispassionate reader would not have so understood it. However, it is plain that if the reformers found it necessary to abridge the services of the Church, in compliance with the spirit of the age, it could not have been the spirit of a *papistical* age, as Dr. Pusey there explains it. For our Church, which he thus designates, has found no need of curtailing, or of farther compression, but rather found means to correct abuses.

But this matter of ancient Church offices lost at the Reformation, is treated more at length in the 75th and following Tracts. In these, the entire office for Sunday, for the dead, and for several festivals, is given by way of specimens. But the introductory sentences to the explanation there premised of these offices, are unmatched in controversial assurance. They are as follows:—

"There is so much of excellence and beauty in the services of the Breviary, that, were it skilfully set before the Protestant by Romanistic controversialists as the book of devotions received in their communion, it would undoubtedly raise a prejudice in their favour, if he were ignorant of the circumstances of the case, and but ordinarily candid and unprejudiced. To meet this danger is one principal object of these pages; in which whatever is good and true in those devotions will be claimed, and on reasonable grounds, for the Church Catholic in opposition to the Roman Church, whose real claim above other Churches is that of having adopted into the service certain additions and novelties, ascertainable to be such in history, as well as being corruptions doctrinally. In a word, it will be attempted to wrest a weapon out of our adversaries' hands; who have in this, as in many instances, appropriated to themselves a treasure which was our's as much as their's; and then, in our attempt to recover it, accuse us of borrowing what we have but lost through inadvertence."

The only real claim of our Church above other Churches (e. g. the Anglican) consists in having made some addition to the breviary! The having known how to appreciate it, and having kept it, go for nothing. Suppose a case in point.

Two brothers are in joint possession of a noble estate, descended to them from their remote ancestors. The younger, prodigal-like, considers it not worth having, abandons it with contempt, and by public deed, takes instead of it a new paltry patch of uncultivated ground. After 300 years, his descendant comes out, and says to the other's heir, "Sir, I will thank you to understand, that your fine ancestral mansion and broad domains are mine quite as much as yours. It is exceedingly impudent of you to call your own what once belonged to my family as well as to yours. I claim it 'on reasonable grounds,' for my ancestors lost it 'through inadvertence.' Nothing is yours except certain additional buildings, which it was a great presumption in you to erect." "This is indeed a strange claim," the other might reply; "I was by no means prepared for it. But surely, sir, you will allow that three centuries of undisputed and exclusive possession, and no small labour and expense in cultivating and preserving it, give *some* little superiority of right to the property, over that of former copropriorship, 'inadvertently' (that means, I suppose, *very foolishly*) cast away, by one who publicly chose a substitute for it?" "None upon earth, my dear sir," the claimant rejoins, "none upon earth, as you must clearly see. It is true that if *you* had not kept it uninterruptedly in your family so long, and if your fathers had not bestowed great pains upon it, *I* should not have now known where to put my hands upon it. But that only makes it a matter of greater convenience for *me*; it can give no right to *you*. Now that I

choose to have the property again, I shall be extremely obliged to you, if you will no longer call it yours. As for your additional buildings, I shall take them down at the earliest opportunity."

Such is the reasoning which these grave divines pursue to wrest from us the breviary of which they are jealous. Every single *reformed* country, through "inadvertence," lost this collection of offices. We have never heard of an Anglican, German, Swedish, Danish or Dutch breviary. Had all Europe followed the example of reformation, it is clear that the breviary would have been now known only from manuscripts, or a few black-letter editions. Virtually it would have been lost in the Church. Yet it is a service which "seems to have continued more or less, in the same constituent parts, though not in order or system, from apostolic times." (p. 3.) Now, the dear old obstinate Roman Church, could not be brought into the strange inadvertency of reforming itself, by casting away this apostolic institution. She tried another plan. The Council of Trent passed measures for its correction. St. Pius V carried them into effect, and subsequent pontiffs completed the work. Every ecclesiastic in the Catholic Church is bound to the daily recital of the breviary. In fact, the writer in the Tracts cannot give it any intelligible name but that of the "*Roman* breviary." And yet it is no more ours than theirs who no longer possess it!

However, we are not disposed to quarrel seriously about our rights on this head. Let it first be restored, and practically enforced, in their Anglican Church. Let us first learn that in all the collegiate churches it is daily sung with the punctuality that it is in those of France or Italy. Let us see published a "*Breviarium Anglicanum ad usum Ecclesiae Cantuariensis*," as we have one for St. Peter's Church at Rome, or Notre-Dame in Paris. Let us be informed that each portly dignitary has furnished himself with a Plantinian quarto, and that every curate pockets, on leaving home, a Norwich duodecimo. Put yourselves upon a footing of equality with us in point of *possession*, and it will be quite time enough to discuss the question of *right* to the property.

5. Intimately connected with this matter, which, perhaps, we have too lengthily examined, is another,—the loss of daily service.

"Since the Reformation, the same gradual change in the prevailing notions of prayer, has worked its way silently but generally. The services, as they were left by the Reformers, were, as they had been from the first ages, *daily* services: they are now *weekly* services. Are they not in a fair way to become *monthly*?"—No. 9, p. 3.

If, at the sixteenth century, there was a tendency to shorten

and diminish the services, this tendency was completely stopped in all *Catholic* countries, and only went on "working its way" in *Protestant*. Which gained on this score, those who reformed, or those who refused to do so? Again, the services of the Catholic Church yet remain what they then were, daily services. Every cathedral, collegiate, and generally every conventional, church, all over Catholic christendom, has daily performed in it the divine office, with a numerous attendance of the members who form the chapter or community. Besides this, every church and chapel is open daily to the devotion of the faithful, and the divine Eucharistic sacrifice is daily offered in each. We, therefore, are in no danger of seeing *our* offices become monthly, or even weekly. The 25th *Tract* contains an extract from a sermon of Bishop Beveridge, in which this neglect of daily prayer is condemned as a breach of duty. After quoting the rubrics concerning this matter, the bishop thus urges it on the clergy. "But notwithstanding this great care that our Church hath taken to have *daily Prayers* in every parish, we see, by sad experience, they are shamefully neglected, all the kingdom over; there being very few places where they have any Public Prayers upon the week-days, except, perhaps, upon Wednesdays and Fridays; because it is expressly commanded that both Morning and Evening Prayers be read *every day* in the week, as the Litany upon those. And why this commandment should be neglected more than the other, for my part I can see no reason. But I see plain enough that it is a great fault, a plain breach of the known laws of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, and particularly of that part of it which, by his blessing, settled among us." We leave it to the sensible reader to conclude whether the Reformation did good or harm in this part of Christian duty. We will trust him also with the decision, as to which Church has stuck closest to the primitive practice.

6. Besides the performance of daily service, the daily celebration of the Lord's Supper was appointed at the Reformation, with the practice of daily, and still more, weekly communion. It is allowed, that when the Reformation was introduced, these practices were followed in England. For, another extract from the same bishop, published in the 26th *Tract*, acknowledges this. "Where we may observe, first, that in those days there was daily communion in cathedral churches, and other places, as there used to be in the primitive Church." (p. 9.) Proof is then given of this practice in St. Paul's. "From whence it is plain, that the communion was then celebrated in that church every day. And so it was even in parish churches." Of which likewise proof is given. The loss of this primitive practice, is called in capital let-

ters, "A SIN OF THE CHURCH," (Tr. 6, p. 4,) that is of the Anglican. For it is the practice solemnly to celebrate the Eucharistic rite, or, as we express it, to say Mass, every day, in every Catholic Church over the world, as it was in England when the Reformation took place. And as this custom is acknowledged to have been primitive and apostolic, we presume it will be granted that, in this respect, as in the preceding, the unreformed have been more successful than the reformed.

7. Let us proceed with rites or practices belonging to this Blessed Sacrament. And first, take a less important one.

"A poor woman mentioned, with much respect, her father's practice never to taste food before receiving the Lord's Supper, adhering unconsciously to the practice of the Church in its better days, and, indeed, of our own in Bishop Taylor's time."—Tr. 66, p. 11.

These better days were the earliest ages. The abuses introduced into the Church of Corinth are groundedly supposed to have led to the practice here mentioned. Tertullian describes the Eucharist as that which was received "ante omnem cibum," before every other food. Thus has another primitive observance, held in England till the Reformation, and even continued for some time after, through the impulse of preceding better principles, been completely lost. So much for the efficacy of the Reformation in retaining primitive practices. What shall we say of its ability to return to them? We need not add, that this practice is rigidly followed in the Catholic Church, just as it was "in better days."

8. When the spirit of reformation invaded England, the country was in possession of a liturgy, precisely that which we Catholics now use. On this, let us have the opinion of the Tract-writers. "All liturgies now existing, except those in use in Protestant countries, profess to be derived from very remote antiquity." (No. 63, p. 1.) After this preliminary sentence, the writer proceeds to show, from a comparison of the different liturgies, the justice of their claim. He thus speaks of ours. "Another liturgy, which can be traced back with tolerable certainty to very remote time, is the Roman Missal." Manuscripts are then referred to, which prove the Mass to have been essentially the same when revised by Pope St. Gregory the Great in 590, and a century earlier by Gelasius, and even under Pope St. Leo the Great. "It also deserves to be noticed, that, at the time when the Roman Liturgy was undergoing these successive revisals, a tradition all along prevailed attributing to one part of it an apostolic origin, and that this part does not appear to have undergone any change whatever. Virgilius, who was Pope between the times of Gelasius and Gregory, tells us, that the 'canonical prayers,' or what

is now called the 'Canon of the Mass,' had been handed down as an apostolical tradition. And much earlier we hear the same from Pope Innocent, who adds, that the apostle from whom they derived it was St. Peter." (p. 5.)

On this precious deposit of apostolical tradition, received from St. Gregory by the English Church, on its conversion, the Anglican reformers laid their sacrilegious hands. These worthy champions of primitive usages, these pious vindicators of the early ages, these zealous restorers of apostolic piety, recklessly (shall we say "through inadvertence?") rejected and abolished this venerable monument of antiquity, and substituted a patch-work liturgy, or "communion service," in which hardly a rite or a prayer is observed that existed in the old. In pages 8 and 9 of the cited Tract, are tables to prove this. The four principal ancient liturgies are compared together, viz. St. Peter's or the Roman, St. James's or the Oriental, St. Mark's or the Egyptian, and St. John's or the Ephesian and Mozarabic. The result is, that in *eleven* points connected with the consecration and communion, they all wonderfully agree. This number might have been probably increased; but we are content to take the statement of the Tract. The communion service discards *five* of these points, alters and mutilates some of the remainder, and arranges the little it has preserved in a different order from any. The statement of this modification is coolly introduced by these words: "The English Reformers prefer an order different from any of these." (p. 8.) We will not enter into any discussion about their right to do so. Oh, no! It would have been quite a pity, if, by any chance, they had preserved in a modern religion practices of such venerable antiquity. But, at any rate, do not call such men *Reformers*. If you will, do not tell us that the purpose of the Reformation was only to clear away modern abuses, and to retain and restore all that was primitive and apostolical! You yourselves say, "it may perhaps be said without exaggeration, that next to the Holy Scriptures, they (the ancient liturgies) possess the greatest claim to our veneration and study." (p. 16.) Yet they whom you call your Fathers, made no scruple of abolishing or completely disfiguring them!

On the other side, we need hardly remind our readers, that the Catholic Liturgy or Mass, as now used, and translated in pocket missals, is nearly word for word identical with that of Gelasius, referred to in our Tract. This subject, however, deserves a fuller discussion than we can at present afford it.

9. Among the points excluded from the Liturgy at the Reformation, one is thus specified: "And likewise another prayer (which has been excluded from the English Ritual) 'for the rest

and peace of all those who have departed this life in God's faith and fear,' concluding with a prayer for communion with them." (p. 7.) On this subject Dr. Pusey enlarges in a letter, now prefixed to the third volume of the *Tracts*. He allows that this prayer was excluded from the Anglican Liturgy, by "yielding to the judgment of foreign ultra-reformers." We need not observe that Catholics have retained the practice and the words. Nor shall we find it difficult, in a proper place, to disprove Dr. Pusey's assertions respecting the object of these prayers in the ancient Church, and to show that it was the same as Catholics now propose to themselves.

10. When the most solemn of all Christian rites was thus rudely and irreverently treated, it must not surprise us to find others, less important, handled in like manner. Dr. Pusey has divided into three *Tracts* (67-69) a long treatise on "Scriptural views of Holy Baptism." It deserves, in many respects, our highest praise; and we freely give it. At pages 266 and following, he presents, in parallel columns, those baptismal rites which were very generally, if not universally, observed in the ancient Church, and which we have retained. The Anglicans, too, kept them for a time. But naturally they could not understand their worth, and sacrificed them to the good pleasure of Bucer. Dr. Pusey thus laments the loss of those primitive observances. "We have lost by all those omissions. Men are impressed by these visible actions, far more than they are aware, or wish to acknowledge. Two points especially were thereby visibly inculcated, which men seem now almost wholly to have lost sight of,—the power of our enemy Satan, and the might of our Blessed Redeemer." (p. 242.) Thus we see what a practical influence on faith these omissions may have. Again: "It has undoubtedly been a device of Satan, to persuade men that this expulsion of himself (by the exorcisms prefixed to our baptism) was unnecessary; he has thereby secured a more undisputed possession. Whether the rite can again be restored in our Church, without greater evil, God only knoweth; or whether it be not irrevocably forfeited; but this is certain, that until it be restored, we shall have much more occasion to warn our flocks of the devices and power of him against whom they have to contend." (p. 243.)

Hence, in another *Tract*, these authors feelingly deplore the loss, or better to speak, the rejection, of the Catholic Ritual. After quoting passages from the Fathers upon the origin of many ceremonies still retained by us, they conclude: "that, as a whole, the Catholic Ritual was a precious possession, and if we, who have escaped from Popery, have lost not only the possession, but the sense of its value, it is a serious question whether we are not

like men who recover from some serious illness, with the loss or injury of their sight or hearing; whether we are not like the Jews returned from captivity, who could never find the rod of Aaron or the Ark of the Covenant, which, indeed, had ever been hid from the world, but then was removed from the temple itself." (No. 34.)

These are grievous lamentations. Thank God, *we* have no reason to make them. The deposit of traditional practices which we received from our forefathers we have kept inviolate. We have rejected no rite, we have hardly admitted one, in the administration of the sacraments, since the days of Gelasius or Gregory.

11. Another primitive practice avowedly neglected in the English Church, is that of fasting, and other austerities. Dr. Pusey has written several Tracts upon the subject. In one he says: "I would fain hope that there will not long be this variance between our principles and our practice." (No. 18, p. 21.) Again: "the other fasts of the Church require the less to be dwelt upon, either because, as in Lent, her authority is in some degree recognized, although it be very imperfectly and capriciously obeyed," &c. (p. 23.) In this *Tract*, as in many others, a captious spirit, in relation to Catholics, is observable. We lament it. It is but little creditable to the writer. "To urge," he writes, "that fasts were abused by the later Romish Church, is but to assert that they are a means of grace committed to men, &c. It was then among the instances of calm judgment in the Reformers of our Prayer-book," (we have seen specimens of this calm judgment,) "that, cutting off the abuses which before prevailed, the vain distinctions of meats, the luxurious abstinences, the lucrative dispensations, they still prescribed fasting."..."The Reformers omitted that which might be a snare to men's consciences; they left it to every man's Christian prudence and experience *how* he would fast, but they prescribed the days upon which he should fast, both in order to obtain an unity of feeling and devotion in the members of Christ's body, and to preclude the temptation to the neglect of the duty altogether." (p. 7.) Yet, on the whole, the duty, as a general one, *is* neglected. The Common-prayer book prescribes as days of fasting or abstinence, "All the Fridays in the year, except Christmas-day." Is this observed in the Anglican Church? The forty days of Lent; are they observed? The Ember days; are they observed? Yet among Catholics, in England as on the continent, all these days are strictly observed; all Fridays by abstinence, and all the rest by fasts. The appointment of days, then, was not sufficient. The Reformers, with all their calm judgment, went wrong in not

prescribing *how* men are to fast. But, in reality, they rooted up in the Church all the principles by which alone fasting could be practically preserved in it. There is something, therefore, to say the least, ungenerous and unhandsome in praising the Reformers at the expense of the Catholics, for "cutting off abuses which before prevailed," when this amputation was so clumsily performed as to lead to the total destruction of the thing itself. And this unhandsomeness is doubled by the consideration, that if these abuses existed till then, Catholics were able to correct them without any such violent effects. For if dispensations were then lucrative, they certainly are not so now, either in this country or abroad. There is a heavy penalty in Italy, renewed every year, not only upon every ecclesiastical authority receiving a fee for giving a dispensation from abstinence during Lent, but upon any medical man demanding it for a certificate of weak health, intended for obtaining such dispensation. The difference, then, between our Church and the Anglican has been this: that *supposing* dispensations till the sixteenth century to have been lucrative, *we* wisely removed the lucre, but kept the necessity of dispensation by ecclesiastical authority, and thereby preserved the practice itself. The Anglicans, retaining the ecclesiastical precept of fasting on stated days, with what Dr. Pusey considers "calm judgment," vested in each individual the dispensing power, lest it should be lucrative to pastors, and of course, lost all ecclesiastical power of enforcing an ecclesiastical precept. When each man is constituted his own judge, when selfishness is made the supreme umpire between the appetites and an irksome, painful duty, it is easy to foresee the decision. We are sure that a Protestant clergyman would be astonished, if one of his parishioners called upon him at the commencement of Lent, or in an Ember week, to ask his permission, as a pastor and organ of his Church, not to fast. He would probably be more astonished to find that he had a parishioner who thought about fasting at all. Indeed, we have little doubt that Dr. Pusey and his friends would be very glad to place the duty of fasting once more under the safeguard of the Church's jurisdiction; by bringing men to the practical conviction that, whatever the Church has enjoined, no faithful son ought to neglect, without a reason which she herself has approved. Did every one fast, who had not obtained this approbation of his neglect, the precept of the Church would not be a dead letter.

Then as to "vain distinctions of meats," surely Dr. Pusey is fully aware that, in the primitive Church, pretty nearly the same distinctions existed as do now among Catholics. St. Chrysostom (*3d Hom. to the People of Antioch*), St. Cyril of Jerusalem

(*Catech.* 4), St. Basil (1st *Hom. on Fasting*), and Hermes, an apostolic Father (*Pastor.* 1. iii.), not to quote many decrees of councils and other authorities, tell us that flesh-meat was forbidden on all fast-days. St. John Baptist did not consider distinction of meats vain, when he chose locusts and wild honey for his diet; nor did God when he instituted the old law. The rule for the English Church St. Gregory gave to our apostle St. Augustine, the same as is found in Canon Law. "We abstain from flesh-meat, and from all things which come from flesh, as milk, cheese, and eggs."

What is meant by "luxurious abstinences?" That the rich will often turn into a luxury what is meant for humiliation, must not surely be cast as a reproach upon the duty, nor alleged as a sufficient motive for its abolition. Because the voluptuous who loll upon velvet cushions in well-fitted pews, are better at ease when kneeling in church, than the poor are in their hard beds at home, should the custom of kneeling at worship be abolished? If occasionally conviviality is more indulged on a day of abstinence than becomes it, to the generality it is truly a day of restraint and penance. A Catholic can seldom invite a friend, certainly not a Protestant, to his table on those days, and is generally precluded from accepting an invitation from others. We know Catholics not a few, who, so far from considering fish a delicacy, from being obliged to confine themselves to the use of it on certain days, will not allow it on others to be served on their tables. And many, too, we know who, week after week, find pain in complying with the duty of abstinence. In fact, so generally has this been felt, that within these few years, the Holy See has assented to the petition of the British and Irish Catholics, for the abolition of the abstinence on Saturdays. And the dispensation thus granted, though on such a great scale, was not a "lucrative" one, for it did not put a stiver into the papal treasury.

Dr. Pusey's own *Tracts* afford us sufficient proof of the vast wisdom in his Church, when she "left it to every man's Christian prudence and experience *how* he should fast." The natural consequence has been, that those who wish to do it, know not how. The *Tract* 66 is in answer to a letter by a clergyman (mark that!) who, through the *British Magazine*, desired many illustrations of No. 18. Among these queries are,—"In what is the abstinence of fasting to consist?" "Is there any difference between abstinence and fasting?" The answer to this question is in these different terms,—"Not, I imagine, in our Church." Now, all this uncertainty, or rather ignorance, proceeds from the Anglican Church not having thought it proper to define *how*

men were to fast. A very indifferently instructed Catholic would be ashamed to ask such questions; much more a clergyman.

In conclusion, Dr. Pusey finds himself obliged to answer the objection that "fasting is Popish." Of course, he denies it. He is right. It may belong to anyone who chuses to practise it. Is it Anglican?

12. To the practice of fasting is joined that of other works of mortification, such as "hard lodging, uneasy garments," (hair shirts?) "laborious posture in prayer, sufferance of cold," &c., and it is called "part of the foolish wisdom of the day to despise these small things, and disguise its impatience of restraint under some such general maxim as—'that God has no pleasure in self-torture or mortification.'" (No. 66, p. 9.) These sentiments hardly call for a commentary. Few Protestants will read them without pronouncing them popish; no Catholic, without admitting their general truth.

We pass over other points of less importance, in which the defection of the Anglican Church from primitive practices is openly or tacitly acknowledged. There are one or two matters, however, which we think it right to notice, before coming to our concluding remarks.

In the first place, there is constantly a desire manifested to bring the rite of ordination as nearly as possible to the definition of a sacramental institution. Thus, we are told that "ordination, though it does not precisely come within our" (*i. e.* the Anglican) "definition of a sacrament, is, nevertheless, a rite partaking, in a high degree, of the sacramental character, and it is by reference to the proper sacraments that its nature can be most satisfactorily illustrated." (No. 5, p. 10.) The difference seems to be placed in the circumstance, that in the other sacraments the essence lies in the words or form, while in ordination it is placed in the imposition of hands, or outward rite. (No. 1, p. 3.) This is rather a bungling view of the sacramental theory, and leads to important consequences respecting the Eucharist. Of these we shall find a proper place to speak. Dr. Pusey, in his vindication of the *Tracts*, goes even farther, and shows that, according to St. Augustine's definition, ordination might well have been numbered among the sacraments. This definition is no other than that of our Church, "a visible sign of invisible grace." (Vol. iii. p. 11.) On the whole, we should conclude, that the Anglican Church would have done better to have kept St. Augustine's definition. It would have acted in conformity with antiquity, and it would have better preserved the dignity of its supposed priesthood.

Secondly. The retention of ancient doctrines and rites by

Catholics is clearly acknowledged. Thus, speaking of the visible Church, we have what follows:—

“ Now, the Papists have retained it; and so they have the advantage of possessing an instrument, which is, in the first place, suited to the needs of human nature; and next, is a special gift of Christ, and so has a blessing with it. Accordingly, we see that in its measure success follows their zealous use of it. They act with great force upon the imaginations of men. The vaunted antiquity, the universality, the unanimity of their Church, put them above the varying fashions of the world, and the religious novelties of the day. And truly, when one surveys the grandeur of their system, a sigh arises in the thoughtful mind, to think we should be separated from them. ‘ Cum talis sis, utinam noster essemus! ’ But, alas, **AN UNION IS IMPOSSIBLE**. Their communion is infected with heterodoxy: we are bound to flee it as a pestilence. They have established a lie in the place of God’s truth; and by their claim of immutability in doctrine, cannot undo the sin they have committed. *They cannot repent. Popery must be destroyed, it cannot be reformed.*”—No. 20, p. 3.

This last phrase we hail with a mixed feeling of pity and satisfaction. Of pity for those who possess not the same stability as ourselves: of satisfaction at here finding a plain and manly declaration of the attitude in which we mutually stand. To us is left the blessed hope of bringing others into unity with us by gentle arts of persuasive argument; to themselves they reserve, as an *only* resource, the ungracious work of destruction.

Thirdly. The spiritual and devotional character of the Catholic worship and religion is openly avowed. Of the approaching contest between the English Church and ours, it is said:—

“ The same feelings which carry men now to dissent will carry them to Romanism—novelty being an essential stimulant of popular devotion; and the Roman system, to say nothing of the intrinsic majesty and truth, which remain in it amid its corruptions, abounding in this and other stimulants of a most potent and effective character. And farther, there will ever be a number of refined and affectionate minds, who, disappointed in finding full matter for their devotional feelings in the English system, as at present conducted, betake themselves, through human frailty, to Rome.”—No. 71, p. 4.

Let us now apply ourselves to drawing general conclusions from the view which we have given of these *Tracts*. Observe, we have only treated of their proposed return to ancient practices, now lost among the Anglicans. We resume, then, the query proposed at the beginning of our article. What has been gained by the Reformation, considered as an attempted return to primitive purity? We have here a clear confession that, upon a dozen points, affecting nothing less than the constitution of the Church, and the authority of its hierarchy, the grounds

upon which the most solemn dogmas rest, the public offices of the Church, the frequent use of the Eucharistic sacrament, the performance of daily service, the observance of fasting, and other great moral precepts, the Anglican Church, under the mask of a reformation, contrived to place things in a worse state than they were before, and than they now exist in the Catholic Church. What title can be established to the name of reformation in all these particulars?

But we fear lest, in often repeating this query, we may have been guilty of a mistake, small in itself, but more important in its results. We have spoken of our Church as the unreformed, in opposition to the Anglican, as *professing* to be reformed. By applying to ourselves the negative epithet, we only meant to speak of such reformation as led to the deplorable effects acknowledged in the *Tracts* to have taken place in Anglicanism. We disavow any reform amongst us, wrought on the principle it adopted, of destroying, or abolishing, all in which there was abuse, real or pretended. No Catholic will deny that, in many matters of Church discipline, relaxation had crept into religious practices, before the Reformation. The Church, in many ways, through Papal constitutions, particular synods, and chiefly by the council of Trent, issued decrees of reform. Whoever opens the statutes of the council, will see in every sheet "Decretum de reformatione." The Catholic Church, however, went to work upon principles totally different from the Anglican. The religious orders were supposed to be lax in discipline, and open to abuses. England suppressed them, seized their revenues, turned upon the world thousands of inoffensive men and women who had long abandoned it, and abolished the ascetic life, which the *Tracts*, after Bingham, acknowledge to have existed in the primitive Church. (*Records of the Church*, No. XI, p. 3.) The Catholic Church inquired into the abuses, framed the wisest regulations for their correction and prevention, and only suppressed, where, as in the case of the Humiliati, real crime or gross degeneracy could be established on proof. The education of clergy was a matter much neglected in many dioceses. The English reformers took not a single step towards establishing a system of clerical education, unless it was the suppression of schools and chantries. The Catholic "reformers" at Trent, obliged every diocess to erect and maintain an ecclesiastical seminary, in which the young aspirants to the clerical state should live in community, dividing their time between study and spiritual exercises, under the watchful eye of the bishop, and persons deputed by him.

- There had been grievous abuses complained of in the colla-

tion of benefices, from the pluralities accumulated on one individual, or their collation on absentees, such as officers of the Papal court. The Anglicans have left all these evils, perhaps have aggravated them. They allow many benefices, with cure of souls, to devolve on one man's head; and Cheltenham, and Leamington, and Brighton, will bear testimony to the Irish rectories and vicarages, which allow their incumbents to live beyond the reach of their flocks' complaints. Since the council of Trent, those abuses have been completely cut off in the Catholic Church, and pluralities, with cure of souls, are totally unknown among us.

We could run on through some hundred such comparisons, to show the opposite characters of our two reforms. Ours was a *conservative reform*; we pruned away the decayed part; we placed the vessel in the furnace, and, the dross being melted off, we drew it out bright and pure. Yours was *radical* to the extreme; you tore up entire plants by the roots, because you said there was a blight on some one branch; you threw the whole vessel into the fire, and made merry at its blaze. Now that you go to look for it again, you find nothing but ashes. And you are surprised at this!

Gladly, too, would we institute a comparison between the instruments of our respective reformations. We would put St. Charles Borromeo against Cranmer, or Bartholomew de Martyrius against Bucer; the first as agents, the latter as auxiliaries. It has often appeared to us, that Divine Providence was graciously pleased to give the lie to those who, under pretence of grievous abuses and errors, caused schism in the Church, by raising from its bosom, at that very moment, and soon after, such men as no Reformed Church can boast of. The tree might have been known by its fruits; an evil tree could not have brought forth such worthy fruits of charity, of pastoral zeal, of penitential spirit, as then came to adorn the Catholic Church. And two things strike us principally in this matter. First, that they flourished exactly after the western continental Church is supposed by these Anglican writers to have set on itself the seal of reprobation, by sanctioning heresy at Trent. Nay, some among them, as St. Charles, were the most active promoters of its decisions. Secondly, that these extraordinary men were all distinguished for their attachment to this Church, and made it their glory that they belonged to it. We meet in their writing with no regrets at a single step it had taken, no intimation of a thought, that it had inadvertently let slip a particle of primitive truth.

They were really a crown, aye, a crown of gold, to their

mother; not as the fading garlands of Ephraim, put on the head in a moment of intoxication. They were heroes, whose names, after three centuries, are fresh in the mouths of men. Who, among the ordinary class of Anglicans, speaks of Parker, or Jewel, or Bancroft, or Cranmer, or Bramhall, as of men whose good deeds have descended in blessings on generations, or whose wise sayings are as maxims of life upon the lips of children? But such are the memories of a Francis de Sales, and a Vincent of Paul, a Philip Neri, and an Ignatius Loyola. Cities, provinces, and kingdoms, publicly testify their veneration for their memories, and their gratitude for the benefits they conferred. Children, who owe their early knowledge of God, and of good letters, to the gratuitous education of the continent, lisp with tender affection the names of a Joseph Calasancius, or a Jerom Emilian. Thousands of sick, whose pillows are watched with kindness by self-devoted, unpaid attendants, pronounce blessings on a Camillus de Lellis, or a John of God, or a Vincent of Paul, who inspired their successors with such charity. Has any diocese of England raised a statue to its bishop like the colossus of Arona? Has any of its cities ever honoured one of its priests, as Rome has done Philip Neri, with the title of its apostle?

But this comparison between the English and the true Church, at the time when the former boasts of having risen into primitive splendour, and left the other buried in error and corruptions, becomes still more striking, when made with reference to the spiritual life. Never in any period of the Church was it illustrated by persons more deeply enamoured of the cross, more versed in the science of the inward life, or more sublimely occupied in contemplation, than the Catholic, at the very moment when England thought proper to abandon its unity. The writings of St. Theresa, and St. John of the Cross, not to mention the lives of such men as Felix a Cantalicio, Peter of Alcantara, Pascal Baylon, and innumerable others, are enough to have added glory to the true Church, in the brightest period of its history. One would have supposed, that a young and vigorous establishment, the Phoenix-church of England, springing forth into a new life from the funeral pile where she had consumed the decayed elements of her previous existence, would have flown upwards with a steady gaze upon the sun of righteousness, and given proof of her renewed vigour, by her eagle-flights towards the regions of heaven. Instead of this, she fell heavily on the ground, scorched in plumage, and shorn of wing, and condemned to walk or creep upon the earth's surface, and to seek her food, with dimmer eye, in its stagnant, lifeless pools. At

the same time, the spirit of God seemed restless and prolific in the heart of her rival, bringing forth thoughts and aspirations which rose up heavenwards, as to their proper home, unclouded by the smallest stain that would show them to have risen from a bosom tainted by heresy and corruption.*

If, then, nothing was gained by the Protestant Reformation on behalf of good discipline, the salutary use of the sacraments, and other such-like holy practices, nothing surely was gained in deep spirituality, and the perfection of the inward life. And if, on the other hand, the Catholic reform of the Church cleared away abuses by time introduced, leaving the good intact, so did it, at the same time, witness within it a marvellous development of the principles of divine contemplation and close union of the soul with God. That Christianity could hope for no advantage in this respect from the Reformation, is acknowledged by a late writer, whose sentiments on the German department of that awful revolution we hope on some future occasion to lay before our readers. Speaking of the ruin which it caused to the German empire, Menzel observes:—“At so high a price as this, the small gains of this measure were too dearly bought. For, whatever improvements the new Church might boast of, whatever errors and malpractices she could charge her mother or elder sister with, never will she be able to deny her the merit of having preserved and disseminated the light of divine truth and of human learning; never will she have it in her power to make out a case of necessity, or to form another path to salvation, than that on which Tauler, Thomas à Kempis, and Fenelon, have found the right way.” (*Menzel, neuere Geschichte der Deutschen von der Reformation*, Breslaw, 1826, vol. i. p. 7.)

We shall of course be told, that the separation from the Church of Rome took place in consequence of doctrinal errors. Or, according to the theory of the *Tracts*, that, by sanctioning those errors, she separated herself from the reforming Anglican Church. Much that is connected with this question hangs upon the important one of apostolical succession, and the existence of schism in that Church. That must be laid aside for the present. But we look at the matter under another aspect.

We are told, then, that the Catholic Church had departed in matters of faith from primitive truth, and had enslaved the hearts of men to error. The charge was twofold. The Catholic Church was accused of having corrupted faith, and loaded the

* “And to what else” (than the practice of rigorous fasting) “can one attribute it, that so many men in the French Church, amid all the disadvantages of a corrupt religion, attained a degree of spirituality rare among ourselves?”—*Tracts for the Times*, No. 66, p. 16.

practices of the Church with human and superstitious usages. The Reformation attacked both. It cut off many doctrines then believed by all the Church, saying: "these are not warranted by primitive belief." It abolished almost the entire liturgy, and other services in the Church, the rites used in the administration of sacraments, and many other observances, saying: "these are human inventions."

Well, the work was done, and God knows, thoroughly done. Nearly three hundred years roll on, the minds of men gradually cool, and they begin to discover that almost every one of the rites, ceremonies, and practices, abolished at the Reformation as superstitious additions to the primitive simplicity of worship, were, and are, most venerable, and even traceable to apostolic origin! What becomes of the other half? "Oh, there we do not yield an inch. Our reformers were certainly too hasty in dealing with outward observances. They allowed themselves to be misled. But in matters of faith, in which they condemned Rome, you must not touch them. There all was done deliberately and wisely."—Gently, good sirs: you yourselves have yielded much. You have certainly betrayed a lurking desire that ordination should be considered a sacrament. You yourselves acknowledged "that the English Church has committed mistakes in the practical working of its system: nay, that it is *incomplete* even in its formal doctrine and discipline." (No. 71, p. 27.) You concede, that "though your own revolution" (here you have for once hit upon the right name) "of opinion and practice was slower, and more carefully considered than those of your neighbours, yet it was too much influenced by secular interests, sudden external events, and the will of individuals, to carry with it any vouchers for the perfection and entireness of the religious system thence emerging." You have confessed that "the hurry and confusion of the times led to a settlement of religion incomplete and defective." (p. 30.) You allow that your "doctrine on the Blessed Eucharist, though, on the whole, protected safe through a dangerous time by the cautious Ridley, yet, in one or two places, was clouded by the interpolations of Bucer." (p. 32.)

In other words, you allow the godly work of Reformation to have been but an incomplete and ill-digested work. You see in it errors and omissions in every part. But not a fault of commission will you acknowledge. Not a single positive definition was mistaken. You have drawn a nice limit: you have traced very minutely the boundary mark. On one side you see palpable imperfections, inconsiderate rejections, unnecessary changes, excessive innovations, unwarranted interferences of the civil

power, unlucky concessions to the pressure of circumstances, and, by consequence, "a system of religion incomplete and defective." But on the other side of the boundary, these same men, under the very same circumstances, without any new light, did not commit a single error. Oh no, there they were impeccable. They were repeatedly deceived when the question was about omissions,—never when they adopted. They fell into constant oversights when they rejected, never once when they defined. Wonderful sagacity! Incomprehensible—far beyond the gift of infallibility, which you are so careful to disclaim for your Church! (p. 27.)

But we fancy that a prudent enquirer will ask for some better proof of this wonderful preservation, than the mere assertion of these gentlemen that their own Church "kept the nearest of any to the complete truth." (p. 29.) When you acknowledge so many false steps, and allow that you have no security against others, surely men have a right to doubt whether you *have* escaped them. The Catholic Church is consistent. She says, "I am gifted with infallibility, therefore I have fallen into no errors." The Anglican rejects infallibility, but claims an equal obedience.

The argument, however, may be urged more home as thus; It will be acknowledged, and by none more consistently than by the authors of the *Tracts*, that outward forms are great safeguards of doctrine, and that the abandonment of rites or observances of very remote antiquity will often endanger some point of doctrine in connexion with them. Who can doubt that the neglect of ecclesiastical censures has led to the enfeebling of Church authority among the Anglicans? Have we not heard Dr. Pusey complain, that the abandonment of the exorcisms in baptism has much contributed to make men in his Church forget the power of Satan, and the might of our Redeemer? Now, to apply these principles, let us take an instance which lately struck us on occasion of the Christmas solemnity. Let us suppose that one of the clergymen who conduct these *Tracts*, admiring, as he professes, the Roman Breviary, had induced several of his brethren and friends to recite its Matins together on Christmas-eve, as was usual in the ancient Church. They would find nothing objectionable in the office, but rather much possessing a sweet solemnity. For we will imagine them to omit the *Ave Maria* at the beginning, and the *Alma Redemptoris* at the end. These are their two principal stumbling-blocks. Arrived at the third Nocturn, one proceeds to read the Homily of St. Gregory upon the gospel, as follows:—"Quia largiente Domino, Missarum solemnia ter hodie celebratur sumus, loqui diu de Evangelio non

possumus." (*Hom. 8 in Evang.*) " Since, through the divine favour, we shall this day thrice celebrate solemn Mass, we cannot speak at length on the gospel." These admirers of primitive antiquity would have been a little staggered at such a declaration of St. Gregory's. Now, if one of them had started an objection that such words were nonsense in the mouth of a Protestant clergyman, and that he could not feel justified in claiming any thing common with a Pope who spoke such Popish language, what reply would the director make? " It is true," he would have to reply, " that appearances are against us. We must acknowledge that the communion service at the time of St. Gregory, and even much earlier, was called the Mass. When we restored primitive Christianity at the Reformation, we wisely abolished the name. It is true that the Mass recited at that time, and even in the age of Gelasius or St. Leo, was, prayer for prayer, and ceremony for ceremony, the same as that of the Popish Missal. On the same blessed occasion, we considerably suppressed it, though probably coming from the Apostles, and substituted something better of our own. It is true that, on Christmas-day, this identical Popish Mass was then celebrated three times, precisely as it will be between to-night and to-morrow at the Catholic chapel, and by comparing the *Ordo Romanus* with the modern Missals, it is evident that the three masses were the same as now. For the homily we are reading is upon the gospel, still said by the Papists at their first mass, and cannot apply to the one gospel preserved in our beautiful service, from the third. This practice, though so ancient, it was the office of our godly Reformation to destroy. But what matter all these things? We have lost nothing with them. Our communion, which we shall perform to-morrow (if a sufficient number of communicants can be got together), is the true inheritor of all these services. The Papists have been most careful to preserve the Mass just as St. Gregory celebrated it,—they have been sticklers for every word and ceremony, for the very terms and titles then used. But our Articles teach us, that all such 'sacrifices of masses...were blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits.' After such a declaration, can you doubt but that that holy Pontiff, if he again appeared on earth, would refuse to have any part in the Popish Mass, and admire and approve our beautiful communion service? Would he not say, ' It is much more probable that the Papists (as they are called in derision for their attachment to my See),—who have jealously preserved every tittle of the Liturgy I sent into Britain by the hands of Augustine,—who still keep up the practices we followed in my pontificate,—have lost the true doctrine we considered embodied in that Liturgy respecting the

blessed Sacrament, than that the Protestants should not have retained or regained it, when they rejected almost every particle of the words and forms instituted to secure it?"

This would really be the sort of answer to which a Protestant might be driven on such an occasion. But every Catholic, priest or layman, who read or heard those words in the Christmas office, took them in their most literal and natural sense, and saw no incongruity, no unfitness in the recital of them after 1200 years. Perhaps some pastors commenced their sermon in the very same words, and their flocks did not see reason to consider them a quotation from any older authority.

If the curious wish came over them to ascertain whether the *things*, as much as the *names*, agree, they would open the works of Tommasi or Assemani, and find what is there given as the Mass of St. Gelasius precisely the same as they heard in their own church. Could they require a stronger security that they inherited the faith of those ages, than in this cautious jealousy of their Church, preserving from destruction or alteration, the prayers, rites, and system of worship, in which this faith was deposited, recorded, and professed? Would they be reasonable, if they suspected that they alone had carefully kept the one, who had scornfully and profanely rejected the other?

But the question, how far the Reformation was a gain in religion, rises to a much higher level, when considered in reference to the grounds whereby it is justified. There are curious materials in the volumes before us, for this investigation; but they are of too great importance to be thrown together at the conclusion of this paper. We have pledged ourselves to discuss the claims of the Anglican Church to apostolical succession. After that, we shall find leisure for examining the respective positions which we and these Anglicans now hold in the controversial warfare.

Enough has been said to abate the pretended claims of the Reformation to our esteem or admiration as a reparation of pure Christianity, a return to the practices and doctrines of antiquity. We, of course, are unable to comprehend the love and reverence with which these well-intentioned, but ill-guided men look upon that awful revolution. They seem to speak of it as of some wisely-devised plan of improvement; for they are repeatedly praising the calm judgment or the wisdom of the Reformers, or the "Fathers of the Reformation." Contradictions, it is true, are to be found in what they write on this subject. But on the whole, they consider it as a work directed by the Providence of God, through the agency of holy men. To our minds, it presents a series of shocks and convulsions, regulated by no law but

the passions of men. Like the ocean broken over its ordinary limits, the revolutionary principle sent forth wave after wave, each to destroy the sand-heap which its predecessor had raised, till, by their successive exertions, a level was at last obtained, but a level, alas ! measured by "the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness." (*Isaiah xxxiv. 11, Prot. vers.*) Every political ruler, King, Protector, or Queen, laid his irreverent hand upon the ill-fated Church, and fashioned its plastic clergy after his own will ; every divine who gained influence, changed and remodelled its services and articles according to the system he had learnt on the continent, or invented at home. It was the creature of accidents, but of accidents entirely destructive; not one came to fill up a breach in its walls, or to set up what another had plucked down. Devastation came upon devastation, and destruction swallowed up the traces of destruction. "Residuum erucæ comedit locusta, et residuum locustæ comedit bruchus, et residuum bruchi comedit rubigo." (*Joel i. 4.*) So long as there was a sound place left in the Church on which a blow could be struck, they laid them on, and spared not. It was not till every limb, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, had been disfigured, and no more soundness was in her, that they desisted. And now, because her wounds are healed over, and the breath of life is still in her nostrils, we are called to consider and pronounce her fair and perfect as in the days of her youth ! Because, through a special mercy, every trace of good religion was not entirely consumed,—because the desolation was not utter, as Sodom and Gomorrah,—we are invited to hail as a blessing the storm that ravaged it, and the plague that scourged it !

Sincerely must every Catholic deplore the infatuation of such as think and act in this manner. But they have a claim upon other and better feelings than those of idle sympathy. Few more pernicious sacrifices have been made to the false divinities worshipped by the age, than that of denying the spirit of proselytism to be inherent in Catholicity. In the odious sense of the word, as an intermeddling intrusive spirit, we disown it; but as a steady, unceasing desire to bring others to the possession of the same truth as we hold, a prudent yet zealous endeavour to recommend that truth by word and action, it is an essential portion of the Christian spirit of charity. Our faith, though it may remove mountains, is naught without it. Ever since these words were uttered, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write...Come and see," (*John i. 45,*) it has been the very essence of the apostolic, and, consequently of the Christian spirit. For our own parts, we have no disguise. We wish for no veil over our conduct. It is our desire, and shall be,

to turn the attention of our Catholic brethren to the new forms of our controversy with Protestants, in the anxious hope that they will devote their energies to its study, and push the spiritual warfare into the heart of our adversary's country. That in some directions this is begun, we are able to assert. There are not wanting those who feel the insufficiency of our controversial endeavours in the past, to meet the exigencies of the present moment. And we are confident that all our excellent seminaries, at home and abroad, will use all diligence for repairing their defects. There is much that weighs heavily upon our breasts in reference to this subject. Time, and, still more, the Divine blessing, will, we trust, enable us to develope our meaning, and to effect our designs.

ART. III.—*The Lives and Exploits of English Highwaymen, &c.*
drawn from the earliest and most authentic sources. 1834.

OUR first, though accidental, glance at the opening page of this work, awoke a long cherished antiquarian *penchant* for the subject. The recommendations rehearsed on its title-page, prospectively delighted us. In our mind's eye, we viewed, and reviewed, the laurels of the chivalric profession and the honour of England as inseparably entwined. The annals of highway robbery became an affair of national interest! We read,—we noted,—and, we write.

Utilitarians may prate as much as they please on the vanity of archaiological and black-letter pursuits, but, for our own poor part, we confess we love to luxuriate among dusty, worm-eaten tomes,—to shake hands, as it were, with our forefathers, and trace some superannuated usage, or fugitive fashion, through each descent and change, from age to age. After all, despite the work-a-day wisdom that now, literally, “crieth out in the streets,” there are few intelligent minds that do not, on particular points, pay unconscious homage to hoar antiquity! “What's in a name?” Yet, where is the man whose useful knowledge extends beyond its bare rudiments, who would not rather write himself Beauclerc, than Buggins,—Percy, than Potts? Show us the veriest cockney student that ever entered a mechanic's institute, and if he can turn his admiring gaze from the pinnacles of Westminster Abbey, and then look on the mustard-pot and pepper-caster glories of our new “National Gallery” without a feeling of degradation—why, “may Heaven forgive him too!” Even in this era of innovation, we still find that the more ancient the

creation of a peerage, the date of a fraternity, or the origin of a custom, it usually follows, that the higher the honour, the greater the privileges, the more authoritative the precedent, respectively connected with each incident, and accordingly reverenced. To this general rule, however, the peculiar mode of personal appropriation, termed Robbery, certainly exhibits a lamentable exception; deprived, long since, of its native attributes, it has now become, in its original sense of an open, hand-to-hand "taking away by force," a mere obsolete tale of yore.

The birth of robbery is plainly registered in the sacred writings. The author of an *Essay on the Science of Swindling*, in *Blackwood* (1835), notices some infant examples of that spurious branch of the true calling, as existing among some of the earliest nations known after the flood; but the primitive profession itself claims its establishment even from the "good old days of Adam and Eve," and is therefore indisputably entitled to rank above every other liberal art and gentlemanly vocation in the world.

The first introducer and organizer of free companions, was no less a personage than the first-born of our first parents. Cain, after his settlement in the land of Nod (land of the *exile*, or *fugitive*), doomed to find the soil refuse "to yield him its strength," repudiated the servile, but till then only occupations of mankind, husbandry and herding, established the noble employment of arms, and thenceforth taught his followers to make the sword their bread-winner. The Scriptures also show, that subsequently to the deluge, Nimrod, one of Noah's great-grandsons, "began to be a mighty man in the earth." Improving on his antediluvian ancestor's practice of the strong hand, he vanquished his own uncle Asher, then seized his possessions, and finally founded, by right of conquest, the first monarchy on record.

Conquest, according to Todd, in his improved *Johnson*, is "in feudal law, *purchase*." "What we call *purchase*," says Blackstone, "the feudalists call *conquest*, both denoting any means of acquiring an estate out of the common course of inheritance."

These synomymes, though thus equally applicable to all transfers of property "out of the common course of inheritance," are yet differently employed to mark the value of a conveyance, and note the rank of the several parties concerned. In every supreme "taking away by force," from the first of Nimrod the Mighty, to the last of Nicholas the Autocrat, the act has ever been legalized under the denomination of *conquest*: whilst, on the other hand, we find *purchase* constantly used to designate the trivial acquisition obtained by any unprivileged brother of the blade. Strange as it may appear to common sense, this distinction between the seizure of a kingdom and the pillage of a purse, though clearly

nominal, is productive of the most opposite results to the respective operators. Custom confers on the victorious conqueror "rewards and praise;" law, maugre its own definition, decrees to the petty plunderer—a rope!

All we know of history tends to prove, that wherever "wild in woods the noble savage ran," self-preservation has been held Nature's prime law; and, obeying its dictates, the otherwise untutored barbarians invariably pursued

" ————— the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Such, Livy tells us, were precisely the habits of the aboriginal warriors of Britain, when our island was first visited by those illustrious Roman robbers, who came to inoculate the natives with civilization, at the point of the sword, and supply their own Apician banquets with—native oysters!

Among our Teutonic ancestors, also, martial robbery, instead of incurring disgrace, was esteemed as the hereditary birthright of the brave. "War and depredation," says Tacitus, "are the ways and means of the chieftain. To cultivate the earth, and wait the regular produce of the seasons, is not the maxim of a German. You will more easily persuade him to attack the enemy, and provoke honourable wounds on the field of battle. In a word, to earn by the sweat of your brow what you might gain by the price of your blood, is, in the opinion of a German, a sluggish principle, unworthy of a soldier." Centuries after the Roman historian wrote his description of the ancient Germans, their descendants bore to Britain the unchanged valour and manners of the race. Following those usages, though the Anglo-Saxon princes counted robbery a punishable offence, "if committed within the bounds of our kingdom," their laws awarded merely compensation to the injured, and a fine to the sovereign; whilst, beyond the limits of a state, spoliation was deemed both lawful and laudable, since, to ravage the territory of any troublesome neighbour, at once habituated the people to the use of arms, and gave their chief the means of rewarding their services.

War naturally formed the popular business of life, embracing, as it did, profit and pleasure. Whenever the hardy Welshmen "went out to plunder the English" (Saxons), they were accompanied by the royal minstrel, and their march enlivened with the harp and song. In peaceful principalities, however, when legitimate employment did not offer service abroad, the idle operatives were accustomed, occasionally, to unite and levy contributions at home. Such violations of kingly prerogative are particularly

noticed in the enactments of Ina, monarch of Wessex, towards the close of the seventh century. The pecuniary penalties affixed to the offence, rise in proportion to the increased number of confederated "Roberts-men, or mighty theives;" and the original classification, as given by Lambard, in his *Eirenarcha* (Ed. 1594), presents a singular proof of the purely warlike character assigned by law to rapine. "Theeves we call them vntil the number of seven men: from seven, a troupe, vntil 35: and an army aboue that number." That the epithet *Theives*, should be applied to the first degree of comparison in the composition of an army, may appear strangely incongruous, but the very appellation stamps a characteristic seal on the martial mode of raising supplies referred to; for Daines Barrington, in his work on the ancient statutes, notes, as remarkable, "that one of the Saxon words for booty acquired in war, is, *a theft*," and quotes a passage from the Saxon Chronicle in illustration.

Under the supremacy of the Norman wholesale despoilers, retail robbery was deprived of the benefit of compensation, and declared a capital crime. The law, nevertheless, seldom touched any, save poor friendless rogues. By the *Dictum de Kenilworth* of Henry the Third, "Knights and esquires who were robbers, if they have no land, shall pay the half of their goods, and find sufficient security to keep henceforth the peace of the kingdom."

But, unluckily for the wholesome terrors of justice, in such cases it was necessary to convict each marauding baron, knight, or esquire, before he could be amerced for his fault, and in one notorious instance, not only were the judges unable to prevail on a Hampshire jury to pronounce a single individual guilty of a robbery, in which the accused actors were as well known as dreaded, but the king himself fruitlessly complained that, on his route through that county, his baggage had been rifled, his wines drank, and his person and authority laughed to scorn. To complete this illustration of national manners in the thirteenth century, the sequel proved, that several persons high in his majesty's household, were also associated with the provincial comptrollers of the royal wardrobe and buttery, who so gratuitously undertook those duties.

Throughout the wide-spread customs of war and chivalry, also, the ancient British maxim, recorded by Livy, that "all things belonged to the brave who had courage and strength to seize them," evidently retained much of its influence, though slightly masked in practice.

As the Saxon leader of a plundering band, above thirty-five, when taken, disbursed his *weregyld*, or the full price at which his life was estimated; so, some ages later, the captor of any hostile chief

“rescue or no rescue,” received from his prisoner a heavy ransom, in recompense for present safety and future freedom. The prevalence of this principle is pleasantly exemplified in the rhyming chronicle of “Maistre Wace,” who wrote in the latter half of the 12th century. Celebrating the victory gained by Richard of Normandy over the allied French and German forces before Rouen, he rejoices in the captivity of a dozen luckless Counts, “for great their ransoms sure must be;” and most considerately remarks, that had they been killed, the conquerors would only have profited by their arms! Indeed, during a long series of years, martial Englishmen were accustomed to reckon on the emoluments of war as an important source of revenue. Hollinshead, in his reign of Richard the 2nd, observes, that “wherein times past, Englishmen had greatly gained by the warres of France, who had by the same maynteyned their estate, they could not give their willing consents to have any peace at all with the Frenchmen, in hopes by reason of the warres to profit themselves, as in times past they had done.”

The self-same spirit of “purchase” pervaded even the most splendid recreations of knighthood. The forfeit horse and armour of the defeated in the tournament, “belonged to the brave who had courage and strength” to win them.

Symptoms of the olden influence are still discernible in the liberties taken by modern warfare. The confiscation of property, the issuing letters of marque, and the privileges of privateering, are but modified workings of the impulse which animated Earl Warenne, when he bared the blade borne by his ancestor in the conquest-field of Hastings, and demanded whether that title to his lands would be questioned!

Down to the present hour, the lower orders of our countrymen connect the attainment of pecuniary reward with a superiority of personal prowess: hence the common challenge, where no quarrel exists, to box for a stipulated sum, and the attendant wish, that the “best man” may gain the meed of bravery.

Robbery, at the period under review, claimed all the chivalric attributes; and in conjunction with daring courage, ample generosity to the poor, and a deep devotion to the fair, were, for ages, reputed indispensable requisites in the formation of every genuine chevalier of the road.

These traditional endowments may be traced as high, at least, as the famous sayings and doings of Robin Hood, whose name was so renowned throughout Scotland in the 14th century, that, even there, his achievements furnished the favourite themes of minstrelsy and theatrical pastimes. Fordun, it is true, alluding to their popularity, observes, they were preferred to all other

romances. Be it so. Grant the gallant bowman a non-entity, assuredly the manners delineated were not entirely fictitious, and though the personification might be indebted originally to fancy, rather than to fact, for its knightly qualities; still the constant perpetuation of the portrait, in the darling sports and metrical *garlands* of successive generations, would naturally render the character an object of general interest, and probably lead many to imitate what unvarying representations taught all to admire. The professional creed of the English order of outlaws, embodied in the form of the great archer himself, is fully given in an undated black-letter tract, belonging to the Garrick collection, in the British Museum. The "*Mery geste of Robyn Hoode*," states, that

“ A good maner then had Robyn
In lande where that he were
Every daye or he wold dyne
Thre masses wold he here,
The one in the worshyp of the father
The other of the Holy ghoste
The thyrde was of our dere ladye
That he loued of all other moste.
Robyn loued our dere ladye,
For doubte of dedly synne
Wold he neuer do company harme
That any woman was in.”

With all his reverence for religion, Robin presents himself as a Radical Reformer in ecclesiastical discipline. Not content with unburthening “these Byshoppes and these Archebyshoppes” of the filthy lucre which would render their entrance into heaven more difficult than a camel’s passage through the eye of a needle, he specially enjoins his foresters,

“ Ye shall them beate and bynde.”

A charge in direct contradistinction to his injunctions relative to the humbler laity :

“ Loke ye do no husbandeman harme
That tylleth wyth the plough,
No more ye shal no good yeman
That walketh by greenwood shawe ;
Ne no knyght, ne no squyer,
That wolde be a goode fellowe.”

Lauding Robin’s liberality, the poet closes his *geste* with the following elegiac stanza of prayer and praise, rather ungrammatically mingled :—

“ Christ have mercy on his soule
That died on the roode,

For he was a good outlawe,
And dyd poore men much goode.
Thus endeth the Lyfe of Robin Hode."

Truth, we know, is often stranger than fiction; and, setting aside any attempt to verify the legendary tales in question, history evidences that the hostility to Church dignitaries expressed in the *geste*, and the treatment bestowed on prelacy, in the well-known collection of ballads bearing the hero of Sherwood's name, were not unparalleled in the manners of the time.

In the year 1316, two cardinals, escorted by the Bishop of Durham, and his brother Lord Beaumont, with a numerous guard and retinue, were stopped near Darlington, by a formidable troop, stripped of their money and effects, and then permitted to proceed; but the Bishop and his brother were carried by the two brigand chiefs, Gilbert Middleton and Walter Selby, to separate castles, where they were kept in durance until their ransoms were duly paid.

A less comprehensive, but far more curious, commentary than the *geste*, relative to the reputation of our feudal freebooters, appears in Sir John Fortescue's *Treatise on the difference between an absolute and a limited Monarchy*. The most extraordinary circumstances belonging to this singular document, are the profession and rank of its author, who, under Henry VI, presided as Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench:—"It hath ben often seen in Englaud," avers the learned judge, "that 3 or 4 thefes hath set upon 7 or 8 true men, and robyd them al. But it hath not ben seen in Fraunce, that 7 or 8 thefes have been hardy to robbe 3 or 4 true men. Wherefor it is right sold (seldom) that Frenchmen be hangyd for robberye, for that they have no hertys to do so terrible an acte. There be therefor moe men hangyd in England in a yere for robberye and manslaughter, than there be hangyd in Fraunce for such cause of crime in seven yers. There is no man hangyd in Scotland in seven yers together for robberye; and yet they be often times hangyd for larceny and stelyng of goods in the absence of the owner thereof: but their harts serve them not to take a manny's goods, while he is present, and will defend it—which maner of taking is called robberye. But the Englishman be of another corage; for if he be poer, and see another man having richesse, which may be takyn from him by myght, he wol not spare to do so."

When we find one of the highest legal luminaries of the time openly vaunting the prevalence of robbery, as an undeniable title to national preeminence in valour, we need no ghost to tell

us, what degree of actual turpitude popular opinion would attach to the delinquency. The sentiment must have been "familiar as a household word." Its existence in the days of Henry VIII, is thus noticed by Dr. Henry:—"Robbery was seldom attended with murder, and was probably still regarded as an occupation, of which the guilt might be extenuated by courage and success." Comparing this passage with that cited from the oracle of *Banco Regis*, it will be observed, that the jurisconsult associates robbery with *manslaughter*, not *murder*. Nor is the variance immaterial. Murder, in its ancient sense, signified assassination, or the slaying a man off his guard, and was, therefore, by the Anglo-Saxons adjudged inexpiable. Burglary likewise subjected the perpetrator to death, both crimes involving cowardly advantage. "Who steals in the night," say the Swedes, "breaks God Almighty's lock." Manslaughter, committed in open combat, was, like robbery, originally a redeemable offence. By the laws of Canute, if a man was killed in a church, compensation must be made "to Jesus Christ, the king, and the relation."

As regards robbery, we may fairly conclude that the gatherers of unlawful toll customarily avoided mortal violence, unless forced to it in self-defence. That such was the case when our master bard, and his poetical contemporaries, flourished, is indisputable. Shakspeare, in his *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, comprises the most material points of Robin Hood's code in a couple of lines. Valentine agrees to join the Outlaws—

"Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers."

"No!" indignantly replies the freebooter; "we detest such vile base practices." In this instance, it may be said, the profession does not advance any distinct claim to humanity, as the usual "badge of all our tribe;" but the unequivocal testimony of Beaumont and Fletcher will decisively prove, that a forbearance from bloodshed was noted as an express and exclusive characteristic of the British robber. "We use you kindly," exclaims a masquerading bandit, in *The Little French Lawyer*—

"In that, like English thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the spoil."

Dead men tell no tales!—is the murderer's maxim; consequently, the opposite practice merited double praise, when the mercy shown availed the brotherhood nothing in the eye of the law. The abstractor of a coin, and the destroyer of life, were then alike punished with death,—and dreadful indeed were the hecatombs sacrificed in the name of justice. In the present state

of society, we look with amazement on the historic page, that numbers, at the lowest computation, 22,000 executions for robbery and theft, within the reign of Henry VIII alone! Hentzner, too, who visited England not long before the death of Queen Elizabeth, reports that, merely in the metropolis, the gibbettings were said to exceed 300 every year.

Among the auxiliary causes productive of such startling effects in the sixteenth century, two were casual and unprecedented.

First, the introduction into this country of those erratic enigmas in creation, described by the 22d Henry VIII, as "an outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians." Even then the gypsies were so notoriously expert in the sister arts of chiro-mancy and conveyancing ("convey, the wise it call") that the statute *invited* them, as our Gallic neighbours phrase it, to quit the kingdom, and, upon any trial for felony, annulled their claim to a jury, *de medietate lingue*.

The other, and incalculably more prolific source of want and vagrancy, was the forfeiture of the monastic revenues at the commencement of the Reformation. Ten thousand persons were supposed to be driven forth at the dissolution of the lesser monasteries only; and, in the sequel, when the whole of the Catholic communities were deprived of the large incomes, which supported, not only their congregated brethren, but, severally, a host of poor dependants, the multitude thus thrown loose upon the land must have been immense.

In addition to these fortuitous accumulations, robbery seldom lacked supplies from the kindred reservoirs of war.

The military mercenary, accustomed to find in foreign plunder his ordinary means of living, usually resorted to similar courses for domestic subsistence, when peace deprived him of pay and free quarters. The ancient court of Star Chamber, according to Sir Thomas Smith, as cited by Barrington, "was originally instituted to prevent the riots of disbanded soldiers, who were too much encouraged in rapine by their chieftains."

So late as the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, after the return of the fleet sent by her to the assistance of Don Antonio of Portugal, in his war against the Spaniards, about five hundred of the discarded soldiers and sailors assembled at Westminster, purposing to pillage Bartholomew Fair; but, panic-struck at the intelligence that the intrepid Mayor of London, Sir Richard Martin, was advancing against them at the head of two hundred armed citizens, they dispersed and fled in all directions. The *reformado*, as the disbanded or disabled soldier was termed, is frequently mentioned by our elder dramatists. Jonson's *Brain-*

worm, in *Every Man in his Humour*, begs in the disguise of “a maimed soldier.” The character carried with it a sort of prescriptive right to solicit alms, and was therefore often assumed solely for that purpose, though, when opportunity served, the petition was probably presented much in the style practised by the road-side invalid, whose certificate of service, in the shape of an awkwardly placed carbine, so powerfully aroused the charitable sympathies of Gil Blas.

“Some colouring their wanderings by the name of soldiers returning from the wars,” are specified among “sundry sorts of base people,” placed under martial law for their various outrages by a proclamation of Queen Elizabeth’s issued in 1595.

The true son of Mars, however, commonly scorned to sue, in cases where he had been wont to seize. Familiar with no manual art beyond his own handicraft, “Stand and deliver” was considered the penniless officer’s only honourable resource.

In the comedy of *The Puritan* (1607), when Captain Idle appears in custody, the veteran Skirmish remarks: “He has started out—made a night on’t—lacked silver.—I cannot but commend his resolution—he would not pawn his buff jerkin!” The author of *Martin Markall* (1610), in his account of the “Gent robbers, or theives, who ride on horses well appointed, and goe in show like honest men,” includes the soldiers that, “eyther by breaking up of the camp,” or “as loving to live in idleness,” &c. “betake themselves to robbing and stealing, untill they be taken and carried westward, there to make their rehearsall.” A tract, published in 1643-4 (Vol. 148 of the *Royal Pamphlets in the Brit. Mus.*), represents “The Cashiered Soldier” thus soliloquizing on the subject:—

“To beg is base, as base as pick a purse;
To cheat, more base of all theft,—that is worse.
Nor beg nor cheat will I—I scorne the same;
But while I live, maintain a souldier’s name.
I’ll purse it, I,—the highway is my hope;
His heart’s not great that fears a little rope.”

The martialist’s doggrel decision in favour of manly robbery, so strikingly coincides with Sir John Fortescue’s palpable contempt of the mean rogues whose “harts serve them not to take a manny’s goods, while he is present and will defend it,” that, evidently, the popular feeling was still in force. Though principally indebted to vagrancy and war for recruits, robbery, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, extraordinary as it may seem in the nineteenth century, counted among its members many gallants of aristocratic birth and breeding. Martin Markall describes some of his gent thieves, as “younger

brethren, who, being brought up in idleness and gaming, do fall to this kind of life to maintaine the maine chance." Besides those whose follies and vices led them through evil ways to the highway, others were probably driven to it in despair of doing better. In those days, younger brothers seldom slept upon roses. Their provision was mostly limited to the advantages of a good education, and an employmennt in the service of some noble house. Mr. Gifford, in his introduction to *Massinger*, quotes a passage from the funeral sermon of the Earl of Kent (1614), in which the orator observes, that though his Lordship "was born of a most noble family, yet, being a younger brother, as the usual custom of our countreis is, he was compelled by necessitie to serve in a noble familie, but after was preferred to the service of the late Queene of happy memorie." When wholly left to the discretionary mercies of heirship, we may easily conceive that a dependant junior might be subjected to such "poor allottery" and unfraternal treatment, as would goad him to prefer even "a thievish living on the common road," to the dangerous vicinity of "a diverted blood and bloody brother."

Shakspeare's Oliver and Orlando were not entirely the imaginary "presentment of two brothers," and most bitter references to the degrading and hateful subservience frequently required by the first-born, abound in the poetical productions of the period, "as plenty as blackberries." But the passionate expostulation of Euphanes, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, alone concentrates as much of apparently heartfelt truth as volumes could display.

" Maybe you look'd I should petition to you,
 As you went to your horse: flatter your servants
 To play the brokers for my furtherance.
 Soothe your worse humours, act the parasite.
 On all occasions write my name with their's
 That are but one degree remov'd from slaves.
 Be drunk when you would have me,—then wench with you,
 Or play the pander: enter into quarrels,
 Although unjustly grounded, and defend them
 Because they were yours. These are the tyrannies
 Most younger brothers groan beneath, yet bear them,
 From the insulting heir!"

In any attempt to illustrate past national manners, how valuable are the services rendered by the drama. What a vivid light has its few ancient fragments thrown on the customs and institutions of Greece and Rome. For ourselves, how deeply are we indebted to Shakspeare and the long line of his illustrious

brethren. With them we mingle among the walkers and talkers of Paul's, are jostled by the "flatcap" 'prentices around the conduit in Chepe, or join the gaming "roisterers" at an ordinary in Fleet street. From the cross of Charing to the archery butts at Finsbury, from the courtly pageant to the sports of the bear garden, the whole panorama of social existence passes before us, each individual "in his habit as he lived," and showing "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure."

In their representations of robbery, the majority of our old theatrical painters took the popular view of the subject, and often depicted the courageous and companionable qualities of the "fine, gay, bold-faced villain," in colours much more likely to inspire sympathy than to excite disgust. Sir John a Wrotham, a jovial shaveling, in "Sir John Oldcastle," (1600) introduces himself to the audience by frankly acknowledging that he is "in plain terms a thief, yet let me tell you too, an honest thief: one that will take it, where it may be spared, and spend it freely in good fellowship." Practising as he preaches, this lusty follower of Friar Tuck maintains a dainty *leman*, and emulates Falstaff in his love for sack. Whilst foraging on Blackheath, he encounters Henry the Fifth incognito, and executes a piece of retributive justice on the juvenile pranks of the Prince, by easing his Majesty of a purse of angels, in the good old style of greenwood borrowing. Though subsequently pardoned by the King, with an injunction to repent, he soon after plunders an Irishman, who having previously murdered and stripped his master, is in the end sentenced to be hanged, which the Patlander, with an amiable recollection of "home, sweet home," begs may be done "in a wyth after the Irish fashion." Sir John, being "a pitiful thief," and appearing as an approver against the assassin, receives forgiveness in full for all past peccadilloes, on a bare promise of future amendment. In this drama we have another proof of the wide disparity existing in public estimation between a blood-stained or stealthy depredator, and the mere hardy ranger, whose "courage" openly perilled his life, on double hazards, to obtain the modicum of "richesse" necessary to the wants, and expended in the maintenance of "good fellowship."

The jocund and liberal disposition ascribed to *honest* thieves, probably obtained for the fraternity their familiar designation of *good fellows*. The disguised King, in old Heywood's *Edward the 4th*, (1599) calls Hobs the tanner "good fellow." Hobs replies, "I am no good fellow, and pray God thou beest not one."—"Why?" queries the monarch; "dost thou not love a good fellow?" "No," responds the tanner, "good fellows be

thieves." The appellation, apparently, also bore some affinity to that fairy amalgamation of mischief and mirth, Robin *Goodfellow*. One of the knavish elf's aliases was *Pug*. "Pugging," in the glossary of Archdeacon Nares, is illustrated by the confession of Autolycus, in his song, that the linen exposed for bleaching "doth set my *pugging* tooth an edge." And *puggard* is among the cant terms applied to a thief in Middleton's *Roaring Girl*.

Another jovial appropriator of "unconsidered trifles," and likewise a mad member of the Church militant, plays a conspicuous part in Geo. Peele's *Edward the 1st*. Lluellin having assumed the title of Robin Hood, his attendant priest, Hugh ap David, dubs himself Friar Tuck; and, apprised that a rich farmer is on his way to receive a large sum of money, "spreads the lappet of his gown, and falls to dice." On the traveller's entrance, his attention is drawn to the Friar's solitary game, by hearing him exclaim, in all the seeming excitement of a modern *hellite*, "Did ever man play with such uncircumcised hands!" Concluding that the gamester must be moon-struck, when he declares that he has lost five gold nobles to Saint Francis, and is anxious to pay them to the saint's receiver, the farmer replies that he holds that office, and is so far on his road to breakfast with his patron "on a calfes-head and bacon." The nobles are delivered, and he departs. On his return, he finds the Friar still busied with the *bones*. But luck has changed sides; and he is compelled to disburse on the saint's account a hundred marks, won by Hugh in the interim.

Peele's offspring yet owns a "local habitation and a name." Numerous, indeed, have been the transmigrations of the gambling robber's essence. At his last birth, in an histrionic shape, the ingenious author of *The Brigand* officiated as godfather, and gave the name of Massaroni to an Italian incarnation of the Cambro-Briton's exploit.

Under various forms, Hugh still tenants our encyclopaedias of anecdote; and in the person of Thomas Rumbold adorns the latest edition of that peculiar series of the *Romance of History* which stands at the head of the present article, and is there facetiously y'clept *The Lives and Exploits of English Highway-men, &c.* In this modern version of an incident, "drawn from the earliest and most authentic sources," the Church, with praiseworthy propriety, reverses its original position, and Rumbold, the substitute for Friar Tuck, victimises an Archbishop of Canterbury to the tune of fourteen hundred pounds. This most probable adventure is a sample of the *authentic* achievements, attributed throughout the work to a certain set of names,

and exhibiting, with very few exceptions, a collection of extravagancies about as veracious, but not quite so amusing, as the wondrous deeds performed by that pattern of prodigies, Baron Munchausen.

In sooth, historical memoirs of eminent "takers away by force," from generals up to emperors, lie ticketed on every book-stall; but *authentic* memorials of distinguished leaders in the minor branches of "purchase," are of rare occurrence in our biographical literature. Even "Martin Markall," their especial chronicler, loosely commences his *Runagates Race, or the originall of the Regiment of Rogues*, at the rebellion of Jack Cade, and simply commemorates Hugh Roberts, one of the insurgent's associates, as the founder of certain laws and regulations for the government of the fraternity. He also states, that the fourth successor to the chieftainship of Roberts, was celebrated by the style and title of "Puffing Dicke," and about 1485, he "first gave terms to robbers by the highway, that such as robbe on horsebacke were called highway *lawyers*, and those who robbed on foote he called *padders*."

This tract, like the cotemporaneous productions of Greene, Dekker, and others, on the same theme, principally expatiates on the various arts of *coney-catching*, or cozenage combined with theft, then in practice. *Purchase*, however, in its higher walks, or rather *rides*, received tribute from the Muses in more forms than the dramatic, for "a doleful ballad" usually attended the premature close of any great man's career in the calling. A specimen of these valedictory obsequies to "birth, parentage and education, life, character and behaviour," is preserved in a folio volume of antiquarian and typographical scraps in the British Museum. *Luke Hutton's Lamentation, which he wrote the day before his death*, is printed in black letter, without a date,—an odd omission in a last dying speech and confession; but the final stanza fixes the event before the decease of Queen Elizabeth.

In the original, the second line, and the concluding couplet of the first verse, are regularly repeated in each afterwards.

"I am a poor prisoner condemned to die.
Ah ! wo is me, wo is me, for my great folly :
Fast fettered in irons in place where I lie.
Be warned young wantons, hemp passeth green holly.
My parents were of good degree,
By whom I would not ruled be.
Lord Jesus, receive me, with mercy relieve me ;
Receive, oh, sweet Jesus, my spirit unto thee.

“ My name is Hutton, yea Luke, of bad life.—Ah, &c.
Which on the highway did rob man and wife: be warned, &c.
Inticed by many a graceless mate,
Whose counsel I repent too late.—Lord, &c.

“ Not twenty years old (alas!) were I,
When I began this felonny :
With me went still twelve yeomen tall,
Which I did my twelve apostles call.

“ There was no squire, nor baron bold,
That rode by the way with silver and gold,
But I, and my apostles gay,
Would lighten their load ere they went away.

“ This news procured my kinsfolks grief ;
That hearing I was a famous thief,
They wept, they wailed, they rung their hands,
That thus I should hazard life and lands.

“ They made me a jaylor a little before,
To keep in prison offenders sore ;
But such a jaylor was never known,
I went and let them out every one.

“ I wis this sorrow sore grieved me,
Such proper men should hanged be ;
My officer then I did defie,
And ran away for company.

“ Three years I lived upon the spoile,
Giving many an Earl the foyl ;
Yet did I never kill man nor wife,
Though lewdly long I led my life.

“ But all too bad my deeds have been,—Ah, &c.
Offending my country and my good Queen.—Be warned, &c.
All men in Yorkshire talk of me,
A stronger thiefe there could not be.
Lord Jesus, forgive me, with mercy relieve me ;
Receive, oh, sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.”

An accompanying “ complaint” asserts, that Luke was born on St. Luke’s day; that, when he was nineteen years of age, “ he rob’d in bravery nineteen men,” and that there were “ nine score indictments and seventeen” against him at the York assizes, when he was tried and doomed. However atrocious Hutton’s previous offences might be, he certainly was guiltless of the final *black* act committed in his name—against poetry. Such forgeries were common among the dregs of the scribbling craft, even in the Elizabethan age; and it is interesting, as another literary trait of the time, to find the abuse noticed by the genius

of Beaumont and Fletcher. In their *Lover's Progress*, Malfort, conscious of his demerits, remarks :—

“ — I have penn'd mine owne ballad
Before my condemnation, in feare
Some rimer should prevent me.”

As the *Lament* decidedly was *not* the composition of Hutton, its contents would be utterly worthless, but that the allusion to his avoidance of blood, is so far confirmatory of the self-imposed law among the “highway lawyers,” and that there are curious grounds for believing the principal events mentioned were facts of public notoriety.

That Hutton’s parents moved in good society can scarcely be doubted, for, most unquestionably, their son possessed far higher claims to the honours of poesy, than the Tyburn laureat who pocketed pence in his character. An undated quarto tract, really written by the “Gent thief,” and bearing the quaint title of the *The Blache Dogge of Newgate*, is also among the stores of the Museum. It is dedicated to the Lord Chief Justice Popham, professedly that the judge may know, and, knowing, reform the evils exposed by its author. From his address to the reader, it appears that he had previously published, what he terms his *Repentance*, and was induced by its favourable reception to present this “second labour.” The first part of *The Black Dog* is metrical, and though composed in a figurative style, bordering on bombast, amply proves, that the writer must have received from nature an ear for harmonious verse, and from his family an education much above the vulgar. The work thus opens :—

“ When as blacke Tytan, with his duskie robe,
Had Tellus clouded with his curtayne's nyght,
Fayre Phebus peering underneath earthe's globe,
With winged steedes hence takes his course aright :
Tytan he leaves to beare imperial sway,
Commanding nyght, as Phebus did the day.”

Retired to rest, he begins to reflect on—

“ A thousand thinges, which had been in my time :
My birth, my youth, my woes ; which all surmount
My life, my losse, my libertie, my crime.”

Sleep seizes him, and a vision succeeds. He imagines himself in the infernal regions, but is encouraged by Minerva to expose the practices of the “helhounds” who surround him. The grievances alleged, are mostly exactions to which the prisoners were subjected, and the shameful treatment of those who could not satisfy such demands. In the prose portion of the pamphlet, Hutton describes the nefarious tricks in use among the under-

lings of the law, and professed thief-takers, all of whom he classes under the common head of "coney-catchers." The title of his book he explains, as referring both to the principal functionary accused, and to an existing tradition, that Newgate was haunted by an apparition in the shape of a black dog, though, he sagaciously adds, "there is no such matter."

The Chief Justice to whom Hutton addressed his accusations, was not a man likely to disregard the appeal. Eminently indefatigable and inexorable in the execution of his duties, his name has descended to us singularly connected with the race of "highway lawyers," for his Lordship was shrewdly suspected of having practised in his youth those very "arts inhibited and out of warrant," which he afterwards punished so mercilessly in others. Anthony Wood says, that James I was deterred from pardoning many criminals of that description by Popham's interference, significantly adding, that "he was well acquainted with their ways and courses in his younger days."

The investigation called for, probably led to Hutton's official employment in the prison, and the letting himself and friends "out every one." Poverty and poetry are too often united, to make it "a world's wonder" if robbery were recognised as their offspring; but to find poetry the issue of robbery, may be regarded as an anomalous event in the progress of production. Nevertheless, Hutton is not the only worthy entitled to a niche in the triune temple of Mars, Mercury, and Apollo. On the 11th of February 1626, one of Joseph Mead's news letters (*Harl. MSS.*) informs Sir Martin Stuteville, that "Mr. Clavell, a gentleman, a knight's eldest son, a great highway robber, and of posts, was, together with a soldier, his companion, arraigned and condemned, on Monday last, at the King's Bench bar. He pleaded for himself, that he never had struck or wounded any man,—never had taken any thing from their bodies, as rings, &c.,—never cut their girths or saddles, or done them, when he robbed, any corporeal violence. He was, with his companion, reprieved. He sent the following verses to the king for mercy, and hath obtained it:—

"I that have robb'd so oft, am now bid stand;
Death and the law assault me, and demand
My life and means. I never used men so;
But having ta'en their money, let them go.
Yet must I die! And is there no relieve?
The King of Kings had mercy on a thiefe!
So may our gracious king too, if he please,
Without his council, grant me a release.
God is his precedent, and men shall see
His mercy goe beyond severity.—"

Clavell, though rescued from death, suffered a long imprisonment. The preface to his poetical *Recantation of an ill-led Life; or a Discovery of the Highway Law*, is dated "From my lonely, sad, and unfrequented chamber, in the King's Bench, October, 1627."

A number of addresses, in verse and prose, intended to propitiate the king, the nobility, the judges, magistrates, clergy, &c., are prefixed to the poem; and the whole closes with a postscript imploring his majesty:—

"Oh! free me from this lingering lethargie;
Let me at libertie, or let me die!"

Throughout the work, Clavell is profuse in his professions of sincere repentance, and assurances, that if royal clemency will grant him his freedom, the remainder of his life shall show him not unworthy the blessing he solicits. His entreaties were finally successful; and, after obtaining his liberty, he endeavoured to interest "his ever dear and well-approved good uncle, Sir William Clavell, knight-banneret," by some feeling and forcible lines, ending with the following impressive protestation:—

"—— Oh! let not me
Be new arraigned by your severity.
Forget my foul offences, me and all,
Until some brave and noble actions shall
Bring you anew acquainted. If againe
I ever take a course that shall be vaine,
Or if of any ill I faulty be,
Oh, then, for ever, disinheret me.

"Your right sorrowful nephew,

"JOHN CLAVELL."

The ex-highwayman, we find, faithfully redeemed his pledges, and, we may infer, regained his original station in life; for the epistle from the stationer to the buyer, appended to the third edition of Clavell's work, in 1634, concludes thus:—"The late and general false report of his relapse, and untoward death, made me most willing again to publish this work of his, to let you know, he not only lives, but hath also made good all these his promises and strict resolutions; insomuch, that it has become very disputable amongst wise men, whether they should most admire his former ill ways, or his now most singular reformation, whereat no man outjoys his friend and yours—Richard Meighen."

Clavell's *Discovery of the Highway Law* appears to be the only genuine, and consequently the most interesting, professional record of the subject now extant, since it lays open all the

systematic machinery, rules and regulations, of our "squires of the night's body," during the first half of the seventeenth century.

Agreeably to knightly custom, every aspirant, on his admission as "a brother of the companie," took an initiatory oath "out ere he rode." The novice solemnly swore to be true to his comrades, and should fate throw him into the clutches of the Philistines, never to reveal the name of a brother, or give any information injurious to the calling, though the disclosure would save his life. When "prest hard" by a judicial examiner, he was bound to "create some men in his owne fantasie," give an imaginary account of their persons, and place them all "farre off." Honour among thieves! was then something more than an ironical figure of speech. Clavell, though a penitent and petitioning prisoner when he wrote, did not scruple to acknowledge that he had rigidly adhered to his vow, and when "there was no longer saying nay," merely owned to his acquaintance with a few men, who "Had bin recorded many times before," adding to those "some fayned names."

Another dim vestige of the vocation's traditional claim to a military character, shows itself in Clavell's sneer at his quondam friends:—

—“ You do awe,
The silly beasts, that Beere and Claret draw,
For they you *Captains* and *Lieutenants* call.”

That many whom Clavell knew as "Knightes of the Roades," were qualified by birth to claim kindred with gentle blood, he also proves. He writes to the justices of peace, "Great is your care and trouble, almost at every session and assize, in tryall of those who this way offend: Seriously to be lamented is the losse of many young gentlemen (well descended) who have been for that fact found guilty, and accordingly suffered untimely, ignominious, yet deserved deaths." We have a graver witness in Bishop Earle, who, noticing in his "*Microcosmography*" the various evils younger brothers were heirs to, says, "others take a more crooked path, through the king's highway; where at length the *vizard* is plucked off, and they strike fair for Tyburne." Clavell shows that not only masks, but disguises of every kind were used "for the nonce." They wore "muzles and mufflers," patches for the eyes, false beards, wigs, and sometimes even "that great wen which is not naturall." So complete were the transformations occasionally, that "Martin Markall" declares, "I have heard, and partly know, a highway lawyer rob a man

in the morning, and hath dined with the *martin*, or honest man so robbed, the same day at an inne, being not descried, nor yet once mistrusted or suspected for the robbery." Before we leave the most celebrated and lucky of *Gent robbers* "alone in his glory," a conjecture may be hazarded relative to his final fate. In one of Clavell's supplications to the king, he observes, that, if liberated,

"—— I do intend,
Whilst these your wars endure, even there to spend
My time in that brave service."

On the outbreak of the civil wars, gratitude would surely range him, if living, on his sovereign's side, and he perhaps ultimately perished in defence of the erring, but not worthless prince to whom he was previously indebted for a forfeit life. Taking the historical foundations for a romance, might not a superstructure be raised worthy the talents of our best living architects in that department? Eh, Messrs. Ritchie, James, Bulwer, or Smith? Or what say *you*, Harrison Ainsworth?—there's firmer footing for you than Turpin's ride to York—a word with you on that hero, "time and place agreeing."

We now arrive at what may be termed the golden age of robbery in England,—that epoch of anarchy so graphically described by Withers, in his "*What peace to the Wicked?*" (1646):—

" Some strive for this, and some for that,
Some neither know nor care for what,
So wars go on, and get they may
Free quarters, plunder, and their pay.
Some fight their liberties to save,
Some that they others may enslave.
Some for religion and for Christ.
Some that they may do what they list.
Some for the Commonwealth's availe,
Some for themselves with tooth and nail:
And they that have the basest end,
As fairly as the best pretend;
Not caring whether their desire,
Obtained be by sword or fire,
By truth or lies, with love or hate,
By treachery or fair debate.
This is our posture!——"

That tremendous struggle, which our great-grandfathers were wont to denominate the "great rebellion," naturally added both numbers and dignity to the free companions who already subsisted "at point of fox." As the royal cause became hope-

less, the routed and fugitive *malignants* were compelled to join the illegitimate trade, and still prove their attachment to the king by robbing the *roundheads*. It followed, of course, that the established practitioners, gladly identifying themselves with the party of their prince, thenceforth plundered "*cum privilegio*." Foremost on the rolls of highway renown, at that period, appears the name of James Hind. It is seldom that heroes of his order are honoured by literary commemoration, until death sets the signet of notoriety on their memories. But the author of "*The Prince of Priggs' Revels*," published in 1651, after concluding the dramatic supposititious adventures of Hind, by representing him as the guide of Charles the 2nd in his escape from the late battle of Worcester, adds the following epilogue:—

"Our author's invention would not admit delay,
But strait produced new plots to enlarge this play :
And thinking to write what's fancy had commended,
One comes and tells him, Hind was apprehended :
Whereat, amazed, he bids his friends adieu,
And forth he's gone, to inquire if the news be true."

The news proved perfectly correct. One of the public hebdomadal papers of the time, *The Weekly Intelligencer*, announces, on the 9th of November, 1651, the seizure of Hind, and his committal to Newgate, "where many people run thither to see him." As the royal rout at Worcester occurred only in the September preceding Hind's arrest, the fact that he was popularly known to have fought under the Stuart banner, sufficiently shows the general, though equivocal celebrity attached to his person and name. The innumerable tongues of rumour, too, had proclaimed him "instrumentall in conveighing away the Scots King and Wilmot," but when examined before the State Council at Whitehall, he declared, that "he never saw the king since the fight at Worcester, neither did he know of his getting off the field." At the same time, boldly adding, in the true spirit of a devoted cavalier, constant though captive, that "he was now glad to hear that the king had made so happy an escape."

The earliest notice of Hind in the invaluable collection of pamphlets presented by George the 3rd to the British Museum, is in "*The Perfect Weekly Account*" of the 13th September, 1649. The news collector reports from Bedford, September 3rd, "Last night was brought in to this gaol, two prisoners taken up upon pursuit by the country, for robbing some soldiers of about £300 upon the way, in the day time : there were five in the fact, and are very handsome gentlemen : they will not confess their names, and therefore are supposed to be gentlemen of quality, and 'tis conceived they are of the knot of Captain Hind, that

grand thief of England, that hath his associates upon all roads. They strewed at least £100 upon the way to keep the pursuers doing, that they might not follow them." The same (*not* unquestionable) authority, on the 20th of the same month, states, "Yesterday about 20 horse of Hind's party (the grand highway thief), in the space of two hours robbed about 40 persons between Barnet and Wellin. They let none pass to carry news, while they staid about this work, by which means they all escaped before the country could be raised, but the Lord-General's horse are diligent in seeking after them."

Allowing every latitude to the original sin of newspaper exaggeration, what must have been the condition of "merrie England," when such events were publicly recorded week after week; and that they were not entirely devoid of truth, is confirmed by the mention of the cavalry in pursuit, which no doubt refers to a circular issued by General Fairfax, only three days before the date of the statement last quoted. It was addressed to the commanders of "every respective regiment of horse," urging them to be active in the apprehension of all robbers, and promising what was then a high reward for every one so captured. A contemporary but interdicted paper, the royalist "*Man in the Moon*," animadverting on the subject, sarcastically observes, that the "House of Robbers" had voted for the next six months, a reward of ten pounds for the taking of every burglar or highway robber, "the State's officers exempted." The proscription probably proved effective, for, on the 24th of the succeeding December, no less than twenty-eight malefactors, principally of the classes specified, were all gibbeted together at Tyburn, among whom was "one Captain Reynolds, who was of the king's party in Cornwall, at the disbanding of the Lord Hopton's army at Truro."—"His carriage was very bold, and as he was going to be turned off, he cried, *God bless King Charles, Vive le Roi.*" "The grand thief of England," however, could not possibly have participated in the extensive *purchases* debited against him by the news writer in 1649; at least, according to the memorial published in his name, and apparently authentic: "*The Declaration of Captain James Hind*," put forth to confute "impertinent stories, and new invented fictions," is written in the first person. He speaks penitentially of his past life, but consoles himself, both morally and loyally, that "never did I take the worth of a penny from a poor man; but at what time soever I met with any such person, it was my constant custom to ask, *Who he was for?* if he replied, *For the King*, I gave him twenty shillings: but if he answered, *For the Parliament*, I left him as I found him." As to any exploits on the highway, he says, "Since 1649, I am guiltless: For in

the same year, *May 2*, I departed England (as appears by my confession to the Council at White Hall on the 10th inst.) and went to the Hague; but after I had been there three days, I departed for Ireland in the vessel that carried the king's goods, and landed in Galloway." He relates that he remained in Ireland nine months, and was wounded by halberds in the right arm and hand, whilst fighting as a corporal in the Marquis of Ormond's life-guards, when the Parliamentary forces surprised Youghal. After quitting Ireland, he visited Scilly and the Isle of Man, thence proceeded to Scotland, where he was introduced to Charles the 2nd, and kissed his hand at Stirling. The king commended him to the Duke of Buckingham, "to ride in his troop, because his life-guard was full." Flying from the defeat at Worcester, he concealed himself during daylight among bushes and hedges, and travelled by night. For five days he was hidden in Sir John Packington's woods. At length he ventured to London, and after lodging five weeks, under the assumed name of Brown, in the house of "Denzy the barber, near Saint Dunstan's Church," was apprehended on the 9th of November. Signed, James Hind, Nov. 15th, 1651.

If this document may be fully credited, Hind, when advised by a gentleman who visited him, to petition Parliament for his life, and recommend himself to mercy, by the discovery and impeachment of his associates, indignantly rejected "such treachery and perfidiousness," exclaiming, "If I die, I die alone!" Poor Hind's gaol treatment must have been sufficiently rigorous. A petition from him to the Council, praying for some relaxation of its severity, was so far successful, that "it was ordered that he should have a bed, which was the final result." The prison poor laws of those *troublous* times certainly required reform. In a London Bill of Mortality, from the 12th to the 19th of December 1644, appears the following astounding, but official entry:—"Starved, three cavaliers in the New Prison, at James, Clerkenwell...3." Perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance connected with the close of Hind's extraordinary life, is the fact, that two London sessions passed without a single indictment being preferred against him. "*The Perfect Account*" of January 21st, 1652, mentions that such being the case, the *great robber* "is the next circuit to go from sizes to sizes, in those counties where it is thought he hath committed his greatest pranks, where any one that he hath wronged may prefer their indictments against him." If this arbitrary proceeding took place, it appears to have failed in its object, as far as robbery was concerned, for another periodical styled "*Perfect Passages*," &c. on the following 12th of March, after relating that a woman had been sentenced

to death at the Reading assizes "for having *fifteen* husbands living at one time," adds, that Hind also was put on his trial "for murdering of a man some years since." Witnesses swore to the fact, and one to Hind as the perpetrator. He "confessed that he was in the company of those that killed the man, but denied that himself did the act, urging farther, that it was in time of war." The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. "Then he desired the benefit of clergy, which was given him, but although he is in part a scholler, yet could he not read audibly, whereupon the judge proceeded to sentence." He was subsequently reprieved by the judge, and the public journals take no farther notice of the event. One of his apocryphal biographers ascribes his pardon to the act of oblivion passed by the governing powers. If so, it seems they were determined to redeem their oversight, and still subject him to capital punishment; for, in the succeeding August, he was tried at Worcester, on a charge of high treason, in invading the Commonwealth, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. From the account published of his execution, he appears to have gloried in his loyalty to the last, and "prayed God to bless the king, and all that wished him well." Thus, as the author of "*No Jest like a true Jest*," concludes his counterfeit "*Compendious Record*" of Hind's career,

" Thus fate, the great derider, did deride,
That lived by robbery, yet for treason died."

Let not any innocent reader imagine that the petty arts of book-making and bookselling, were greater mysteries in the days of the puritanical despisers of human learning, than they are in the present printing-press age of multitudinous knowledge. Fabricated histories of Hind were in common circulation, even before his literary appearance as the "Prince of Priggs." A pamphlet, giving the particulars of Hind's arrest, examination before the Council, and behaviour in Newgate, relates, that a gentleman who had obtained admittance to him, produced two books, "the one entitled, *Hind's Rambles*, the other *Hind's Exploits*," and inquired if he had ever seen them before? "He answered, yes: and said upon the word of a Christian, they were fictions." This truth-telling tract was printed for G. Horton in November 1651. In the following January the very same publisher sent forth, "*We have brought our Hogs to a fine market, or Strange Newes from Newgate*." In this farrago of ridiculous falsehoods, among the many marvels fathered upon Hind, is an encounter with a witch at Hatfield, by whom "he was enchanted for the space of three years," and received from her "a thing like a sun-

diall, the point of which should direct him which way to take when pursued." Unfortunately for Hind, but necessarily for the weird-woman's credit, the charm expired in 1649. This sample is pretty well for an exposer of previous fictions, but nothing to the modest intrepidity displayed in his assurance to his "beloved countrymen," that the adventures recounted are attested under Hind's own hand! Another life of "The English Guzman," also of 1652, contains an account of "How Hind was made a captain at Colchester," which, if at all consistent with the manners of the time, is valuable, as showing how little Hind's vocation, even then, stigmatized its known professors in general society. "When the rising was in Kent and Essex, Hind was among them: being beloved of many *wilde gentlemen*, who still called him *captain* at everyword: Hind said, Gentlemen, you call me *captain*, but I will desire you to call me *so no more*, till I am *one*, or may *deserve it*. The gentlemen said, We will speak to *Sir William Compton*, who wants a captain in his regiment of foot: they all go to *Sir William Compton*, who knowing Hind, since he was wont to *borrow his horse*, to do many mad pranks, forgave him all that was on the old score, and began a new one with him, giving him a commission for to be a captain." The author of this version of Hind's "moving accidents by flood and field," may rank as an humble harbinger of our illustrious Scott, for, taking advantage of his hero's own certified declaration, he carries him successively to Holland, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and Scotland, furnishing him with gratuitous adventures at each place, and thus presenting a rude species of the historical novel. About a month after Hind's arrest, some anticipatory wag published, "*The last will and testament of James Hind, highway lawyer, now sick to death in his chamber in Newgate. Full of various conceits beyond expectation.*" The *conceits* of this little satirical tract of six pages, are certainly so "beyond expectation," in the author's superiority over most of his nameless, brainless, brothers of the quill, that a taste of his quality may be relished, for its odd mixture of satire and sense:—

"In the name of Mercurie, (God of Thieves, Prince of Priggs, Chiefest of Cheates, Patron of Pickpockets, Lord of Leasings, and Monarch of Mischief,) Amen. I, James Hynd, Highway Lawyer, being (in body) sick of that deadly disease, called *Sessions*, but well and strong of mind, do hereby make my last will and testament, in manner and forme following. *Imprimis*, I give and bequeath all my Fallacies, Fraudes, Fegaries, Slights, Stratagems, Circumventions, Assassinations, Dissimulations, and Ambages, to the present Gownemen, who fight at *Barriers*, at the *Upper Bench, Chancerie*, and wher-
ever else Littleton and Ploydyn is mentioned: not doubting but they

will improve this my Legacie to their utmost advantage, that so (if it could be possible) they may yet be more renowned for their Evasions, Inhibitions, Remoras, Collusions, &c. and generally for all their egregious Procrastinations, Gulleries, and Knaveries, practised upon their poore deluded clients. And so great is the love I bear them, that I earnestly wish I could also make them full and sole Executors to all my sinnes. *Item*, I give and bequeath my Honours and Titles to the Right Honourable the *Quondam* House of Peers, earnestly hoping, that they will more thriftily employ the Legacie I leave them, then they have hitherto done that of their ancestors: I confesse my forefathers never knew what belonged to a *George* dangling in a blew ribbon, yet they were capable of Coats of Arms too, viz. three Bulls heads in a greene field, the fatall axe tow'ring above either their heads, enough to signifie their magnanimitie and courage, and that they came not short of any, for down-right blows."

" What would it boot me, though I could discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestors?
 What need I search or seek descent of blood,
 From Father Japhet, since Deucalion's flood !
 Or call some old church windows to record,
 And prove my greatest grandsire Earle or Lord !
 Or find some figures halfe obliterate,
 In raine-beate marble near to the church gate,
 Upon a crosse-leg'd tombe ! What boots it me
 To show the rustic buckle that did tie
 The garter of my father's father's knee ?
 Or cite old Ocland's verse, how he did wield
 His sword at Turwin or at Turnay field ?—
 Upon a six square piece of ivorie
 Lyes all the glory of my progenie !"

The heraldic bulls' heads, with their accompanying axes, are emblematic of Hind's reported original trade, that of a butcher. Towards the conclusion of the incarcerated testator's will, his representative takes due care to claim for him the twin cardinal virtues of his calling, "having ever abhor'd to rob the spittal, viz. to take ought from the poore; ever avoided blood-guiltiness, and observing a decorum in the midst of confusion." It cannot be denied that then, as now, a newspaper report frequently required confirmation, but if *The Faithful Scout* of the 20th of February 1652 was correct in his intelligence, Hind's aversion to blood-guiltiness was not a family attribute. The *Scout* announces, from Oxford, that—"The grand highwayman and committe-creditor, Captain Hind, (brother to the unparalleled James Hind, in Newgate) hath made an escape out of the castle gaol." It seems he had, by some means, been supplied with a pistol, and enabled to free himself at pleasure from

his fetters. About ten o'clock at night, "one of the keepers (according to his usual custom) came to play at the game call'd cribbage." Whilst at cards, Hind shot the unsuspecting turnkey to the heart, seized his keys, and fled. The murdered man's name was Bush, and the news-writing prototype of our modern "penny-a-liners," sportively concludes by saying, that when the prison officials came to seek their missing companion, they "found the *Bush*, but the *bird* was flown."

There is a memoir of James Hind, in the "authentic" Lives of 1834, rich in deeds of daring totally unnoticed by his early chroniclers. That, however, is easily accounted for, since the publication of such very peculiar pieces of secret history, at any period previous to the Restoration, would have consigned the printer to the pillory, and his work to the flames. According to the cavalier captain's later historians, he gathered most bountiful benevolences from some of the brightest beacons among the shining lights of the land. The famous clerical campaigner, Hugh Peters, contributed "thirty broad pieces of gold." Bradshaw, the president at the king's trial, yielded "a purse full of Jacobuses;" and the renowned Colonel Harrison, "more than £70." Nay, Hind, accompanied only by his friend Allen, attacked Oliver Cromwell in his coach, on the road from Huntingdon to London, and guarded by seven troopers. But, as usual, Noll's star was in the ascendant; Allen was apprehended, but his intrepid comrade escaped! By the clerks of St. Nicholas, but the captain "Bangs Banagher!" In April 1652, Samuel Chidley, a well-meaning fanatic, published "A Cry against a crying sinne: or a just complaint to the Magistrates against them who have broken the statute laws of God, by killing of men merely for theft," &c. The *Cry* contains addresses to the Lord Mayor and Common Council, petitions to the Councils of State and of the Army, and a letter, previously sent to the Judges at the sessions in December. Throughout his papers, Chidley argued from Scriptural authorities, that "it is murther by the law of God to kill a man merely for stealing, when the Lord saith he should make full restitution, and if he hath nothing, he shall be sold (not killed) for his theft." To the objections that might be urged against the system of restitution, as a criminal's insolvency, &c., he replied by proposing that they should "be set to worke in our owne country, by land or water," until the required satisfaction was made, and he that would not work must not eat; then "if he will perish, let him perish, his owne blood is upon his owne head, and the Commonwealth is discharged of it." The author personally owned and justified his letter to the Bench in open court, but of course without any

success. Chidley's singular tract bears characteristic marks of the feverish enthusiasm so common during that unhappy era of general disunion, when each visionary self-elected apostle of change interpreted the Scriptures to suit his own novel code of political, moral, or religious practice, and, with morbid courage, often devoted himself to dare, to do, and suffer, at the promptings of spiritual pride, concealed in the guise of conscience.

The book itself is printed entirely with red ink, except an added postscript on the last leaf, where the letters are black, and the type enclosed within a broad mourning border. There could scarcely be a reasonable hope of any amelioration in the sanguinary laws relative to robbery, at a period when the offence was carried to an extent only possible in a country where the civil power was partially paralyzed, and intestine warfare left to the defeated party the single alternative of "rob or starve." We should now smile in utter incredulity, whilst comfortably sipping our coffee over "*The Herald of the morn*," at a provincial article, stating, from Bristol, the apprehension of two Majors, late of the royal army, a gentleman, previously known as a master of arts in the University of Oxford, with seven other males, and one female, on abundant proofs of robbery and coining! The names of all the prisoners, and particulars of their captures, are given in full, by the licensed "Brief relation," and the catalogue of the prizes made by them, within a year and a half, on the Bath and Bristol roads, in money and plate, amounts to a sum almost beyond belief. "The carriers, many of them, *set* this money for them, that is, discovered the money, and took a share. White of Bristole is in Newgate upon that, and the false money he put off, and was taken on him. Several innkeepers, also, to whom they resort, who are bound over to the assizes."

The land must have literally swarmed with highwaymen, when, in the course of one week, fifteen were committed to Bedford gaol alone; and, in various parts of the country, robberies and burglaries were so numerous, "that many persons do leave their houses and come to London daily,—the robbers appearing in such strength, there is no opposition to be given. Sometimes fifty or sixty of them in arms together upon a robbery."

Even the protection afforded by London proved, in some cases, very unsatisfactory in its results. Imagine, "at this ignorant present," a party of disbanded troopers, personating authorized guardians of the peace, and patrolling the roads about Clerkenwell, "because the times were dangerous, and many knaves abroad;" and, under that pretence, easing the twilight wayfarers whom they encountered, of their cloaks and money, and, "faining a place where, in the morning, they should in-

quire for them ; but as yet the constable's house could never be found." So out of joint was the time, that even some of the parliamentary officers, when pushed by poverty, were found very lax in their observance of the eighth commandment. Among eleven criminals who suffered at Tyburn on the 27th February 1650, were two captains, Wright and Haynes.—" Haynes, at the gallows, desired all people to put no trust nor confidence in any of them at Westminster, for their often promises, and failing of their words concerning his arrears, had brought him to that death."

There is an historical incident connected with our subject, and belonging to the life and times of Charles I, that, though here out of chronological order, well deserves preservation, since it throws a favourable light on the domestic character of that ill-fated prince, and in some degree confirms the assertion of Clarendon, that he was "the best of masters," and naturally humane. During his negotiations with the parliamentary commissioners at Newport, when appearances fairly promised to reseat him on the throne, the king humbled himself so far as to write to the Sheriffs of London in favour of two young men, who were then lying under sentence of death, for robbery, in Newgate. These youths were the sons of one Arthur Knight, whom Charles terms "our servant and haberdasher." Yet, as if anxious not to provoke ill-will, by arrogating any power to pardon them in his own person, he leaves their final fate to future consideration, and writes :—" We have thought fit to pray you to use your best endeavours to procure for them a reprieve from execution ;" farther, requesting that bail might be taken for their appearance, until it was determined whether full mercy might be shown, as their father trusted they could be reclaimed. This royal, but, for royalty most lowly, supplication, was presented by the Sheriffs to the House of Commons. And what was the reply of his majesty's "faithful and devoted Commons"? Why, those gracious viceroys over the king "ordered that the said prisoners be left to the justice of the law." 'Twas a fatal omen. Little more than four months afterwards, the rejected intercessor bowed his own, as he himself termed it, "grey and dis-crowned head," to the fell destroyer, from whom he vainly sought to save his servant's sons. Turning from the First to the Second Charles; from him who, at least in the presence of death, showed himself "every inch a king," to his far less estimable and exiled heir, we find the prince's mendicant regality placed in such ludicrous juxtaposition with the loyal friendship of a partisan cutpurse, as almost to justify the punning proposition, that "majesty, deprived of its externals, is but a jest!" On the

8th of August 1655, *The Mercurius Fumigosus*, in consequence of "A false report having been lately raised by the Grub Street books," published the following magnanimous manifesto from a certain Richard Haunam, then lying in Newgate :—

" Be it known to the world : whereas there is an aspersion thrown on me, of robbing the King of Scots of his plate at Cullen (Cologne) : I can make it appear, by a hundred witnesses, that I was at Rotterdam (which is above 200 miles asunder) when the king lost his plate, and when he had it againe :—the whole court that knows me, I am certaine, are very sensible, that I had rather give him plate than take any from him :—and if it pleaseth God to spare my life, I question not to have the king's letter to clear my innocency in the robbing of his majesty."

Mercury's introduction, by the bye, proves how early the literary reputation of Grub Street was established. The King of Scots and his court must have felt very grateful to their old acquaintance for his familiar appeal to their sympathies.

The popularity of the writer, Richard Haunam, as a highwayman and burglar, appears from the records of the press, to have been second only to the celebrity of Hind, of whose brave "knot" he was reported to be the last solitary fragment. At the date of his declaration, he was under sentence of death, but had been reprieved, to afford the French ambassador an opportunity of interrogating him. His excellency's diplomatic privileges not having secured his mansion from an extrajudicial domiciliary visit, very profitable to the "Free Knights," among whom rumour ranked Haunam. He subsequently broke prison, and remained some time at large; but, being retaken, was at length executed in Smithfield, on the 17th of June 1656, when, as stated by the author of *The Witty Rogue*, published in the same month, he stood stoutly to his text; "denied that he robb'd the King of Scots; and said he would rather have parted with a thousand pounds than have been so asperst!" Then—"with a jumpe from the ladder, as the epilogue of his exploits, we leave him taking his last swing.

" Thus, courteous reader, you have had his *imprimis*,
His items, totals, and at last his
FINIS."

From Haunam's *finis* we may date the gradual decline of "taking away by force," on patriotic or chivalric principles, and the consequent decay of the profession in its intrinsic qualities and gallant bearing; though, after the Restoration, when the old *Ins* became *Outs*, and were forced to take their turn on the road, we find that they rivalled, in their mortal exits, the courage

of their cavalier predecessors, and, like immortal Cæsar, died "with decency." At Bath, in September 1664, seven men, who had all formerly borne arms against the king, "suffered with so great a resolution and contempt of death, that there was nothing wanting but rebellion to have made them pass for martyrs."—"One of them advised the people to make good use of his example, *and to be ruled by their wives*, for if he had hearkned to his, he had never come to that end. But as to that point the company was divided."

Approaching the close of our highway journey, before we enter on our last stage, and pass the point where we lose the romantic *Icaro* in the ordinary thief, we have an act of justice to perform to the memory of a much wronged knight of the road, from whose tomb the monumental wreath of fame has been abstracted, and employed to adorn a most unworthy brow. The talented author of *Rookwood* will, no doubt, be surprised when he learns, that, though guiltless of robbing the dead, he is an unconscious accessory to the fact; for, by freshly gracing with all due honours the unparalleled equestrian achievement, commonly, but erroneously, termed *Turpin's Ride to York*, he has not only made his popular work a receptacle of stolen goods, but, by the polish he has bestowed on the *purchase*, rendered it more saleable than ever. Without farther preface, to the proof. Let the author of *A Tour in Circuits through England*, published in 1724, speak for himself.

"From Gravesend, we see nothing remarkable on the road but Gad's Hill, a noted place for robbing of seamen, after they have received their pay at Chatham. Here it was that famous robbery was committed in the year 1676, or thereabouts. It was about four o'clock in the morning, when a gentleman was robbed by one Nicks, on a bay mare, just on the declining part of the hill, on the western side; for he swore to the spot and to the man. Mr. Nicks, who robb'd him, came away to Gravesend, immediately ferry'd over, and, as he said, was stopp'd by the difficulty of the boat and of the passage near an hour, which was a great discouragement to him, but was a kind of bait to his horse. From thence he rode across the county of Essex, thro' Tilbury, Horn-don, and Billericay, to Chelmsford. Here he stopp'd about half an hour to refresh his horse, and gave him some balls. From thence to Braintree, Bocking, Wethersfield; then over the Downs to Cambridge,—and from thence, keeping still the cross roads, he went by Fenny Staunton to Godmanchester and Huntington, where he baited himself and his mare about an hour, and, as he said himself, slept about half an hour: then holding on the north road, and keeping a full large gallop most of the way, he came to York the same afternoon; put off his boots and riding clothes, and went dressed, as if he had been an inhabitant of the place, and not a traveller, to the Bowling Green,

where, among other gentlemen, was the Lord Mayor of the city:—he, singling out his Lordship, studied to do something particular that the Mayor might remember him by; and accordingly lays some odd *bett* with him concerning the bowls then running, which should cause the Mayor to remember it the more particularly; and then takes occasion to ask his Lordship what o'clock it was: who, pulling out his watch, told him the hour, which was a quarter before or a quarter after eight at night. Upon a prosecution which happened afterwards for this robbery, the whole merit of the case turned upon this single point. The person robb'd swore, as above, to the man, to the place, and to the time, in which the fact was committed. Nicks, the prisoner, denied the fact; call'd several persons to his reputation; alleged that he was as far off as Yorkshire at that time; and that, particularly, the day whereon the prosecutor swore he was robb'd, he was at bowles on the publick green in the city of York: and to support this, he produced the Lord Mayor of York to testify that he was so; and that he the Mayor acted so and so with him there as above. This was so positive, and so well attested, that the jury acquitted him, on a bare supposition, that it was impossible the man could be at two places so remote on one and the same day. There are more particulars related of this story, such as I do not take upon me to affirm; namely, that King Charles the 2nd prevailed on him, on assurance of pardon, to confess the truth to him privately; and that he own'd to his Majesty that he committed the robbery, and how he rode the journey after it; and that upon this the King gave him the name or title of *Swift Nicks*, instead of Nicks:—but these things, I say, I do not relate as certain."

Whether Charles conferred the title of *Swift* on Mr. Nicks, we cannot take upon us to decide; but most assuredly, his majesty's ministers so designated him in a proclamation of December 1668, offering a reward of £20 on each worthy's conviction whose name appeared therein. A similar compliment was paid to him in the *London Gazette* of the 18th November 1669, among other highwaymen and burglars, "notoriously known to be such, and of one party and knot." Fifteen are named;—"Lewis, alias Lodowick, alias Cloud de Val, alias Brown," heading the list, and followed by "Swift Nix, alias Clerk." Turpin was executed at York on the 7th of April 1739. The account of his trial and death, published there at the time, gives his alleged confession, mentioning various robberies, &c., but without any allusion whatever to the adventure in question. By the inscription placed on his coffin, Turpin was then but eight and twenty years old. Having, we trust, incontestably restored to the rightful owner, and his bay mare, that garland of bays, which our pages will henceforth preserve as the unalienable property of *Swift Nix*, we shall no longer linger over the reminiscences of departed glory, but bring our "travel's history" to an

end. As early as the very commencement of Queen Anne's reign, we find from *The London Spy*, that the race of highwaymen was rapidly degenerating; for Ward accuses the *Captain*, whom he describes, of "having drawn in twenty of his associates to be hanged, but had always wit and money enough to save his own neck from the halter." Still retaining the hereditary family marks, the captain represents himself as a disbanded officer, and is allowed to be "as resolute a fellow as ever cocked pistol on the road,"—"fears no man in the world but the hangman, and dreads no death but choking." He appears, also, to be admitted, without any scruple, into society, where his boon companions, though mostly dissolute, and all aware of his true trade, are not otherwise connected with the "highway lawyer's" mode of raising the wind. So late as the comedies of Farquhar, two of the fraternity's traditional traits are alluded to:—"Do you come to rob me?" cries Mrs. Sullen. "Rob you!" replies Captain Gibbet; "Alack-a-day, madam, I'm only a *younger* brother." In the other instance, where the bravos are debating the fate of Mirabel, *The Inconstant*, their leader votes for despatching him, because, "I wonder at the assurance of English rogues, that will hazard the meeting a man at the bar whom they have encountered on the road! I havn't the confidence to look a man in the face after I have done him an injury; therefore, we'll murder him."

It is a fact, as honourable to the country as extraordinary in itself, that the English highwaymen maintained their reputation for humanity and good government, up to the last hour that they could claim the slightest standing as a class. A foreigner, whose remarks, in 1766, are published by Mr. Stuart in his *Collections*, thus notices the singularity:—"The greatest eulogy of this people, is the generosity of their miscreants, and the tenderness, in general, of their highwaymen." Another traveller, a German, about twenty years later, in some notices of Italy, republished here in 1798, speaking of a famous bandit, named Cavallante, says,—"Even Cartouche was not a greater man in his way than he, but likewise no English highwayman could, on occasion, show more generosity, or even magnanimity."

But the most recent, and most curious, opinion on the subject, (with a difference) is cited by Mr. Leitch Ritchie, in a note to his *Schinderhannes*, from an official document, drawn up by two French magistrates in 1810.

"No one is ignorant, that in England—an island in which the highest civilization conjoins with the darkest barbarism—the profession of highwayman is exercised almost as publicly and securely as any other. If it is not always attended by bloodshed, the reason is, that travellers,

for want of legal protection, enter cheerfully into a composition with the ruffians."

For the credit of our olden national renown, we cannot but echo Mr. Ritchie's "Alas ! we know nothing of such matters in England,"—and are fain to console ourselves with the worthy Baillie of Kippletringan's truism, that such is the mutability of human affairs. The site of Troy is uncertain, the birth-place of Homer unknown, and a lonely willow waves over the dust of Napoleon :—Napoleon, the most wondrous *taker away by force* whom the sun has shone on since the days of Alexander. And we perfectly agree with Beaumont and Fletcher, that

" — Alexander,
Though styled a conqueror, was a proud thief,
Though he robb'd with an army."

ART. IV.—*Glance at the Institution for the Propagation of the Faith.* London. 1837.

WE have long been of opinion that nations, as well as individuals, cannot too soon place themselves in that state which St. Paul cites our Saviour as having declared the happier one, "It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive." (*Acts xx. 35.*) It is a proud consideration for any Catholic people to feel it in their power to help their brethren in greater distress than themselves, and find that best of all traffics at their disposal, where the acceptable prayers of a suffering Church, or the fervent gratitude of new Christians, is given in exchange for contributions of worldly substance. The little work before us is, we trust, the precursor of that state for us; it will show British Catholics how it is in their power to gain possession of those blessings which the highest order of charity can alone draw down. It is a translation of a French Tract put forth by the Association at Lyons for aiding Foreign Missions.

This Association, which has already been extended over all France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and many countries in the East, is truly catholic in its objects. It makes no distinction of the countries to which missions or missionaries belong. No one applies to it in vain ;* and during the last year, a very large proportion of its funds were bestowed on bishops and missions in English dependencies. Under these circumstances, it seems fully justified in putting it to our sense of justice and of national honour, whether we should not make some exertions in our own islands, towards supporting so excellent an institution.

* See *infra*, notice of Dr. Ullathorne's pamphlet.

We might urge in favour of the appeal, many considerations connected with those that we have just suggested. We might ask whether it becomes us, a growing and prospering body, to leave the support of our brethren, united to us by closer ties, to other nations? Or we might appeal to those better feelings that bind a parent establishment to its filiations, and show how incomplete our work would be, if, after having supplied distant countries with bishops and priests, we did not back and support them in their meritorious labours, by affording them subsequent assistance?

Such motives as these, however, would be not only foreign, but opposed to our desires. If the good Catholics of the continent have kindly taken care of our colonies, while circumstances prevented us from doing so, it would be a poor imitation of such a good example, and a very sullen piece of gratitude, to confine our charity to those who have such special connexion with us. It would be a selfishness that would painfully contrast with the Catholic spirit that has animated others. Even above the benefit resulting from the contribution of our money to Churches in danger of perishing from want of it, we place the great development of the Catholic spirit which it must produce among us. It is time for us to shake off the dust of past ages, and to cease considering ourselves as a persecuted or an ill-treated class. 'Thank God, we are beyond the malice of man. It is time to consider not only the Irish, but even the English and Scotch Catholic Churches, as integral and important portions of the universal Church, known and received as such by the most distant communities that enter into its pale. We wish the martyrs and confessors of Tonkin to have our names upon their lips, as well as that of their French brethren. We wish to learn that our brethren just emerged from barbarism and idolatry in the island-reefs of the Pacific, pray for us as well as for the nation which has been God's instrument in their conversion. It is time to claim our rights to every spiritual advantage that members of the great universal Church can possess, and of these we know few greater than the entire communion of charitable offices over all the world. We should consequently object to any narrow plan of association, which limited our attention to British possessions or dependencies. However careful we might be to give them their full share in the charitable exertions of their parent country, we would earnestly recommend and entreat, that whatever is undertaken be upon the most catholic basis, and upon this account, in perfect harmony and good understanding with the Lyons' Association.

It is not our intention to enter into any details concerning this excellent institution, and its manifold advantages, partly because

such minute matters might as yet be premature, partly because we trust the little *Essay* before us will be circulated far and wide by the zeal of the clergy as well as of the laity. We know that the first appeal will be met by an outcry about our wants at home. God knows that they are great; and we would coin our heart's blood to remedy them. But let us modestly offer a few remarks in answer to this plea.

First, then, we would dutifully remind our brethren, that the first principle of gospel prudence in matters of gain, is, "Date et dabitur vobis. Give and it shall be given unto you." If we are in poverty, our brethren in Christ Jesus are starving. If we yet want churches and cathedrals, they want a straw roof over their altars. If we want more clergy, they would be often content with a catechist. If we want places of education, they would be grateful for means to acquire the first elements of religious knowledge. We begin to complain if we have a few miles to go for the comforts of religion. Lakes, forests, chains of mountains, and entire provinces, separate their pastors from large portions of their flocks. With such frightful disproportion between our wants and those of large communities professing our holy religion, have we not already a right to the privilege of being generous; nay, has not Divine Providence opened to us a way of supplying our remaining wants, by giving, out of our little, something to those that have so much less?

Secondly, We will take the liberty of asking, do we flatter ourselves that a time will come when we shall say, "now we want nothing more at home, let us begin to help others abroad?" Does not that selfish charity which begins at home, always end at home? And shall we ever think or allow that enough has been done where our interest invites us to assist? Wants, after all, are relative. Thirty years ago we should have fixed the conditions of our contentment at what we have now, and perhaps lower. We should have said, "Let us have a spacious and flourishing seminary in each district; let us have schools attached to all our chapels; let there be a church in every town where there are Catholics, and larger ones in our principal cities, and then we may feel it our duty to assist others." Now that all this and much more has been done, we can quote a thousand new wants, which appear as important as those did then. And depend upon it, whatever term we may now fix upon as that of our just desires,—for most just we own them to be,—when it has been attained, the principle will be as active as ever, and propose a farther delay, till new wants have been satisfied. And in the meantime immense good will have been neglected, and perhaps frightful evils not prevented, which a timely assistance would have averted.

Thirdly, We do not believe that the opening of this new contribution would unfavourably affect a single charitable or religious institution now amongst us. The halfpenny a-week which any one will contribute, will not, we are sure, be withdrawn from any other good work. There are thousands who do not give this additional trifle to their yearly charities, because they do not think that such a mite could be of use to any one. No one either thinks of asking them for it. But when so magnificent a work is proposed to them to be performed entirely by the multitude of such insignificant sums, when some one is found to remind them and ask them for it, who will grudge it, that has sufficient means of support? and who, if he give it, will subtract an equivalent from his other subscriptions? New forms of charity are always fresh incentives to its practice; and many will be found to contribute something beyond their usual proportion for an object which interests their religious feelings in a vivid manner, when otherwise they would be content with what they have ordinarily performed. Our conviction is, that besides the divine blessing, which will be drawn upon ourselves by this work of catholic charity, the new impulse which that divine virtue will receive from it, will act with advantage upon our own languishing contributions.

Such are a few of the remarks which might be made in answer to the fear that our own countries will suffer by sharing our worldly means with our distressed brethren in distant quarters of the globe. We most respectfully but most energetically recommend them to the consideration of our pastors and brethren, in whose good feelings and virtuous bosoms they will produce more fruit than our weak advocacy could give them. When we were in distress, religion was preserved among us through the charity of foreigners. If France, Spain, and Italy, had not provided asylums for our clergy, and furnished them the means of educating their successors, God knows how much Catholicity there would have remained in these realms. We may now require on other parts of his Church the benefits we received. If with us his ark again reposes beneath roofs of cedar, let us never forget that the same precious deposit, wherein he himself rests, is yet in many countries not even sheltered by skins from the dews of heaven.

To interest our readers in this holy work, it was our desire to place before them the latest intelligence from different missions, some most distressing yet consoling, as where persecution yet rages,—some most delightful to the Catholic heart. We should have been able, for these purposes, to draw largely on inedited sources at our command. But upon mature consideration, we prefer giving fuller details of a transaction more interesting to us

at home. We mean to lay before the public some documents connected with the violent, intolerant, and tyrannical proceedings of the Methodist usurpation at Tahiti, or Otaheiti, in opposition to the establishment of a Catholic mission there. We must, however, premise some account of the mission in the Gambier Islands, not far distant from it, as from this the other sprung.

In the spring of 1834, three French clergymen arrived at Valparaiso, destined to serve the missions in Polynesia, under the superintendence of a bishop, vicar-apostolic, who was to follow. After a most cordial reception, and every assistance which a venerable and saintly religious Father, Andrew Caro, could afford them, it was resolved that two should proceed to the Gambier Islands, situated between the main and Tahiti, while the third, M. Liausu, should remain at Valparaiso, to keep up a communication between them and home. The two missionaries, MM. Laval and Caret, accompanied by brother Columbanus Murphy, embarked on board the *Peruana*, Captain Morue, on the 16th of July. On the 7th of August they reached their destination. This group of islands consists of four, of small size, and containing about 2000 inhabitants. They are called Mangareva, Akamaru, Akena, and Taravai. The natives are completely uncivilized, and behaved with great inhospitality to Captain Cook. The missionaries landed at Mangareva, and were coldly repulsed by the King Maputeo. After a second attempt, they retreated, and found a miserable hut in Akena, the smallest of the islands, where they took up their abode. They applied themselves diligently to the study of the language, and to winning the good graces of the poor natives, by rendering them every species of service. The chief of the island particularly attached himself to them, and went before all the rest in docility and anxiety to be instructed. Gradually the missionaries acquired sufficient knowledge of the dialect of the country to explain the simpler doctrines of Christianity. The unity of God, and his goodness, made a strong impression on heathens accustomed only to a multiplicity of malicious divinities. The worship of the Catholic Church made its natural impression, and the people soon learnt the simple hymns composed by the missionaries for them. These it was the delight of all, principally of the children, to sing. It was these that principally became attached to the priests, and to the Catholic doctrines. The resurrection of the dead, and the immortality of the soul, were no sooner proposed, than they became the engrossing topic of conversation throughout the islands.

The missionaries divided their time between Akena and Akamaru, living a week in each alternately. They occasionally visited the other two islands, but the strong opposition of the

king greatly impeded the progress of Christianity in them. The people of Akarmaru were the first to make a solemn act of renunciation of their idolatrous feelings. The hair is sacred to their false gods, and it was considered a grievous sacrilege and sin to cut it. Towards the end of December, the children and youths requested the missionaries to cut off their hair, and throw it into the fire. This ceremony was performed in public, and the family of the chief all went through it. The children cried out during it, "To the fire with Arnaïno," the name of their principal divinity. Each of these two islands soon built a spacious chapel, after their own fashion, that is, composed of poles, covered with leaves. The doctrine of the Trinity was explained with the aid of the shamrock, after the example of St. Patrick, to whose patronage the mission was specially recommended.

About the month of March 1835, the ardour of the catechumens for baptism could no longer be restrained. Even in Mangareva, the faith had made considerable progress under the protection of Matua, the high-priest, and uncle to the king. Even the king had put himself, though hardly with a good grace, under instruction. Early in the month, the whole people assembled in the great temple, and with the general approbation, the wooden idols were cut down with a hatchet. The building was then consecrated as a church: Idolatry was now at an end; and though the missionaries much desired to reserve the first-fruits of their labours for the Bishop of Nilapolis, who was daily expected, they felt they should not be justified in withholding baptism from a flock so ready and eager to receive it. They took down the names of those best prepared, and while instructing them, a vessel appeared in the distance. It approached,—the bishop, with three other clergymen, landed. A solemn procession was made, a pontifical mass sung, and, after a triumphal passage from island to island, the sacrament of regeneration was administered. This was in May 1835.

Before passing to the affairs of Tahiti, we will finish the history of this new Church. One of the missionaries, M. Caret, is now in Europe. He has laid at the feet of his Holiness one of the idols of the country, with a letter from King Gregory I, late Maputeo. His Holiness sends back by him a magnificent present, a silver representation of the blessed Virgin, with the child Jesus, who is blessing the islands. A new costume, consisting of cloaks, designed by the celebrated artist Cammuccini, has been sent to all the chiefs. The population is entirely Catholic, with the exception of some yet under instruction. M. Caret returns with a reinforcement of labourers.

Between the arrival of the bishop, and the departure of M.

Caret for Europe, an attempt was made to open a mission in Tahiti, where the Queen Pomare and all the chiefs are under the absolute controul of Mr. Pritchard, the Methodist missionary. MM. Caret and Laval embarked on board the *Eliza*, Captain Hamilton, and arrived at the island on the 20th of November, 1836. Notice of their intentions had been previously received, and a sharp look-out was kept to prevent their landing. Owing to circumstances, this was effected on a little island, from which Tahiti was gained. A message soon met them, commanding them to re-embark; but they insisted upon being conducted to the Queen. On their way they met nothing but complaints of the tyrannical conduct of the missionaries. On the 23d they reached the residence of Mr. Moernhout, American consul, a Belgian by birth, who, as subjects of a friendly state, took them under his protection. Mr. Pritchard soon came to remonstrate with the consul, who replied, that the strangers demanded an audience of the Queen. This could not be refused them; so that, on the 25th (Friday), they were admitted to her presence. Pritchard was at her side, to act as her interpreter, those of the missionaries and the consul having been kept out of the way, or forbidden to speak. The Methodist minister endeavoured to engage the priests in a controversial discussion before the people, where his acquaintance with the language would have given him every advantage. But this they prudently declined. They made the Queen a present of a shawl, and four annas, which he would not allow her to receive. Even after she had accepted them in spite of him, he snatched them from her hands, and sent them back to the consul's. The missionaries returned the present, but the Queen replied that the Sabbath having begun, she could not receive money! We may observe, that the Saturday is kept there instead of Sunday, from no correction having been made of the loss of a day in the circumnavigation of the missionaries. Several chiefs took an opportunity to assure those Catholic missionaries, that neither the Queen nor any of them were hostile to them, but that Piritati (Pritchard), the "wicked stranger," as they called him, was implacable against them. On the Sunday a great assembly was held, in which our missionaries were told that the law forbade the landing of any strangers upon the island. The American consul felt it his duty to reply, that such a law did not exist, otherwise he, as agent of the United States, should have been made acquainted with it. Turning to Mr. Pritchard, he addressed him in English, and protested in the name of his government against such a law, which had never been communicated to it, nor to them. After the assembly, the orator who, as judge, had ordered them to quit the island, came and begged

their pardon, saying he had only spoken what Pritchard had commanded him ; and several chiefs encouraged them to stand firm, and not give way to his threats.

On the 29th, a letter was presented to the missionaries from the Queen. We give it in the French translation attached to the original Tahitian before us, as that translation was made upon the island itself. It forms No. I of the documents which we give together, lower down. To this notice, rightly considered by them an act of coercion, they thought it prudent not to reply in writing. They waited upon her Majesty, and in strong energetic language, expressed their sentiments concerning Pritchard's conduct. Two magistrates brought them a present of food, but that gentleman caught them in the fact, and delivered them over to trial for a heinous offence. In the meantime, the Catholic Europeans, settled in the island, drew up a protest, expressive also of their claims to the spiritual aid of pastors of their own religion. The inhabitants, many of whom had learnt that the name of "Pope" applied to the missionaries, had been given to understand, that if they allowed Catholic priests to settle on the island, the inhabitants would soon have to take refuge in the mountains, from their rapacity and cruelty.

We will now let our documents speak for themselves. Copies of all have been placed in our hands, collected on the island itself. As these were made by persons not very perfectly acquainted with the English language, some inaccuracies of phrase and orthography had been admitted. By correcting these, with every attention to the sense, we shall not have impaired their authenticity. The letters No. II-V, passed between the parties concerned on the island. No. VI is the American consul's report to the French consul at Valparaiso.

"Tahiti, Nov. 29, 1836.

I.—"LAVAL Salut à vous deux à votre entrée dans mon royaume.
et Voici ma parole à vous deux. Ne restez pas dans ma terre.
CARET. Allez-vous-en à votre terre de Mangareva. Il y a des
missionnaires dans ma terre ; nous aussi nous avons été
instruits dans la parole, nous aussi nous connaissons la parole : La grace
a germé aussi dans mon royaume ; ne soyez point méchants ; n'ayez point
de pensées étrangères ; vous ai-je fait du mal ? Non, vous connaissez mon
attachement et ma bienveillance pour vous deux ; je connais, aussi moi,
votre attachement et votre bienveillance pour moi. Ne pensez pas que
cette parole vienne d'un autre, non, cette parole est de moi et de tous
les chefs ; nous ne voulons pas que vous restiez dans cette terre.

" Salut à vous deux à votre départ,

"POMARE."

II.—LETTER OF MR. PRITCHARD TO MR. MOERNHOUT, AMERICAN CONSUL.

" J. A. Moernhout, Esq. (Official.)

" Papeeti. Paopai, Nov. 26th, 1836.

" SIR,—I am requested by her Majesty to send to you an English copy of the port regulations, and to beg your attention to the 4th regulation. You will there see that it does not depend upon four ounces whether foreigners shall be allowed to remain, but upon the pleasure of the queen and governor. If the master and commander of a vessel get permission of the queen and governor, a passenger may then remain, but not without that permission, though they should give hundreds of dollars. You will see that the 3rd regulation does not refer to passengers, but to seamen turned on shore by the captain, *i. e.* no master or commander is to discharge any seaman, or any other person belonging to his vessel, such as first, second, or third mate, or any person in his employ, under a penalty of £30. You well know, sir, that these three Frenchmen have not come here as sailors, and been driven on shore by their captain. You know that they have come as passengers, therefore it is the 4th regulation that will apply to them, and that only.

" You are well aware that the queen does not speak herself at any of the meetings for business, hence it was that I had to deliver her sentiments, and make known to you and to the other gentlemen her pleasure. As you would not condescend to hear me this morning, I now inform you by letter, that the queen and governors will not allow these gentlemen to remain, neither the priests nor the individual who is pleased to call himself a *carpenter*. An English carpenter applied for permission to remain only three days, but it was not granted. If the queen and governors have power to prevent an Englishman from settling on the island, they most certainly have power to prevent Frenchmen, especially when they believe that, for such persons to remain on the island, would be injurious rather than beneficial. You yourself have acknowledged, that, as there are other missionaries here, it will be productive of evil should they remain. If you deny this, I can bring forward a person who heard it from your lips. Even if the law would allow these or any other persons to come at their pleasure, yet thus to come and to enter into other men's labours, especially when those labours have been carried on for forty years, is unchristianlike and ungentlemanly in the extreme, and all who will support such proceedings must be as destitute of all gentlemanly feelings as the persons they endeavour to support. Allow me to ask you one question, Do you, or do you not, consider this an independent nation? If independent, then they have a right to make laws for the government of their own island. If they have a right to make a law to prevent theft or any other vice, of course they have a right to make a law to prevent such persons from settling on their island as they conceive will only create disorder and confusion among them. In fact, if they have a right to make one law, they have a right to make as many as they consider necessary, so long as they do not interfere with the laws of nations. I have lately received from the commodore on the Spanish coast, documents respecting these very gentlemen coming to settle on Tahiti,

in which he assures me, that it is quite at Pomare's pleasure whether she will receive them or not. These gentlemen have this day tacitly acknowledged, that the queen can either receive or reject them at her pleasure. If this were not the case, why go to the queen to ask her permission to allow them to remain? If she has not the right to prevent their remaining, why go to ask permission? A variety of reasons might be assigned to show the impropriety of the present proceedings: the shuffling and unmanly conduct of yourself and your friends this day, has been quite sufficient to shew what we may expect if such persons get a firm footing on the island.

"I remain, sir, your's respectfully,

"G. PRITCHARD."

III.—LETTER of the AMERICAN CONSUL to the QUEEN.

"Pomare,

"Queen of Tahiti, Morea, &c. &c.

Tahiti, December 1st, 1836.

"I received yesterday a letter of the missionary Pritchard, marked *official*, and announced as written in your majesty's name. That piece, full of rough and insolent language, is not considered by me as an official document, nor as coming from your majesty.

"Enclosed in the same letter, the said missionary also remitted me a copy of the port regulations, with regard to which I have to observe, that as yet I was unacquainted with the said regulations, and that, as American consul, I cannot subscribe to the application of some of the articles, till the time be elapsed which is necessary to send them to the United States' government, and to the American consuls at the different ports of South America, the Sandwich Islands, &c. that masters of American vessels may know them, and not expose themselves to losses and difficulties. This is a custom everywhere, based upon justice, and admitted by all nations. I also beg your majesty to inform me, in a document signed by your majesty, since I shall have to send it to the United States' government, if the fourth article of the said regulations is a legislative act, a law made and sanctioned by your majesty, and other competent persons, or if it is a simple measure of caution, of foreign sacerdotal arbitrariness. This regulation, if it can be considered as such, will, I fear, be the cause of many difficulties to this government, and cause great losses to masters of vessels of all nations. And as consul of the United States, I beg your majesty's attention to the said article, of which, as I had the honour to say before, I cannot admit the application till after the time which is necessary to inform the government of the United States.

"With regard to the strangers, the French priests, who lodge at my house, I have no opinion to give in their case, farther than that they are recommended to me, and are my guests, and that, belonging to a friendly nation, I owe them protection. If, then, any measures are taken against the said strangers, let it be by competent authorities, not by illegal foreign arbitrariness, or persons guided by their sectarian feelings. To this neither they nor I shall voluntarily submit. Let the orders given with regard to them, come from your majesty, and be signed by you. Therefrom I shall be able to judge if the law of nations has been observed, and

if these strangers have been treated in the manner that is expected and required from and by all nations.

" Farther, as I have said above, I have no opinion in the case ; still if, as a resident, a person without religious prejudices, and a friend to your majesty, I had to give advice, I would say to your majesty, let the Tahitian sovereign and the Tahitian inhabitants still be what they have ever been when left to themselves, a hospitable, kind, and beloved people. Let Tahiti still be the island of Wallis, Cook, and Bougainville, open to all vessels, friendly to all nations ; and since she has always proved generous and tolerant when idolatrous and in a state of barbarity, don't suffer her to be changed by foreign arbitrary, and foreign anti-tolerant principles, and to become, now that she is Christian, and approaching to civilization, inhospitable, cruel, and without tolerance.

" I will finish this letter by repeating to your majesty the words which the author of the *Voyage of the Potomac* addressed to the missionaries of the Sandwich Islands : ' Should missionaries of any other denomination come to the island, go forth to meet them—extend the hand ere they have touched the shore—bid them welcome ; differ they may in many things, but what of that, the harvest is great, and the labourers are few. Let them live in peace.' "

IV.—LETTER OF MR. PRITCHARD TO MR. MOERNHOUT.

" *Paopai, Dec. 3rd, 1836.*

" **SIR**,—The letter which you addressed to her majesty Queen Pomare, bearing date Nov. 27, has been forwarded to me to translate. As the letter contains so much respecting myself, and as there is in it such an evident attempt to degrade me and my missionary brethren, it is my duty to make you a reply.

" Were it not that your weakness may lead you to think your paper unanswerable, I would treat it with that silent contempt which it justly merits. I will not comment on the ungentlemanly way in which you make mention of my name, but will try to make you understand what is meant by the word *official*. You will know that I hold a civil office under this government, and all business transacted by this nation and foreigners is transacted by me. It is enough for me to say, that I was ordered by the queen to make you acquainted with her pleasure respecting the Frenchmen lately arrived, and to direct your attention especially to the 4th article of the port regulations. Hence my communication to you was *official*.

" You object to me as an *official* character in the Tahitian government. I would ask you why you address your *official* communications to me from time to time, when you want assistance from the Tahitian government ? Why send for me to your consulate when oaths are to be administered, depositions to be taken, and examinations to be made ?

" In the first paragraph of your letter you say, ' that piece' (by which, I suppose, you mean my letter to you,) ' full of rough and insolent language, is not considered by me as an *official* document, nor as coming from your majesty.' It is but of little importance what opinion you may form of it. Your ideas respecting it will not alter its real character.

With respect to its being full of rough and insolent language, I will challenge any gentleman possessing common sense, and knowledge of the English language, to prove that that piece is full of either rough or insolent language. If I want a specimen of composition partaking of such qualities, I need go no farther in search of it than to your own letter, now before me, which you had the audacity to address to her majesty.

" You say, ' enclosed in the same letter, the said missionary also remitted me a copy of the port regulations, with regard to which I have to observe, that as yet I was unacquainted with the said regulations, and that, as American consul, I cannot for some of the articles admit or subscribe to their application, till after the time be elapsed which is necessary to send the said regulations to the United States and the American consuls of the different ports of South America, the Sandwich Islands, &c.' The only conclusion to which I can come from the above paragraph is, that the port regulations contain some articles to which you cannot subscribe, till a sufficient time has elapsed for you to send those regulations to the United States, to the American consuls of the ports of South America, Sandwich Islands, &c.

" As it is only a few months since you were received by this government as American consul, you cannot have forgotten what passed at that meeting. You solemnly pledged yourself, in the presence of the queen, chiefs and people, that you would respect their laws. You did not intimate that, if they wished to enact a new law, or adopt a port regulation, that the law or regulation must first be submitted to you, for you to send to the United States, the coast of South America, the Sandwich Islands, &c. to know if such a law or regulation would be approved or not. Can any thing be more preposterous than to suppose, that before an independent nation can enact a law, that law must be sent all over the world, to see whether the president of one place, and the consul of another, think proper to agree to such a law? Are the port-regulations in Boston, New Bedford, or other ports in America, laid before the English consuls of such places, to be forwarded to the British ports, for their approval or rejection? Are they sent to the consuls and the coast of South America, the Sandwich Islands, &c. ?

" You beg her majesty to inform you by letter or document signed by herself, ' whether the 4th article of the said regulations is a legislative act, a law made and sanctioned by her majesty and other competent persons, or if it is a simple measure of foreign sacerdotal arbitrariness.' You then express your fears that such regulations will cause many difficulties, &c. The queen has told you plainly in a letter with her own signature, that the 4th regulation has been adopted by herself and the governors. On Monday evening you took upon yourself to assert in the face of a great number of people, at the public meeting, that the law in question was not a law of the government, nor of the people, but of the missionaries. This you will find it difficult to prove. For a man to assert that a law which has been regularly canvassed by the people (whose business it is to enact new laws or amend old ones) and adopted, afterward signed by her majesty and printed by the special order of govern-

ment, is about as plausible as to assert that the moon is not the work of the Divine hand, simply because she borrows her light from the sun, or that a law enacted by a legislative body can be no law at all, because the subject of the law was first suggested by a member of that body. Such a person must possess but a small portion of common sense or a very large degree of assurance. With regard to the difficulties that may arise from such a law, the government will run the risk of that. They are not to be alarmed by a few vague threats that a ship of war will do this, that, and the other. The captain of a ship of war would be too well acquainted with his duty to attempt to force upon a free people that which is repugnant to their feelings, destructive of their peace, and contrary to their laws.

"After telling her majesty that you have no opinion to give respecting the French priests, you in a very menacing tone dictate to her majesty what measures must be taken in the business, and by whom the measures must be taken. You request that orders may be given by her majesty with her own signature. This the queen has endeavoured to do, but the gentlemen now in question, if I may be allowed to call them so, are just as obstinate now as they were before they received her majesty's letter, saying that they will wait till a ship of war comes.

"You farther request that all measures taken against the strangers, as you term them, may be taken by competent authorities, and not by illegal foreign arbitrariness, nor by persons guided by their sectarian zeal. Were persons of every description of character allowed to come and settle in a little island like this just at their pleasure, you would soon see something like foreign illegal arbitrariness and sectarian zeal; you would not find things go on so smoothly as they have done. You would soon be worked out root and branch. So inimical to you are the feelings of the few foreigners residing on shore, and of many of the captains calling at this port, that they would willingly, if they had it in their power, turn you off the island to-morrow.

"With respect to your expression, 'neither they nor I shall voluntarily submit,' I would observe that the Tahitian government will not adopt any illegal measures, but will enforce their own laws, whether they or you submit voluntarily or not.

"After stating that you have no opinion to give, you represent yourself as a person without religious prejudices and a friend to her majesty. Had you said the very opposite to that you would have come much nearer the truth. Were you without religious prejudices and a friend to her majesty, you would not so violently oppose the pleasure of the queen, and endeavour to force upon her and the people, persons who, according to your own confession, are likely to do more harm than good. If we may judge by your conduct, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that your prejudices in favour of popery run very high. If this were not the case, why take so much trouble and use so much art and cunning to establish popery in a little island like this, where you know the whole of the people are now and have long been under instruction? Having asserted that you are a person without religious prejudices and a friend to her majesty, you take upon you to give her a

little sage advice. 'I would say to your majesty let the Tahitian sovereign and the Tahitian inhabitants still be what they ever have been when left to themselves, a hospitable, a kind, a beloved people. Let Tahiti still be the island of Wallis, Cook, and Bougainville, open to all vessels, friendly to all nations; and since you proved generous and tolerant when idolatrous and in a state of barbarity, don't suffer it to be changed by foreign anti-tolerant principles, and to become, when Christian and approaching to civilization, inhospitable, cruel, and without tolerance. If I mistake not, what we are to understand by the above language is this, that formerly, when the Tahitians were left to themselves, when they were idolatrous and in a state of barbarity, they were a hospitable, kind, and beloved people, but in consequence of Protestant missionaries labouring among them, there is a danger of their becoming inhospitable, cruel, and without tolerance. You advise her majesty to let the island be open to all vessels and friendly to all nations. Such advice might have been spared. You well know that this island is open to all vessels, and that the Tahitians are on the most friendly terms with all nations. There is nothing contrary to peace and unity for the queen and governors to reserve to themselves a discretionary power, and if you will take the trouble to examine the 4th article, you will there see that the door is not shut against all foreigners.'

"In some instances the queen's governors have granted permission, as in the case of your own cousin; and in other instances this permission has not been granted, as in the case of the Roman priests, because the queen and governors are persuaded that such persons are not needed, and for them to remain in a place like this, will prove injurious rather than beneficial to the island. Hence it appears just and right to reserve in the hands of the government a discretionary power. This you will find is not peculiar to Tahiti alone, but a privilege enjoyed by civilized nations generally.

"You finish your letter by repeating to her majesty the words of the author of the 'Voyage of the Potomac,' addressed to the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands. This gentleman appears to have formed his sentiments on the language of Pope (not the Pope), who says, 'whatever is, is right.' While we admire his candour, we cannot help pitying his weakness, and it is a question whether the author had the most distant idea of taking Roman Catholic missionaries into the number of denominations to which he referred. For Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries to labour together in peace and harmony in a small field like this or the Sandwich Islands, is just as likely as it is for light to have fellowship with darkness, or Christ and Belial to dwell together in concord.

"I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

"G. PRITCHARD."

V.—LETTER OF MR. MOERNHOUT TO MR. PRITCHARD.

"*Papaiti, Dec. 8, 1836.*

"SIR,—I received on Saturday night your letter, a kind of private answer to the one I wrote to Queen Pomare, which is a thing rather

new and unusual. The said letter being also too long for a regular answer, at least from me, who know but imperfectly your language, I will refute but a few phrases.

“ ‘ As there is in it such an evident attempt to degrade me and my missionary brethren.’ Belonging to a body, I spoke of you in a collective manner. Still, to be candid, it was of you I intended to speak, but I deny that I attempted to degrade you. Nevertheless, when a person of your profession does not hesitate to insult, he has no more right than any other person to expect much courtesy.

“ ‘ You will know that I hold a civil office under this government.’ You yourself have told me so, and that, as you well say, only a civil office.

“ ‘ I was ordered by the queen to make you acquainted with her pleasure respecting the Frenchmen.’

“ Were you ordered to tell me that if I support priests of a denomination to which I belong, I was destitute of all gentlemanly feeling? Did she order you to push impudence so far as to tell me, in a letter you call *official*, that because I engaged her to take a present from two strangers, that my conduct was shuffling and unmanly? And this low and insulting language addressed to the Consul of the United States, was it yours or that of her majesty?

“ ‘ Hence my communication to you was official.’

“ I did not admit it as such, and the United States government will judge if, as their consul, I was right or wrong respecting it.

“ ‘ Why do you address your official communications to me from time to time?’

“ I never did. What I addressed to you was as to one of the judges of this district—in no other capacity. I did the same to most of the other judges, at least in a verbal manner, when I wanted their presence or assistance; but I do not give you or them the right to insult the United States’ consul in the queen’s name.

“ ‘ Full of wrong and impudent language.’ I repeat the same, and have since added, ‘ low and impudent language.’

“ ‘ Your ideas respecting it will not alter its real character.’ No, nor your new insults justify it.

“ ‘ Which you had the audacity to address to her majesty, the Queen of Tahiti.’

“ For all that I address to her majesty I am accountable to the United States government only; but you, sir, as a missionary, you may also be accountable for what you address to me, the United States consul, in the name of her majesty.

“ ‘ Pledged yourself, &c., that you would respect their laws.’ Yes, their laws, not yours.

“ ‘ That law must be sent all over the world.’

“ Such a law has to be remitted to the ambassadors and consuls to be sent to their respective governments, not to see whether they think proper to agree to it, but to acquaint them with it, and if there is any thing of great interest to foreign commerce, such as the prohibition of goods, new duties, or exclusion of persons at the pleasure of some indi-

vidual, as in your anti-social port regulations of Tahiti, then, sir, the custom is, that it is put in vigour only after a time fixed, sufficient to avoid losses to the country where they are made, as well as to the commerce of other countries.

“ ‘ Because the subject of the law was first suggested by a member of that body.’ The question is, if he who suggested said he is a member of that body, if he can be a legal one, or if he will be considered so by foreign governments; if it be proved that he belongs already to another body which has particular views, principles, and interests of its own, and whose statute, if I am well informed, strictly forbids any of its members to meddle in the politics of other countries, is it probable that in that case other nations will consent to be prejudiced by his laws? I doubt it.

“ ‘ The government will run the risk.’ Yes, because the queen, advised by you, does not know, and you do not care.

“ ‘ The gentlemen now in question, if I may call them so.’ They do not care what you call them. They are Frenchmen.

“ ‘ So inimical to you are the feelings of the foreigners residing on shore.’ There are many who I hope will never be my friends; still I have done harm to none and good to many. I neither expect nor require any gratitude—nor do I fear them.

“ ‘ And enforce their own law.’ I hope they will, but let it be their own, not yours.

“ ‘ As a person without religious prejudices.’ I have none, and it is in that respect I differ the most from you.

“ ‘ And friend to her majesty.’ Yes, and a sincere friend who will give her no selfish advice.

“ ‘ You would not oppose the pleasure of the queen.’ Not that of the queen, but yours.

“ ‘ Use so much art and cunning to establish popery.’ My art and cunning is to be hospitable to two strangers recommended to me, to have firmness enough to brave your resentment and the ill-will of many others, by protecting them against the most hateful intolerance. My art is to lodge those who, without me, would have been without lodging—to feed those who by your arbitrary and cruel orders had to be stopped from landing—whom you intended to send back to sea without mercy and without allowing them necessaries. My art is to have what you have not—the toleration of a philosopher and the feelings of a Christian, and to be merciful and humane without regard to profession or religious opinions.

“ ‘ To give her a little sage advice.’

“ I don’t know if the advice be sage, but I believe it is prudent, and it was given in a manner very different from that of many others, with sincerity and without any views to self-interest.

“ ‘ But in consequence of Protestant missionaries labouring among them, there is danger of their becoming inhospitable, cruel, and without tolerance.’ Not in consequence of Protestant missionaries labouring among them, but because some of the Protestant missionaries forget the object of their mission, are merchants, meddle indiscriminately in every

thing, religious, civil, or political, aim at the authority of the island, would domineer, would tyrannize over every thing, over their own colleagues, over natives and over foreigners, over the laws themselves, by audaciously constituting themselves legislators of a country where they were sent to preach the Gospel, and who, as I said in a letter to the queen, would, by introducing their intolerant principles, make the people cruel, inhospitable, and without tolerance.

“ ‘ And that the inhabitants are on the most friendly terms with all nations.’ Yes, with the exception of the French, Spanish, and others presented as Catholics, and of any others of such a rank as to be able to contribute to the welfare of the island, by promoting commerce and augmenting the intercourse of foreigners.

“ ‘ You will then see that the door is not shut against all foreigners.’ No, against those only who differ in opinion from yourself, whose interests may oppose yours, or still against some others, such as the English carpenter, who, as in the present case, are necessary to make a show of impartiality or to serve to cloak religious prejudices.

“ ‘ Your own cousin.’ My cousin is no resident, and will leave by the first opportunity.

“ ‘ Hence it appears just and right to reserve in the hands of the government a discretionary power not against the law of nations.’ Yes, but not in the hands of a missionary.

“ ‘ It is a question whether the author had the most distant idea of taking the Roman Catholic missionaries into the number of denominations to which he referred.’ It was of Roman Catholics he did speak.

“ ‘ For Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries to labour together in peace and harmony in a small field like this, is just as likely as it is for Christ and Belial to dwell together in concord.’ This profession of faith is worthy to be known.

“ Here, sir, we will finish our correspondence upon this subject. After this I will neither receive nor write any more letters with regard to the French priests, since I have nothing to do with the object of their voyage, no farther than that they were addressed and recommended to me ; otherwise, as I have already said, I have no opinion to give in the case. I neither wish them to stay nor depart, but as long as they are here, I will not, in order to conciliate other persons’ opinions, other persons’ interests, go and act contrary to my own principles, contrary to my own feelings of hospitality and of humanity. In my house they are and are welcome, and will be so, as long as they are allowed to stop. I owe them that much, out of consideration for the person who recommended them to me. I owe it to the nation to which they belong ; and exiled, persecuted as they are by you, I consider it my duty and becoming the dignity of my office, being the only foreign consul in this island, to protect them as I should protect any other person belonging to a friendly nation, against violence, &c., and help them in every respect whatsoever, except in the special object of their mission, or in any other particular views of religious opinions, with which I have nothing to do.”

VI.—LETTER OF MR. MOERNHOUT TO THE FRENCH CONSUL
in Valparaiso.

"Tahiti, Dec. 1, 1836.

" **MONSIEUR**,—Comme consul d'un gouvernement et d'un peuple ami de la France, dans un pays où les Français n'ont personne pour protéger ni leurs personnes ni leur droits, je crois pouvoir me permettre de vous donner quelques détails sur ce qui s'est passé ici à l'égard de quelques-uns de vos concitoyens. Les missionnaires Anglais qui depuis qu'ils ont réussi d'établir ici leur religion, gouvernent en quelque sorte l'île, ont toute fait par crainte que la religion Catholique ne s'introduisît. Aussi pour l'empêcher se sont-ils en tout temps montrés peu favorables aux individus qui professeraient cette religion, et se sont dernièrement déclarés ennemis surtout des Français et des Espagnols, à qui ils cherchent même d'interdire le séjour de ces îles, et d'empêcher qu'ils aient le moindre commerce ni relation avec les habitans. Le premier effet de cette intolérance tomba sur deux Français qui arrivèrent en cette île il y a environ un an, attachés à un aventurier rénégat Français, se disant souverain de la Nouvelle Zélande. Cet individu porta des plaintes contre ces Français devant ces missionnaires, et entre autres les accusaient d'être des Catholiques, et tout ridicule que doit naturellement paraître pareille charge, ce fut pourtant la seule admise, et qui fut cause qu'on décida qu'il aurait été dangereux de laisser communiquer ces gens avec les habitans, et il fut défendu à ces malheureux qui venaient de faire un long voyage, et dont un était malade et souffrant, de mettre le pied à terre. Le second fut un négociant Espagnol exilé d'une des républiques de l'Amérique du Sud. Il était riche et vint pour établir une plantation de sucre en cette île. A peine son arrivée était-elle connue, que les missionnaires s'agitaient auprès des autorités de l'île, ou plutôt agissant de leur chef, s'opposaient à son débarquement. Cependant le bâtiment sur lequel il était, allait en Amérique, et ce ne fut que sur les représentations du capitaine et après que le dit négociant avait remis comme garantie entre les mains d'un missionnaire environ 24,000 piastres, qu'il avait avec lui, et qu'il consentait à perdre s'il ne se rembarquait sur le premier navire qui partirait pour le Chili, qu'on lui permit de venir à terre. Mais là il ne lui fut accordé que 100 piastres de son propre argent, dans la crainte qu'il ne seduisit les autorités et qu'il n'obtint la permission de rester dans l'île.

" D'autres Français, d'autres étrangers, ont éprouvé l'effet de l'inimitié et de l'intolérance des missionnaires Anglais, qui pour mieux cacher cette intolérance, ou plutôt de crainte d'être supplantés par d'autres missionnaires, ou par l'introduction d'un autre culte, viennent de faire une loi où il est dit; qu'aucun passager ne pourra débarquer ici sans le consentement des missionnaires.

" Il y a deux jours qu'arrivèrent ici de l'île de Gambier, dans une petite goëlette de 12 à 15 tonneaux seulement, trois Français, dont deux sont des prêtres et l'autre un charpentier. La nouvelle de leur départ de Gambier pour ici, fut connue avant leur arrivée, et aussitôt un des missionnaires Anglais, nommé Pritchard, obtint, ou je dirai plutôt, donna,

l'ordre de s'opposer à leur débarquement. Des gardes furent placés avec ordre que si la dite goëlette se présentait, de l'empêcher de venir à l'ancre, de la faire sortir du port, de défendre à tous ceux qui seraient à bord de débarquer à terre, et d'empêcher même toute communication entre les habitans ou résidents, avec la dite goëlette. Un hazard fit toutefois manquer toutes ces précautions. Le vent contraire avait obligé la goëlette d'entrer dans un port au sud-est de l'île, et de là ces trois passagers vinrent à pied jusqu'ici, qui étant des Français, je les reçus dans ma maison malgré l'opposition du missionnaire et les ordres réitérés qu'ils devaient se rembarquer tout de suite.

“ Voilà sept jours qu'ils sont avec moi dans une de mes demeures, et qu'ils vivent avec moi. Je fus avec eux chez la reine—mais là se trouvait aussi un des missionnaires Anglais. Ces messieurs, les prêtres Français, lui firent un petit présent qu'elle accepta sans opposition aucune, mais quand ils voulurent lui remettre chacun trois piastres, que la loi exige de tout étranger qui veut rester ici, le missionnaire Anglais s'y opposa, prit un ton insolent et grossier à l'égard des étrangers et impérieux avec la reine, puis qu'il osa lui défendre d'accepter cet argent; cependant ces messieurs, au refus de la reine, lui offrirent la même somme comme un présent, et alors elle accepta malgré le missionnaire, et quoiqu'il se soit bien donné des peines depuis et qu'il soit revenu souvent sur le même sujet, cet argent est resté entre les mains de la reine.

“ Mais malgré ce présent, les ordres n'en sont pas moins que ces messieurs doivent quitter, même le charpentier, et on veut qu'ils se rembarquent dans la même petite goëlette qui les a amenés, ce qui les exposera non seulement à bien des souffrances, mais pourra mettre leur vie en danger. Pour le reste, j'ignore jusqu'où le missionnaire Pritchard osera pousser les choses, mais le certain est que s'ils n'avaient pas été dans ma maison et sous ma protection, on leur aurait fait violence et forcé à bord depuis longtemps, probablement le même jour de leur arrivée ici; car le missionnaire Pritchard est sans pitié, il continue à tout remuer pour les expulser, mais les Indiens et la reine même craignent de se compromettre. Toutefois j'ignore jusqu'où il poussera les choses, puisqu'il n'a pas craint de faire juger les Indiens qui firent des présents de fruits du pays aux Français. D'ailleurs, l'ordre de quitter existe toujours, et quoique j'ai obtenu que deux malles fussent portées à terre, on leur refuse aujourd'hui les choses qui sont encore à bord, et même le linge.

“ Voilà, monsieur le consul, la situation de trois Français à Tahiti. Je ne crois pas, étant dans ma maison, qu'on osera user de violence avec eux, cependant la haine fanatique du principal missionnaire Anglais est capable de tout, et est d'autant plus à craindre qu'il ne redoute rien plus que de laisser gagner du temps aux Français. Quant à moi, indifférent dans la querelle religieuse, je protégerai ces messieurs aussi longtemps que je le puis, mais je suis seul contre les missionnaires et les nombreux Anglais de basse classe qui résident ici: il serait donc bien mieux qu'un bâtiment de guerre Français put venir pour apprendre à ce peuple ce qu'ils ignorent, par la fausse représentation de leur guides spirituels, que la France a le pouvoir de protéger, dans n'importe quel pays, et qu'elle peut exiger que le droit des gens ne soit pas violé à leur égard.”

These documents will establish Mr. Pritchard's claims to the meek spirit of the apostles. The conclusion of the transaction is soon told.

On the 11th of December, a body of that man's agents came to the missionaries' residence, which belonged to the consul, and demanded that the door should be opened. This was refused. After some hesitation, they unroofed it, and breaking open the doors, took the two priests and their companion by main force, and carried them down to the beach. They put them into a boat, and placed them on board the *Eliza*. The captain sailed with them, threatening to put them on shore on some desert island. After many hardships, they regained their friends in the Gambier Islands.

After remaining here thirteen days, they again embarked in the *Colombo*, Captain Williams, for a second attempt. This was 13th January 1837. The two missionaries engaged in this expedition were MM. Maigret and Caret. We will not enter into any particulars, farther than to state, that though the purpose of these gentlemen was only to wait for a passage to Valparaiso, they were not allowed to land. Again they were repeatedly visited not only by the good consul, but by several chiefs, who threw all the blame upon Pritchard. They were informed that, in the interval, an English vessel of war had been at Tahiti, and that complaint had been made to the commanding officer of the illiberal treatment of the missionaries. We need not observe, that this man was reproved as he deserved. We present our readers with the documents referring to this expedition.

LETTERS RESPECTING THE SECOND VOYAGE TO
TAHITI.

VII.—LETTER OF QUEEN POMARE TO MONSIG. BISHOP OF NIOPOLIS.
(Translation.)

“ *Tahiti, Xbre 12, 1836.* ”

“ Ami et grand missionnaire qui demeure à Mangareva. Salut à toi dans le vrai Dieu.

“ Je renvoie ces deux hommes à Mangareva: il ne me plaît pas du tout qu'ils restent ici à Tahiti. Voici la parole que je t'adresse, n'envoie point ici à Tahiti les hommes qui sont au-dessous de toi. Si tu envoies tes hommes dans cette terre je te les renverrai. Il y a ici dans divers lieux de mon royaume des missionnaires qui enseignent la vraie parole. Nous n'en embrasserons point d'autre.

“ Je te salue,

“ POMARE.”

VIII.—LETTER of MR. PRITCHARD to the CAPTAIN of the COLOMBO.

“ *Paofai, January 27, 1837.* ”

“ **SIR**,—The judges having heard that you have Roman Catholic priests on board, have requested me to send to you a copy of the port regulations, and beg your attention to the 4th article: having entered their port, they expect you to respect their laws.

“ Yours respectfully,

“ **G. PRITCHARD, J. P.** ”

IX.—LETTER of the QUEEN to the CAPTAIN of the COLOMBO.

(Translation.)

“ *Papava, January 27, 1837.* ”

“ **CAPTAIN**,—Peace be with you from the Lord. You ask me ‘ is it not agreeable to you that I should land these two passengers?’ This is what I have to say to you. I will not in any way agree to their being landed. Let not any of their property on any account be brought on shore. That is all I have to say.

“ Peace be with you,

“ **POMARE.** ”

X.—LETTER of MR. PRITCHARD to the CAPTAIN of the COLOMBO.

“ *Paofai, January 30, 1837.* ”

“ **SIR**,—I am requested by the queen and governors and chiefs to send to you an extract from the ‘ maritime laws of the United States,’ which is as follows:—‘ Port laws and regulations should be carefully observed. In almost every port there are certain laws for the government of the shipping, which cannot be transgressed with impunity. A master should, therefore, inform himself of these on his first arrival, and be *scrupulous* in conforming himself to them during his stay: all the damage which ensues in consequence of a breach of them will eventually fall on him.’ ”

“ Should it be your pleasure to call upon me, I can show you Lord Edward Russell’s decision respecting these Roman Catholic missionaries coming to Tahiti; also the opinion of Commodore Mason, now in Valparaiso.

“ A French ship of war has lately been to the Sandwich Islands. Captain Charlton, the consul, laid before the French captain a complaint against the government of these islands, for sending away Roman Catholic priests. The captain called on the king and enquired into the business. When he found that they had long had Protestant missionaries residing among them, and that it was the opinion of the king that if Roman Catholic missionaries were allowed to remain and teach their doctrines, much evil would ensue, he told the king that he had done perfectly right in sending them away: that it was quite at his own pleasure who should be allowed to remain on his land.

“ I remain, your’s respectfully,

“ **G. PRITCHARD.** ”

XI.—LETTER of the QUEEN and her CHIEFS to the CAPTAIN of the COLOMBO.—(Translation.)

Papava, January 30, 1837.

“ CAPTAIN,—Peace be with you. The letter which you wrote has come to hand. It has been read, and we understand its contents. This is what we have to say to you: we will not in any way agree to your landing the two passengers. Do not be obstinate to put them on shore. It is suitable that you should regard our laws, because you have now anchored in our dominions. You enquire ‘what am I to do with them? Must I take them to America or India?’ We have nothing to say respecting that; it is entirely with yourself. You knew when you were at Gambier, that the two men had been sent away from hence by us, on board Hamilton’s little schooner; hence you knew that it would not be agreeable to us for you to bring them again to Tahiti; but your obstinacy and desire for money led you to agree to their wishes and bring them to Tahiti.

“ Should you go to India there are many ships there that can take them to Valparaiso, the place to which they wish to go. We do not know of any ship that is likely to call at Tahiti bound to that place.

“ You say that when your vessel is ready for sea you will put the two passengers and their property on shore. This is what we have to say to you: do not by any means attempt to do so; if you do, you will see what steps we shall take. You also say, should we force these men on board again we must pay you thirty dollars per day. This is what we have to say to you: we will not by any means pay you anything; no, not in any way whatever. That is all we have to say.

“ Peace be with you.

“ POMARE.

“ PAOFAI PAPAI PAROU.

“ TATI.

“ HITOTI.

“ HAPONO.

“ POROI.

“ WATA.

“ ONEIDU.

“ MURE.”

XII.—LETTER of MONSIG. MAIGRET.

“ Toutes vos raisons, MM. les Méthodistes, en nous chassant de Tahiti, peuvent se reduire à ces trois chefs. Vous nous fermez l’entrée de cette île,

- “ 1. Parceque le peuple ne veut pas de nous.
- “ 2. Parceque nous y allumerions la guerre.
- “ 3. Parceque ce n’est pas honnête de venir ainsi sur les brisées des autres.

“ Examinons vos raisons et voyons si elles sont bien fondées.

“ Vous nous dites que le peuple de Tahiti ne veut pas de nous. Nous

savons tout le contraire ; nous l'avons vu ce peuple, nous lui avons parlé, nous savons ce qu'il pense.

“ ‘ Mais ils vous mentaient pour vous faire plaisir ? ’

“ ‘ S'ils mentaient à des gens de qui ils n'avaient rien à craindre, pourra-t-on nous faire accroire qu'ils parlent sincèrement à des personnes, qui les condamnent tous les jours à des amendes et à des travaux forcés, qui les dépouillent de leurs biens, et qui ne dominent sur eux que par terreur ? ’

“ ‘ D'où vient-il donc que ce peuple vous à chassés ? ’

“ ‘ Parce que c'est un peuple enfant, à qui la crainte fait faire tout ce qu'on veut, et je mets en fait que la reine et les chefs signeraient aussi facilement leur arrêt de mort qu'ils ont signé notre expulsion. ’

“ ‘ Mais supposons que le peuple ne veuille point de vous ? ’

“ ‘ Serait-ce une raison pour nous de ne jamais retourner à Tahiti ? Les apôtres et leurs successeurs attendaient-ils que les peuples les voulussent pour aller leur annoncer l'Evangile et les retirer de l'erreur ? ’

“ ‘ Mais vous allumeriez la guerre. ’

“ ‘ Et comment, je vous prie, allumerions-nous la guerre ? Serait-ce en prêchant la soumission à la reine, l'amour mutuel, le pardon des injures, et la charité envers tous ? Vous n'ignorez pas que ce sont là des vérités Catholiques. ’

“ ‘ Mais vous condamneriez nos doctrines ? ’

“ ‘ Si vos doctrines sont vraies qu'avez-vous à craindre ? Ne serez-vous pas là pour les défendre ? Croyez-vous bonnement que nous prêcherons les nôtres, les armes à la main ? Craignez-vous que nous ne forcions le peuple à quitter votre église pour venir nous entendre ? Laissez le libre comme nous le laisserons nous-même, et tout ira bien, et il n'y aura point de guerre. ’

“ ‘ Mais il s'engagera nécessairement des discussions entre vos néophytes et les nôtres. ’

“ ‘ Et quel mal y aura-t-il à cela ? Ne discute-t-on pas tous les jours en France, en Angleterre, en Amérique, sans que pour cela on se fasse la guerre ? Et si dans les grands empires la paix peut être maintenue malgré les discussions, à plus forte raison, quoi qu'on en dise, dans une petite île comme Tahiti. ’

“ ‘ Mais les naturels ne sauront pas garder de mesures. ’

“ ‘ Les habitants de Tahiti sont naturellement pacifiques, et ils garderont des mesures, si on leur apprend à en garder et surtout si on leur donne l'exemple. ’

“ ‘ Les vôtres n'en garderont pas. ’

“ ‘ Les nôtres en garderont tant qu'ils seront des nôtres, vous savez bien qu'aux îles Sandwich ce ne sont pas les vôtres qui sont dans les fers. ’

“ ‘ Mais pourquoi venir ainsi sur nos brisées. ’

“ ‘ Eh, MM. vous n'y pensez pas. Et que répondrait Luther, que répondraient les Protestants, que répondriez-vous vous-mêmes, s'il plaisait à nous autres Catholiques de retorquer l'argument ? ’

“ ‘ Avouez, MM., que ces raisons ne sont pas valables, et si vous voulez justifier aux yeux des Catholiques, aux yeux des Protestants, aux yeux de tous les peuples civilisés, votre intolérance à notre égard, cherchez d'autres raisons. ’

“ ‘ L. D. MAIGRET,

“ ‘ Pref. Apostolique de l'Océane Oriental.’ ”

**XIII.—LETTER of MR. MOERNHOUT, American Consul at Tahiti,
to the French COMMODORE off Chili.**

“ Otaheiti, 2 Février, 1837.

“ A Monsieur le Commandant de la Station Français au Chili.

“ **MONSIEUR LE COMMANDANT**,—J'ai eu l'honneur d'écrire deux fois à Monsieur le consul général de France au Chili, pour lui remettre les détails de l'expulsion de deux prêtres Français de cette île. Mais dans l'incertitude s'il y a en ce moment un consul général de France au Chili, je prends la liberté de vous addresser la présente, afin de vous faire connaître les nouvelles injustices et les insultes que les mêmes Français viennent d'éprouver.

“ Il vous est peut-être déjà connue que deux prêtres ou missionnaires Français arrivèrent ici de l'île de Gambier dans le mois de Novembre dernier, et que malgré mes efforts pour les soustraire aux persécutions et aux violences, on les enleva de force d'une des mes demeures, pour les jeter à bord d'une petite goëlette. Cette goëlette, grande de 15 ou 16 tonneaux seulement, eut heureusement un vent favorable, et arriva à Gambier le premier Janvier.

“ Depuis lors un brick Américain, le Colombo, Cap. M. Williams, porteur de la présente, visita l'île de Gambier, et comme le bâtiment devait venir à Otaheiti, n'ayant que d'aller à Manila, le lieu de sa destination, l'Évêque de l'île de Gambier, qui voulait envoyer deux de ses prêtres à Valparaiso, pensait que malgré les persécutions qu'ils avaient éprouvées avant, on n'aurait pas refusé de laisser passer par Otaheiti, ces deux Français porteurs de passeports, et qui ne demandaient à y rester que jusqu'à ce qu'il se présentera une occasion pour poursuivre leur voyage au Chili. Il ne connaissait point encore, à ce qu'il parait, l'esprit persécuteur et la haine que portent aux Catholiques les missionnaires Anglais établis ici. A peine sut-on l'arrivé des deux prêtres Français, qu'il vint un ordre par écrit par lequel on leur défendait de mettre le pied à terre, et malgré que j'offrais de garantir, en ma qualité de consul des Etats Unis, que les prêtres Français auraient quitté Otaheiti dès qu'il y aurait eu une occasion pour le Chili, la reine influencée par les missionnaires Anglais refusait opiniâtrement de les laisser débarquer; effectivement quand l'embarcation du brick Américain vint avec les deux passagers pour les débarquer devant ma demeure, des Indiens armés de gros bâtons et de sabres coururent au-devant en se mettant dans l'eau jusqu'à la ceinture, et ordonnèrent à ceux qui étaient dans l'embarcation, en les menaçant de leurs armes, de retourner à bord immédiatement.

“ J'ignore, Monsieur le Commandant, comment la France prendra toutes ces injustes persécutions, mais il est certain que si on ne punit point ce gouvernement pour de pareils outrages, aucun Français ne pourra rester dans ces îles, ni les bâtiments Français ne visiteront ces îles sans courir des dangers. J'ajouterais même avec franchise, car il y a des vérités qu'il est nécessaire de faire connaître, ni les Français, ni les Espagnols, qui sont à Otaheiti ne pourraient y rester, si je n'y étais pas. Ils ont éprouvé mille vexations, et il est certain que les missionnaires Anglais les auraient déjà fait chasser s'ils ne connaissaient mes sentiments

et s'ils ne savaient que je reclamerai contre eux en faveur de ceux qui n'ont d'autre torts que d'être Catholiques.

“ Le capitaine du bâtiment Americain n'ayant pu débarquer ses passagers ici, s'est décidé à changer de route et amènera lui-même les prêtres Français à Valparaiso. Vous pourrez donc, Monsieur le Commandant, apprendre de ces messieurs mêmes les détails des persécutions qu'ils ont éprouvé ici.

“ J'ai l'honneur d'être,
 “ Monsieur le Commandant,
 “ Votre très-humble,
 “ et très-obéissant serviteur,
 “ **J. MOERNHOUT,**
 “ Consul des Etats-Unis à Otaheiti.”

XIV.

“ *Valparaiso, le 6 Mai, 1837.*

“ Ne pouvant rien faire ici dans l'intérêt de nos missionnaires Français qui ont été mal recus et traités avec tant de sauvagerie à Otaheiti, à l'instigation d'un méthodiste intolérant, je leur donne, pour qu'ils puissent la faire voir là où elle sera utile, la lettre que j'ai reçu à ce sujet du consul Americain à Otaheiti.

“ **M. DUHOUT-LILLY,**
 “ Capt. de ste. Commt.
 “ par interim la Station de la Mer du Sud.”

We should add, that, when the missionaries went to the shore on this second occasion, they were met by a body of Pritchard's satellites, armed with clubs and cutlasses—weapons, we believe, not mentioned in the Gospel, except as being employed by the servants of Annas and Caiphas. Captain Williams humanely said, he could not again allow them to expose themselves to such wolves, and took them to Valparaiso.

Such is the conduct of Englishmen, for such we understand this Pritchard is, when missionary lucre, joined to missionary fanaticism, has carried them beyond the reach of British public opinion. This is the man who represents the British character for liberality, toleration, gentlemanly feeling, and religious spirit. How we must be respected by the Tahitians! It seems he has amassed considerable wealth, for, as the natives say, every thing is sold them, and sold them dear. Every book, every prayer, every sacrament is venal. And while upon this subject, we must not omit a fact, which will go towards estimating the accuracy with which the poor creatures, drawn into the net of such men, are taught the Gospel. In Tahiti, the dominion of Pritchard, the eucharist is administered with the Mayore, or bread-tree fruit! In the version made into its language, and printed by the missionaries, in the history of the institution at the Last Supper,

it is said, "He took *Mayore*, and blessed," &c. In Chain Island, the same sacrament is administered with the fruit of the cocoa, and the intoxicating liquor extracted from it! In the Island of Rapa, where there is neither the bread-tree nor the cocoa, the Lord's Supper is administered with the *taro*, a root much resembling the turnip! We have these facts upon undoubted authority. Let the subscribers to missionary societies look to it.

Once more we beg to turn our readers' attention to *our own* missions, and entreat their co-operation in any efforts that shall be made in their favour.

ART. V.—*Pedro of Castile*. A Poem. By H. J. Shepherd, Esq.
London. 1838.

IT is difficult in these days to induce people to read a poem; and yet, more people, perhaps, now write tolerably good poetry than at any other period of our literature. Moore justly remarked one day to Scott, that scarcely a magazine was now published which did not contain some verses which, in their younger days, would have made a reputation; and the candid poet of the north, in assenting to the proposition, humorously observed what lucky dogs they themselves were, to have "pursued their triumph and partaken the gale" of popular applause, in days when the muse was younger and more followed after. Without admitting altogether the modest inference of the author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that all who write well would write as well and as winningly as Moore or Scott, we may fairly take such authority as a proof that it is not the demerit of present poetry that occasions the neglect of it, and that the causes of that neglect are to be traced to the public rather than to the poets. Some of it, indeed, may be attributable to the imitative character, which the influence exercised by the geniuses of the beginning of the century upon the admirers who followed in their wake, has had a tendency to generate. Men turn, with a sense of insipidity and flatness, from what seems to their eyes to be copied and transferred, even if the copy be not in itself destitute of sense and spirit. This is true in all the fine arts, and as much in writing as any of them, while the most opposite, most careless, and even vicious styles, have a certain charm, if perceived to bear the original impress of a mind thinking, working, speaking, for itself. The legendary descriptiveness and

flowing labourless facility of Scott, and the deep groanings of the dissatisfied and remorseful spirit in Byron, lost their attraction and interest, when they became, respectively, the characteristics of a school, instead of the outpouring of an individual soul; and it was natural and right that mere imitators, whether simple or satanic, should take their obscure, undusted, places, on the shelf of oblivion, whence no admiration of Dryden or of Pope could formerly rescue "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," in fancied, perhaps even successful, imitation of them, in the days of Charles or Anne. But although this may account for the fate of much of the poetry left unread, and although we know that after well-graced actors leave the stage, it is the habit of an audience to have their eyes idly bent on him that enters next, thinking his prattle to be tedious, it will not account for all. There is a great deal of verse existing, full of original thought, feeling, melody and grace, about which nobody ever troubles himself, and which few would keep their attention to. In short, poetry is not "the fashion." We doubt if this state of taste tells well, either for or upon the public; whether it originates in any very laudable or elevated condition of mind, or is at all likely to produce it. The general pursuit of exact and physical science, of mechanical utility and the means of corporeal advantages in the higher cast of readers, though so valuable as improving the bodily condition of human beings, and in invigorating their understandings, rarely does much, even with them, towards elevating and refining the sentiments, or ameliorating the heart; while the alternatives to which the lower class of readers, no longer guided to or pleased by poetry, are likely to be induced, are still more calculated to lower the moral tone, to indurate the softer charities and affections, and to corrupt and brutalify the taste. The voice of philosophy and morality itself sinks deeper into the heart, and more widely diffuses the blessing which it contains, when conveyed through the exquisite numbers of Pope, and the divinely ravishing harmony of Milton's lines; and it is a very different thing for the minds of the idler votaries of the circulating library, whether they wile away the unoccupied hour over a careless clumsy fiction—frivolously and falsely endeavouring to pourtray the surface of external manners in artificial life—sarcastically maligning a society to which the soured author pines to be deemed to belong,—presenting vicious portraits of individual exceptions, and making their conclusions from them general and abstract—gratifying all the lowest tendencies of the most empty natures, and at best, attempting to fix and treat as permanent, flimsy and evanescent characteristics not worth preserving or dwelling upon,—or whether they amuse

their leisure with the lovely landscapes, the picturesque and romantic patriotism, the sweet though unobtruded moralities and affections of the *Last Minstrel* and the *Lady of the Lake*. These appear to us to be truths of an extensive influence, and not unimportant; and we could, without difficulty, go on to illustrate them by much more detail, example, and argument; but as we are very well aware that it is almost as impossible to reason as to bully a "public" into a taste, we will not embark in any farther disquisitions or lamentations to prove or to correct the misfortune, but merely proceed to avow that our own present intention is to recommend to our readers the graceful and pleasing production whose title stands at the head of our article, as at least as well calculated to give them a pleased and unregretted hour of contemplation, as any "Loves," "Victims," "Dinners," or "Divorces," by vulgar, puzzle-headed pseudo-fashionables, are likely to impart to them.

This poem, in which historical characters are introduced and thrown into romantic adventure, is written in the octave stanza, which may be termed the heroic measure of the Italians, since their principal epic poems are written in it, and it has been shown, in the hands of the authors of them, to be susceptible of both great pathos and sublimity. But it was likewise adopted by another class of their writers, who found it a fit vehicle for the union, with the heroic and pathetic, of the lively and the humorous; and to this combination it seems to have lent itself with a somewhat alarming and fatal facility. The change from a contemplation of Tasso and Ariosto to Berni and Casti, must be perceived to be a degradation. M. de la Monnoye justly attributes it as a fault to Pulci, one of the earliest successful writers in this mood, that, ignorant of rules, he had confounded the comic and serious styles—and his most natural vein appears to be for the first—for although he has a certain familiar satirical gaiety in common with Ariosto, he never arrives at his romantic tone of enthusiasm and elevation. The writings of Berni received a tinge from his character, which was of a cast both licentious and indolent, and the talents which were its offspring were chiefly, if not entirely, calculated for the extravagant and burlesque. Casti, who has been justly called the profligate of genius, still farther abused, in later times, the facile temper of this dangerous style, and still farther debased and vitiated it by a yet more licentious admixture of obscenity, bitterness, and the witty sneer of a demoralizing philosophy. Even the best specimens of this school appear to depend for their merit upon the surprise of unexpected turns,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe;"

and, like some of the late Mr. Kean's sudden starts and droppings of the voice, upon the ingenuity of abrupt transition. We are not ourselves quite certain that this careless confounding of opposite moods of the mind—this raising of the feelings to wound them with a joke—the producing a sentiment of elevation, to have the cynical pleasure of buffeting it with a bathos, is precisely the mode of writing which we prefer, and we lament that in most of the cases in which it has been latterly attempted to transfer the Italian measure to English literature, the authors of the attempt appear to have had rather in their heads the inferior than the more elevated Italian writers in it, and to have caught their inspiration not so much from the *Girusalemme*, or even the prodigal richness of the *Orlando Furioso*, as from the *Mor-gante Maggiore* and the *Animali Parlanti*. They appear to have been captivated rather by the premium which it held out to carelessness and want of method, than by those sublime results of which, in nobler hands, it had been found to be capable. Perhaps it is owing to this, that with some exceptions it does not appear to have been extensively popular. One of the earliest English specimens of it is Edward Fairfax's version of *Tasso*; and we cannot agree with Mr. Hume in his regret that he should have adopted the Italian stanza on account of its prolixity and uniformity, since we consider it as susceptible of more variety than the English heroic couplet; while, whatever other charm the Spenserian stanza may possess, (and it has, in our opinion, an exquisite one,) it cannot certainly compete with the Italian in trippingness or brevity, but has a character of flowing majesty about it, and of sustained thought at variance with those lighter characteristics. Neither do we participate in the justice of the neglect with which Fairfax's translation has been treated, or in a belief of the necessity of Hoole's to supersede it; but rather incline to think that we prefer a certain raciness of phrase and natural vigour of expression (not unaccompanied either by much occasional melody and elegance), which are to be found in Fairfax,—a certain idiomatic Anglicism which gives something of original sketchiness to his yet faithful copy,—to the more elaborate and monotonous versification of the modern translator. Mr. Stewart Rose has, more recently, infused into his *Translation of Ariosto*, much of the spirit and Rubens'-colouring of the rich original, and we rejoice that he also has selected the Italian metre for his rhythmical model, because we are of opinion that in no other English measure would he have been able to produce so much corresponding character, or to convey so near a notion of Ariosto's mood of thought and writing to the English reader. Mr. Frere was among the first of our own day who

tried to persuade the taste of the immediate moderns to flow in the easy eddying channel of the careless *Ottava Rima*. His poem, which seemed to have for its object to put to flight exaggeration and mannerism, and to substitute a purer and more facile English, and one nearer approaching to vernacular expression as well as simplicity in the sentiments, had a certain charm for scholars and for men of an erudite taste and verbal fastidiousness; for while it is the character of nascent and partial refinement to seek a departure from simplicity, (men, in the beginnings of civilization and letters, being afraid for a time of being natural, for fear of being supposed to be common-place,) it is the tendency of a maturity and excess of it, to resort to the pure original fountains of language and of nature which their earlier and more affected efforts have deserted. But the object of Mr. Frere's work was too vague and too little apparent; it had in itself too little of excitement or interest to make it agreeable to general readers; the manner was new to their imaginations; the subject of it, even if perceived, visionary and unreal to a fault. *Beppo*, which may be called that poem's child, since Byron received his inspiration from the hint conveyed in it, had a much more popular fate. It overtook the "flighty purpose" of the other, and "made a deed go with it;" the events were intelligible—the actors capable of being sympathized with—the subject, involving the light loves of careless society, and stepping as near that narrow border where conventional propriety has set its limit, as delicacy could permit—of general interest to the world at large—and perhaps embracing the larger class in the sphere of its attraction—so that it was more calculated to amuse and titillate, than to elevate or refine the reader's imagination. It was surrounded by the brilliant atmosphere of wit and invention and felicitous expression, by which the gifted author was so often enabled to extenuate, if not to veil, so many critical and moral faults; and it at once enlisted the world on the side of its mood and manner. Then came the chief effort of all in this line,—*Don Juan*, a work of unexampled facility and versatility of expression—full of passion, melody, and imagery, as of satire and epigram—an unweeded garden, in which the loveliest flowers were rudely hustled by thorns, brambles, and yet ranker vegetation—a mine of poetical gems and of false and tinsel taste—of the most exquisite delicacy of sentiment and feeling, and of the utmost depravation and debauchery of the mind—of the finest perceptions of intellectual grandeur and beauty, in combination with the most studied confusion of moral elements—of the nice apprehension of virtues with the habit and result of vice—and comprehending most of the beauties and all of the

demerits of the best and the worst of its predecessors. Too beautiful not occasionally to captivate the taste which it constantly insulted and repelled—too corrupt and false not to shock and alienate the understanding which for moments it enslaved—too dangerous to be abandoned to the indiscriminate perusal of sex and youth, and yet too charming to be willingly withheld from them. Its success naturally produced many similar, though inferior, productions; not so much from any design or desire of imitating itself, as from the disclosure which it made of so easy a vehicle for the embodiment of various moods of mind and thought, as they might follow each other in rapid succession in a muse's brain, at so small an expense of labour, polish, coherency, or arrangement, or even of an attention to those decent proprieties of moral and intellectual decorum, whether in word or thought, which had been for the most part deemed essential to the chaste dignity of any muse not professedly licentious and impure.

Among these successors of *Juan*, a short poem called the *Brunswick*,* by Mr. Thomson, was the best; at least we remember to have been struck, in reading it, by some stanzas of great melody of rhythm and perception of natural beauty, together with the *indiciae* of that original and individual reality of feeling, the result of temperament rather than education, the child of the heart rather than the head, which always communicates itself to style, even when there may be little novel in the idea, and in minds attuned to the euphony of well-selected words, will "voluntarily move harmonious numbers;" though, if we recollect right, these were often in pretty close juxtaposition with much of the cynical *dénigrant* sarcasm by which his prototypes had been disfigured. But whatever rays of genius might illuminate at intervals the colloquial familiarities of these various disciples of the off-hand school, we must say that all of them, not even excepting Byron himself, have renounced and lost that character of epic chivalry which imparted the principal charm to the earlier handlers of the octave rhyme, and shed a light and a brilliancy through the web of the mixed tissue which they wove. Like all copyists, these have been too prone to exaggerate the faulty feature, and have omitted one of the most redeeming graces of expression which acted as their counterpoise. It is no small praise to Mr. Shepherd to say that the general tone of his poem is conceived in a spirit opposite to this, and one which has a greater tendency to revert to the old simple enchanting tone of heroic and amorous romance, of constancy in

* *The Brunswick*; a poem, London, 1829.

“ladye love and war,” of female purity and of “knightly worth” and honour; which had the merit at least of presenting exalted rather than degraded and degrading models, and of raising, soothing, purifying, and contenting the fancy, instead of leaving it depressed, deteriorated, wounded, and dissatisfied. No weight is thrown by him into the scale of crime or corruption, as preferable or equal to purity and virtue—no low and insidious attempt encouraged to prove either the one or the other equivalent accidents between which the choice is indifferent—no lurking purpose exhibited of undermining the wisely-prejudiced bigotry of the bias which the youthful Hercules may feel towards the more stern alternative. He does not desire to depreciate valour, nor to show sentiment to be a farce and enthusiasm a weakness—his love is free from depravity, and his playfulness from impiety; his tender passages are the tenderness of the pure, and his comic ones, (not we think his best,) have at least nothing of that scornful scoff of derision by which the “wardrobe of our moral imaginations is to be rudely torn off,” our “naked shivering nature” rendered colder and more destitute, and our finer and more etherealized aspirations dissipated by a sneer. There are plenty of symptoms of his taste having been formed upon higher models, and his heart upon more sound and compassionate principles; and if he occasionally gives rather more than we could have wished into what we might call (borrowing a phrase from architecture with a different meaning) the “transition style,” he does so seldom than others, and with a less chilling effect.

The selection of his hero may perhaps in so far be deemed not the most fortunate, that so many successive historians, copying each other, have handed him down as “Peter the Cruel,” that some may find it difficult to overcome the first impression of that name. How difficult it would be to excite a favourable interest for the loves of Richard the Third and Lady Anne; nay, how obstinately belief is refused to the most apparent disproofs of many of his criminalities, in consequence of the resolved hatred towards him which history and Shakspeare have engendered. But it is probable that the character of the Castilian sovereign was exaggerated with a view to gratify the successor who displaced him, in the same way that Richard’s indisputably was to please and corroborate the crafty conqueror of Bosworth Field; so much, alas! is posterity dependant for its knowledge and its creed, upon the interests or caprices of cotemporary chroniclers, and the character of the times and the circumstances under which they write! There appear to be other reasons besides that of the brave and chivalrous complexion which he assumes in Mr.

Shepherd's version of him, for supposing that this prince, who has been furnished by tradition with so awkward and little pre-possessing a "handle to his name," was, under many points of view, what may be called an exceedingly good fellow. And if the hero's name fails at first sight to conciliate our favour, that of the heroine must, upon the same principles, have a directly opposite effect, since history and romance have both alike delighted to deck the character and memory of Maria de Padilla. The times and land in which the scene is laid are full of romantic incident and interest. The Spanish character, full of energy, activity and generosity, not without some tinge of fiercest ferocity, has always given the nation a tendency to split into separate and hostile communities; and except when ruled by monarchs possessed of great extrinsic means of treasure or population, or under the influence of auxiliary connexions abroad, it has generally presented that divided aspect under which the elements of power are not arranged, balanced, and regulated, but broken as it were into opposing points, well fitted to furnish chivalrous character, and give birth to unusual situations and incidents. And this was of course peculiarly the case when the Peninsula was divided with the Moors. That remarkable people—who for 800 years occupied some of the fairest parts of Spain—who having dispossessed a nation of its lands, founded famous monarchies and established learned universities—who preserved and perhaps extended, whilst Europe was yet dark, the scientific lights of antiquity—who, catching the European spirit of feudal chivalry, so opposed to the general temper of orientals, touched it with a superior grace and refinement, and warmed the dawn of European literature with the glow of their Arabian sunshine—who afterwards dwindled slowly away before the renewed or nascent power of those they had subdued; and, contracting at last into national insignificance, (the result of intestine faction, still more than of foreign pressure)—returned enfeebled, wasted, and demoralized, to the shores they originally left full of a robust expansion and spirit. That people, whether in their own constitution, or mingling with the arms and chivalry of Spain, have ever been a favourite theme of imaginative romance, and have furnished forth many a "motivo" to the lay of love or heroism. We do not wonder that Mr. Shepherd's cast of fancy should have been attracted by these pictures and contemplations; and one of the most attractive parts of his somewhat desultory song, will be found to be that which touches on the fairy land,—the blest Hesperides of the glowing and voluptuous Granada.

The inward stimulus which prompts the desire of embodying sentiment in melodious expression—that indefinable mixture of

results of the apprehension and the memory, which produces the fine abstraction of "the muse," is touched in the second stanza with true poetical feeling and with a modest grace :

" The glorious visions of the early muse,
 Fix'd by a sweet enchantment of apt words,
 Survive through ages, and around diffuse
 The fountain freshness of her glowing hoards ;
 What, if an idle lip would catch the dews,
 Her wave, wide-wandering from the source, affords,
 Bards may forgive a fancy they partake,
 And spare the dreamer for the muse's sake."—*Cant. i. st. 2.*

The poem then opens with the arrival of a page from Don Pedro, absent and in arms against Henry of Transtamarre, with a letter for his queen,—who certainly appears before us in more fairy colours than queens are usually invested with, or than even poesy has been in the habit of ascribing to them since the days of "that fair vestal throned by the west," who inspired so many pens and imaginations, at least, to exceed romance in painting her theoretical beauty. But we will not mar by garbled anticipation the reader's pleasure in the portraiture of this certainly very charming woman, (a happy, and we fear, a rare, if not hopeless, union of sentimental enthusiasm and passionate sympathies with dignity and repose) and resist the temptation of citing any of the descriptions of her person and feelings, which produce the image of her upon our mind. She enters the garden in a moonlight night, in that state of anxious anticipation and internal disquietude, when scenes of external tranquillity seem most precious and magnetic, though perhaps most painful; and the scene suggests the following stanzas, at once elegant and thoughtful :—

" How sweet 'neath summer skies, in fragrant bowers,
 To sit, when Phœbus slopes her golden ray,
 Surrounded by the hues of breathing flowers,
 That shed their sweetest breath at close of day,
 To conjure fairy dreams, and think them ours,
 And squander on the thought our time away !
 What artist builds a palace half so fair
 As those gay glittering castles bas'd on air ?
 " There sunshine falls, though all around may lower
 With gloom and disappointment ! there we wind
 Hope's flattering web, and cherish for an hour
 The dang'rous treasure of a taste refin'd !
 How much that graces virtue, softens power,
 Springs from the visions of unworldly mind,
 As all abroad on Fancy's wings it flies,
 And spurns the earth, and mingles with the skies !

[April,

“ Such idle flights are kin to virtuous thought ;
 What villain ever muses ? he may scheme,
 But never yet his soul was fancy-caught
 By the bright shapes that float in some day-dream,
 Of things the poet or the priest has taught,
 Which are, to those they smile on, what they seem :
 Men, in their modes of traffic, lust and strife,
 Are all he seeks or knows of human life.”—*Cant. i. st. 24-5-6.*

But the letter was the harbinger of Pedro himself—and while the moon was yet, as the author says—with a just feeling of the magic of euphonious names judiciously applied—

“ Tipping with pearl Giraldo’s studious height,
 And silvering Guadalquivir to the main,”

he arrives—they meet, as none but those who love, can meet. The whole atmosphere of the air, the climate, and the verse, are softly and tenderly in unison with the “ raptur’d scene,” and the canto concludes with the satisfied sensation of their mutual happiness together. We hardly ever met with anything to our feelings more beautifully conceived, or more opposed to the brutalizing school, than the reflections on the nature of their meeting; which we believe to be founded in strict metaphysical (perhaps we ought rather to say physical) truth, and which present an idea far more deeply impassioned, as well as more pure, (since the infusion of the moral force unspeakably heightens the intenseness of passion if in just proportion with it) than any merely sensual apprehension or exhibition of love could furnish:

“ O charmed moment of unequall’d bliss,
 When the glad meeting parting lovers find,
 And the soul melts, entranc’d upon a kiss,—
 The soul, but not the sense ; when all is mind
 For one pure moment, and the blood remiss
 Flows not to fever pleasure so refin’d,
 But lags awhile, nor suffers wild desire
 To mix his flame with such ethereal fire !”—*Cant. i. st. 40.*

But Pedro is come only to depart again ; and the second canto displays him raising money for his campaign, from a Jew ; and though there is much here that is forcible, graphic, and well-expressed, we like it, on the whole, less than the first one, and deem tenderness and beauty to be the author’s forte, as he himself gracefully insinuates in two stanzas in the third canto, which contains Pedro’s departure, conflict, and defeat.

“ Dread scourge of nations, War, with cruel eyes,
 ‘ Thou great corrector of enormous times,
 Before thee Terror walks, behind thee lies
 Death, multiform and ghastly ; uncheck’d crimes

Of every aspect, all around thee rise !
 What—what hast thou to do with these light rhymes ?
 Why did I venture in thy purple field,
 To tremble, turn, and fly, without my shield ?

“ My muse, unequal to thy grave affair,
 Was only born to hang a light festoon
 Round some French window, where the summer air
 Breathes in through vine-leaves, gently temp’ring noon,
 Or else to flutter in the magic glare
 Of that deceitful colourist, the moon,
 Who gives a soften’d charm, a shadowy grace,
 To whatsoe’er she turns her lovely face.”—*Cant. iii. st. 23-4.*

The fourth canto, which opens with a melodious tribute to the chivalrous muse of Tasso, pleasing to our judgment and recollections, as well as to our ear, shows the devoted queen in search of the wounded Pedro on the battle-field—successful in her search, and bearing him off to a Spanish cottage as an asylum ; the details and Spanish-hood of which give Mr. Shepherd occasion to break into a fine sketchy apostrophe to Byron :—

“ How at that word my fancy turns to thee,
 Thou brightest poet of the latter day,
 Whose spirit, steep’d in all the mind can see
 Of beauty and of passion, gloomy, gay,
 Severe, disdainful ; liv’d in poesy,
 And pour’d out life in one continuous lay !
 A rich Pactolus, whose discoloured wave
 Bore gems and gold in torrent to the grave.”—*Cant. iv. st. 221.*

When Pedro has recovered, they leave their cottage for Granada, to procure the help of its Moorish sovereign towards the re-establishment of their wrecked affairs :—which gives Mr. Shepherd the advantage of enlisting on his side the oriental splendour and beauty of the South, and giving us some very lovely stanzas illustrative of them : and a jealous suspicion of an innocent (though it appears somewhat coquettish) queen, on the part of Muhamed, opens to him the exciting region of the Trial by Battle, and the Lists and the Sentiment of Chivalry,—of all which he has availed himself as might be expected. There are two semi-barbarous sylvans, a male and female, introduced here, of a kind of Orson origin, who, though we are disposed to consider them a little wild and extravagant, are yet certainly of a cast of originality calculated to arouse and keep up the attention, and they give occasion to some very beautiful and agreeable woodland ideas. We think the following notice of the brother’s appearance, very spirited, and of a fine rural wholesomeness in its tone :—

“ His wild blue eye deep-seated did disclose
 The roving fancies of untutor’d thought ;
 His olive cheek was freshen’d by the rose,
 And free and fearless each emotion wrought
 On his clear brow, where chiefly did repose
 The calm of self dependence, gift unbought
 Of Nature’s lavish beauty, when she join’d
 The healthful body to the vigorous mind.”—*Canto iv. st. 65.*

There is also a very pretty woodland episode of a sort of enchanted sylvan castle, kept by “Ladies of the Glen” of a bettermost kind, where Pedro gets his fortune told,—but we must really avoid a premature disclosure of all the mysteries of this wandering tale of knighthood and adventure, or we shall be republishing the book.

The battle takes place—the queen is cleared, but the Moorish king (in a bad humour, we suppose, at the failure of his cause, though by losing it he kept a wife who seems really to have been worth the keeping), will give Pedro no assistance in his military projects, and the portion of his history, which we are as yet in possession of (for we especially flatter ourselves that Mr. Shepherd has not yet done with him), concludes with his sailing with Maria de Padilla for France, to procure the help of Edward the Black Prince, who, as is well known, successfully espoused the cause of Peter, in a manner, and with a suddenness, which we confess we always thought, while with no other lights than old Froissart could shed upon us, somewhat capricious and unaccountable; but which now appears to us the most natural thing in the world, after the insight afforded us by Mr. Shepherd’s muse into the Castilian’s powers of persuasion, and yet more into the nature of the diplomatic agency by which he was accompanied.

We think we have cited examples enough from *Pedro of Castile*, to convince our readers that there are, scattered over its not very numerous pages, poetical beauties of no ordinary kind; and these, did our limits permit, we could easily have multiplied to a greater extent; we must content ourselves with transcribing the following novel and beautiful stanzas in the 6th canto, on walking by moonlight through the streets of London; the stanza on a woman on horseback; and that on dancing:—

“ Talking of poetry, I’ve often thought
 It odd, that bards so generally fly,
 For metaphors, and matters of that sort,
 To groves, and meadows, rivers, hills, and sky,
 Expanded o’er those lovely wonders wrought
 In God’s own hand; nor found the reason why
 They seldom think of walking up to town
 To borrow from the works that man hath done,

“ Sure there’s a poetry amid the strife,
 Extravagance, and poverty, and pain,
 And vice, and splendour of the city life ;
 Loves, losses, thoughtless ease, and thirst of gain,
 Beneath high roofs, with nightly revels rife,
 And morning’s after-thought : should bards disdain
 To body forth these not unworthy things,
 When fined and coloured through Parnassian springs ?

“ He that shall wander when the moon is high,
 And see the city in the mellowed air,
 And mark the masses traced upon the sky,
 In bolder outline than a painter dare
 Define, and softer than his tints will lie,
 May deem a poetry inhabits there,
 Feel the soft sense, half tranquil, half elate,
 Which all external forms of grace create.”—*Canto vi. st. 23, 4, 5.*

* * * *

“ ‘Tis good to see a steed of noble race
 By woman ruled with skill and mastery ;
 The smitten air gives freshness to her face,
 And animation glistens in her eye ;
 Her very breathing quickens into grace,
 And by a fault enchanting : few things outvie
 A lovely woman on a fiery horse,
 The mingled charm of gentleness and force.”—*Canto iv. st. 42.*

* * * *

“ His dancing savour’d of the British growth,
 Without the elastic gay Moresco spring,
 Buoyant in air, but rather like a sloth,
 Half disinclin’d to undertake the thing,
 Till after supper ; then he was not loth
 In free fandango the light foot to fling,
 And what with Zelia’s, Delia’s, Celia’s training,
 Became quite entertain’d and entertaining.”—*Canto vi. st. 35.*

But although it would not be difficult to select many passages of merit by themselves, the principal charm of this poem is much more derived from the general cast of poetical thought and sense of melody—from the evidence of a mind habitually moving in an atmosphere of literary grace and accomplishment—of the proclivities of a musical and cultivated imagination, expanding itself over the general objects of life and nature—than from very striking insulated fragments. It is written in very pure and unaffected English, and is never stilted or obscure : though the thought is frequently profound, the language in which it is conveyed is always simple and intelligible. Though there is no strained attempt at being original, and at saying something which had perhaps only not been said before, because it was not worth saying at all,—yet there is a perpetual complexion of freshness about it,

which shows that neither the thought nor the expression is stale; —and we doubt whether there is one stanza, from beginning to end, which is bad, bald, or commonplace. Though it reminds us sufficiently of *Juan* to make us sensible of the fraternal (perhaps filial) similitude, yet it has nothing of the hardness or servility of a copy; and in a certain romantic tone which pervades it, might almost be said to have risen above it. We own we consider it to be rather disfigured than assisted by the occasional pleasantries with which it is interspersed; and they appear to us to be rather sacrifices of fancied necessity to the supposed genius of the style, than overboilings of a merry-making vein in the author himself, though sometimes not ill-executed. His comparison of the old Court of Justice, in which the decision was arrived at by the judicial combat, with the Courts of Record at Westminster, strikes us as one of his best bits in this very doubtful line:—

“ In modern times, when judges entertain
A doubt in law, they let the cause proceed,
Because they know an error's cured again
By means which only make the client bleed:
In ancient lists the counsel breathed a vein:
To-wit, the champion; therefore greater heed:
As errors were to life and limb extensive,
New trials were consider'd too expensive.”—*Canto iv. st. 47.*

There is scarcely unity of story and plot enough to maintain an interest, apart from the writing; and a little disappointment is experienced at the absence of continuous action, and catastrophical result. These are little blemishes, which it would not be just to omit a mention of in any impartial analysis of the work; but we can venture to assert that these will *not* be the points which, unless with some very stupid and pedantic persons, will be the first to strike, or the last to dwell upon the mind or memory of any lover of the muse, whom we may have encouraged to read this pleasing poem.

Mr. Shepherd is too little known to the public as the author of a Tragedy,* which contains in our opinion a higher vein of poetry, and more decided marks of genius, than the poem we have reviewed. *The Countess of Essex* is founded upon the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, whose high and unbending character is finely opposed to that of the fierce inexorable woman with whom he commences a struggle, which the reader is at once aware must terminate fatally for one or both. The great defect of the play was perhaps inseparable from the nature of the subject—we mean the moral darkness of the characters, which to

* *The Countess of Essex.* Murray.

a great extent is uniform and unrelieved by tender emotions. The author has shewn great judgment (though we believe at the sacrifice of historical accuracy) in exonerating the husband from any active share in the murder of his friend. Their parting scene is thrillingly fine, and we regret our inability to make any extracts. The dialogue throughout is poetical, vigorous, and well sustained; and the conclusion very finely introduces us to the guilty pair, living in utter solitude and apart under the same roof. Years have elapsed—their crime is undiscovered, or at least unproved—their union has been accomplished, and they are prosperous—yet their victim is avenged, and their guilt punished to the full vindication of moral justice, by the mutual hatred and the withering remorse which we as well as they feel to be undying. There is a fine moral idea in this conclusion, and it is beautifully executed; but we think it probable that this break in the unity of the scene may have contributed to prevent the representation of this tragedy, which in other respects appears to us admirably calculated for the stage. This tragedy will, in our judgment, bear an advantageous comparison with any of its modern rivals, and we strongly recommend its perusal to our readers.

ART. VI.—*The Miseries and Beauties of Ireland.* By Jonathan Binns, Assistant Agricultural Commissioner on the late Irish Poor Enquiry. London. 1837.

BETWEEN the sister islands, England and Ireland, there intervenes, as our first lesson in geography has informed us, a channel of but a few hours' sail. Between these same islands there has subsisted a connexion—not exactly one of love and affection, and mutual kindliness and anxiety for each other's welfare—but in short *a connexion*,—in a greater and less degree, ever since the thirteenth century, down to the present time. The people of the two islands have been considered, by foreigners at least, to form but one and the same nation, and indeed in external relations, with some important exceptions, they would so appear to be. The exceptions we allude to are to be found in the cases where the commercial freedom of the lesser country was sacrificed to the imagined interests of the greater; but these flagrant instances of besotted jealousy come not within our immediate object. We proceed with our facts. Not only has a connexion existed during the long and dreary seven centuries that have rolled over Ireland since she was invaded, but an

active, and at times (times of plunder) an intimate communication has prevailed between the two countries. These statements of ours may be received with impatience by many, as common oft-told facts of history; but we recite them for the purpose of considering a very natural deduction, that a person unacquainted with the historical details of the seven ages might be led to make. Such a one might say—"it surely follows, clear as a consequence in logic, that a reciprocal good feeling must have grown up between the two—and, above all, that they know and understand each other thoroughly and reciprocally."

It is not our design—nor is it indeed our wish—at present, to enter upon the heart-sickening recital of proofs that this reciprocity of good feeling does not exist; under all the circumstances, its birth and growth would have been miraculous. It is sufficient to assert, what indeed is well known, that it does not exist even yet to any important degree. As to the reciprocity of acquaintance and understanding, we must fall back upon Joe Miller, and confess that such a reciprocity *does* exist—*on one side* only, however—upon the Irish side. *We know England*; she has made us know her. Our sufferings, our griefs, our anxieties, have sharpened our perceptions and attention, and accordingly we can say, and truly, that we *do* know England. It is, however, equally true that the inhabitants of that island have had formerly a most limited knowledge of us, and that even in the present day they are for the greater part grossly ignorant on all that appertains to "Ireland and the Irish." There is a natural selfishness of nations, as there is of individuals. They are prone to occupy themselves with themselves alone; and the wants, wishes, and feelings of others, are to them a matter of little import. What is near, surrounding, and immediate, engrosses all their attention, and is magnified till it shuts from view what is remote and dependant. At the moment at which we write, there is presented to the world a glaring instance of this neglect and inattention, and their woeful consequences. Canada has broken out into revolt—life and property have been destroyed, and the peace and happiness of this colony ruined for many a long year, because we suffered the distance to prevent our hearing the earnest and respectful remonstrances addressed to us, and shut our ears until the Canadians raised their tone, and demanded the rights unjustly withheld. Then—then our pride—our sacred national pride, was not to be lowered, and so we would not (to borrow Lord Stanley's inadvertent confession) "concede to clamour what we had refused to justice!" The *revolt* of the Canadians was unjustifiable, for they had not exhausted all peaceable and constitutional means of procuring

redress of their grievances—but how deeply unjustifiable the conduct that gave them ground for their discontent and indignation!

In the case of England and Ireland, as, in a very great measure, in that also of Canada, this neglect was carefully fostered by those entrusted with the Irish government. They found their account, in diverting, by active misrepresentation, by passive obstruction, by the thousand means their position gave them, the attention of England; and where they encountered any disposition to enquire, too active to be foiled by the ordinary arts, a share of their plunder was readily bartered for sufferance and protection afforded to outrageous licence and tyranny. The result was and is, the generally prevalent ignorance we speak of. In this ignorance—under these misrepresentations—biassed by the base prejudices engendered by such ignorance, and fomented and envenomed by such calumnies, the legislation for Ireland was carried on, and deeds were done to that unhappy country, that have darkened and stained the fair escutcheon of England's fame, not irretrievably indeed—for she *can* make amends—but still most deeply and most foully. There was no shame taken for this ignorance—men good and upright, and honest and high-minded in other respects, have lived and died without opening their minds to the terrible truth, that they were guilty of criminal acquiescence in every horror enacted towards the dependant country, and that humanity, justice, reason, religion, even self-interest (for ultimately misconduct ever recoils upon its authors) imperatively demanded that they should gird their loins, and rouse themselves to do manly battle with the prejudices of their youth, and to shake off and dissipate the criminal apathy in which they were plunged. The spread of general enlightenment and interchange of ideas has at length excited, in some degree, this wholesome and honourable shame. Even in England—self-worshipping England—it is making progress, slow indeed—but still certain and indisputable. A thousand difficulties are in the way: among the foremost, the fierce, immitigable, and serpent-like hatred borne by the Tory party to Ireland and every thing Irish—a hatred manifesting itself by every kind of calumny, and every thing that can tend to perpetuate bigotry in its foulest shape. Yet the people of England are struggling on towards light, and ultimately they must and will attain it. Interest, increasing with strange rapidity, is becoming attached to all publications relating to Ireland. These, however, are unfortunately, in the vast majority of cases, but blind guides, where they are not worse. Many of them, such as the travels of Inglis, are penned in a spirit deliberately and inveterately hostile to the

country and people whom he subjected to his jaundiced inspection. The illiberal and ungentlemanly character of his writings, and the grovelling prejudices that pervade them, prevent their being of any good service to the cause of enquiry; and yet this very spirit of enquiry has made them be seized upon and read, and a favour has been accorded to them, because of their tendency to confirm a bigotry that had begun to be unsettled. Some few of the accounts of Ireland are written in a better spirit, and with a desire to tell the truth, and above all to find out what was *good* in the subject, instead of being animated by a depraved and malignant seeking after all that can lower and render contemptible. The work before us—that of Mr. Binns, one of the Society of Friends—is written in the good spirit we describe, and emanates very evidently from an honest, honourable, and conscientious man. Appointed as “an Assistant Agricultural Commissioner under the late Irish Poor Enquiry,” (the same which has been so unceremoniously made to give place to the wonderful Mr. Nicholls), he has traversed a very considerable portion of Ireland, making enquiries and careful remarks everywhere,—as well those connected with his immediate duties, as others of a general nature, which have furnished matter for his two goodly volumes. There are mistakes, and wrong impressions, and faulty opinions occasionally, but the tone and spirit are good; and if his work have not the good fortune to be extensively read, it at any rate merits perusal at the hands of those who desire to get some true ideas of the country upon which it treats.

About the middle of the year 1835, Mr. Binns, on being informed of his appointment, left England for Dublin, there to receive his instructions and his route. Having got these, he proceeded to visit the counties of Louth, Down, and Monaghan, after which business of importance recalled him for a month to England. In October he proceeded to resume his duties, and landing at Donaghadee, he visited the counties of Antrim, Londonderry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Cavan, Leitrim, Sligo, Mayo, Galway, Roscommon, Westmeath, King's county; and at Philipstown he took the canal boat, and proceeded to Shannon harbour, where he entered upon the waters of the Shannon. Proceeding down that “mighty stream,” as he well designates it, he visited Limerick, not without paying attention to the shores by which he was hurried, and feeling strong admiration for the noble river that bore him along. Continuing his route by water, for thirty or forty miles farther, he landed at Tarbert, in the county of Kerry, and devoted a good deal of attention to that county. From thence his return route lay through the counties Cork, Tipperary, Queen's county, and Kildare, to Dublin, which

he reached early in November 1836 ; having consumed nearly a year and a half in the researches entrusted to him. At Dublin he " obtained a release from the Board, and had an opportunity of becoming more particularly acquainted with the details of that interesting city." However, not yet satisfied with his knowledge of Ireland, he now determined to proceed on a private tour ; and during two months he visited the South again, proceeding through Wicklow, Wexford, and Waterford, and taking Clare upon his homeward route, thus visiting the few counties he had not seen during his former trips. During his official journey to which of course he gave up very considerably more time than to that he made in a private capacity, he, along with other Assistant Commissioners, held examinations, at various places, into the state of agriculture, general condition of the people, prices, rents, &c. ; and the substance of his and their enquiries (which, we may remark in passing, were certainly conducted with great care, skill, and experience ; and with an honest and eager anxiety to get at facts and submit them to the public plainly stated) has appeared at length in the Reports of the Enquiry into the condition of the Irish Poor. In the pages before us, our author gives copious extracts from his own notes, and concludes with a chapter of " General Remarks " upon Ireland, her former and present condition, her evils and their remedies. To this chapter, being as it is a recapitulation of the opinions and statements of the other chapters, we will first address ourselves, and notice incidentally and subsequently some of the preceding portions of his work.

That we have not spoken too highly of Mr. Binns, let at least our *Irish* readers judge, when we direct their attention to the spirit of the following remarks :—

" This state of things (speaking of the anomalous condition of Ireland, with her natural advantages, and actual state of misery) so truly deplorable, is exclusively referable to the systematic course of partiality, oppression, and cruelty, with which her people have been treated through successive centuries ; and if it were my object to represent the injuries that have been done, rather than to dwell upon the prospect of good things to come, I might, by referring to authentic sources of information, draw a series of terrific pictures of persecution, intolerance, and desolation, to which it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find parallels in the history of any nation not absolutely barbarous. It becomes *us*, who are in some degree responsible for the misdeeds of our predecessors, and are certainly bound to repair the evils they have effected, it becomes *us* I repeat, to bear constantly in mind, that ever since her connexion with Great Britain, Ireland has been a grievously oppressed country ; that for the ignoble purpose of extinguishing her religion and seizing on the properties of its votaries, she has

been deprived of those political privileges which were her right, and which, sooner or later, she *will* possess; that so far from the Irish being naturally a turbulent people, they are made so by circumstances *under the control of England*; and that dissatisfied as they are, and have been, the wrongs they have endured, the insults they have suffered, would have justified a course of conduct incomparably more violent than any which Ireland in her wildest moments, in her fiercest paroxysms of excitement, has displayed. The terms of the union, let us remember, promised an equality of civil rights, and until those terms are rigidly complied with, Ireland never will, and she never ought to be, a contented country. Convinced, however, that a brighter day is dawning—nay has already dawned—I would drop a veil over the frightful transactions of by-gone times, and look cheerfully and confidently towards the future."—Vol. ii. pp. 414-15-16.

He then proceeds to defend the Irish people from charges commonly brought against them:—

"As it is not unusual to hear the Irish charged with the several vices of *idleness, cruelty, and recklessness*, it may be well, perhaps, to keep these allegations in view, in the course of the following observations. As to *idleness*,—when it is considered that they receive comparatively no reward for their labour; that the market is continually overstocked; that the more they exert themselves, the more they increase the surplus labour, already too great; and that the disappointments they so repeatedly encounter, have a tendency to destroy their energy, and to produce indifference, or despair, the wonder is, not that they are *idle*, but that they are not infinitely worse. It is, in fact, utterly impossible, in the present state of things, for the Irish to be anything but idle. When they have a prospect of being *compensated* for their labour, it is applied with skilful and enthusiastic industry. Let the character of Irish labourers be sought in the large seaport towns; let an appeal be made to the extensive English farmers, who are glad to avail themselves, in harvest time, of their valuable services. From either of these quarters an answer, far from discreditable to the objects of the enquiry, will be returned. In confirmation of this, I would take the liberty of introducing a passage from the letter of one of the most spirited and experienced of agriculturists, William Stickney, of Ridgmont, in Holderness. I could not refer to higher authority. This gentleman, for many years, has annually employed, during the harvest season, a number of Irish labourers, and this is his judgment of them: 'For honesty, sobriety, industry, gratitude,' says Mr. Stickney, 'and many other good qualities, they far surpass the same class of English labourers. When they begin to arrive in this country, it is sometimes two or three weeks before harvest; and if they do not immediately find work, many of them are without the means of subsistence. Under these circumstances, they frequently apply to me to lend them a few shillings, which I do in small sums, amounting in the whole to several pounds, and this without any injunction that they should work it out with me. They give a verbal promise that they will return the loan

before they leave the neighbourhood; and I do not remember an instance in which they have ever deceived me,—they have invariably returned the money lent, with a deep sense of gratitude. Admiring the Irish labourers, as I have reason to do, I am always glad to see them when they make their appearance. In the summer season, I frequently have from thirty to fifty, or more, lodging upon my premises; several of them working for other persons in the neighbourhood, and many of them entire strangers to me; *yet I would trust my life and property much sooner with them than with the same class of English labourers, and I consider my premises more secure from depredation under their protection, than I should with any other strangers.*”—
vol. ii. pp. 416-19.

Certainly there can be no assertion so utterly unfounded as that which says the Irish are an idle people. The whole life of the poor Irishman is a most energetic and desperate struggle for employment, as a means of honest and creditable support; and as soon ought fault to be found with him for his gaunt and famished looks, as for his occasional appearance of listless inertion. Both are the result of an iron necessity, coped with and fought against in vain. Miss Martineau has written much and soundly upon the science of political economy, and her instructive and interesting works contain but few mistakes; but where these occur, they are weighty ones indeed. A most glaring instance is to be found in her portraiture of an Irish peasant, whom, in one of her interesting tales illustrative of the principles of political economy, she makes to find his greatest delight and chief method of passing life, in lying basking all day in the sun, or by the fire on his wretched cabin hearth, vying in brutish indolence with his pig. We know not if Miss Martineau has been in Ireland, but this gives strong presumptive evidence to the contrary; as we are sure if she had, she never would have penned this description—this, of course unintentional, but not the less gross and utter libel. It is not to be imagined that a person of her philosophic, and benevolent, and enlarged mind, would deliberately stoop to share in and foster the common prejudices against the much and deeply calumniated people of Ireland. At the same time, however, it must be admitted, with deep regret, that she ought not to have written so confidently, where she was so utterly ignorant.

Of Irish outrages, Mr. Binns says:—

“ If the outrages committed by the Irish people are incapable of vindication, facts and circumstances may at least be produced in extenuation. On impartial consideration, it will be apparent, that the very worst are certainly not more cruel and vindictive than any other people under similar treatment; and that the outrages of which they were guilty, were, in fact, for the most part, the natural growth of the policy

adopted towards them. We often heard, for instance, of murders being perpetrated upon such as took land from which others have been ejected; and it is possible that Englishmen, knowing that similar effects do not follow similar causes in *this* country (England), may be disposed to consider a case clearly made out against the Irish. Between the respective systems of taking land in England and Ireland, there is this material difference, however,—so material as to render any analogy that may be drawn, a very imperfect and fallacious mode of reasoning. An English farmer, when ejected, having little or no difficulty in getting another farm, has little or nothing to dread. In Ireland, when a man is ejected, it is next to impossible for him to find a farm at liberty..... In this manner, great numbers have been turned adrift—not because of arrear of rent—not because they had transgressed the rules of their lease—but simply because they happened to profess a religious or political creed at variance with that of a capricious landlord. It cannot surely be denied that, systematically and wickedly oppressed as the Irish labourers are, to rise in self-defence is at least a *natural* course of proceeding, however fearful in its consequences. Other powerful causes operate to increase their hardships. In many cases, having purchased a right of possession from the previous occupiers, they consider themselves to have a permanent interest in the farms for which they have paid; accordingly, ejectments are resented by strenuous combinations. Outrages thus caused are frequently misrepresented, for the very worst of purposes, as arising out of political or religious animosities; and hence it is, that, in the minds of those unacquainted with the peculiar condition and circumstances of the country, prejudices, more easily rooted than removed, are established against the religion and the policies thus stigmatized and calumniated."—vol. ii. pp. 419-22.

Would that we could place before the eyes of every candid Englishman the foregoing sentences! There is truth, deep truth, in every line, and before the power of that truth the foul mists of prejudice and bigotry would fleet as the sea-fog before the freshening breeze.

After these and similar reflections, worthy to be written in letters of gold, for their truth and honesty of purpose, our author turns to the consideration of the means by which Ireland may be raised from her present low condition. Putting aside all questions of a political nature, as foreign to his pages, he declares that it is his impression, that, to an earnest attention to agriculture, Ireland is to owe her regeneration. He goes on to approve of the small-farm system, which has been, by many writers and speakers, so much and hastily cried down. This system, he says, and we deem with truth, is the *consequence*, and not the *cause*, of evil, and is, for a time at least, most necessary for Ireland. A specious theory has induced some landlords, and violent political rancour has spurred on several others, to break up their estates into large holdings, utterly regardless of the misery, starvation,

and death they inflict upon their small tenants, and ignorant of the gross impolicy, for their own pecuniary interests, of such a course. Throughout the examinations of the Commissioners, they found that the most intelligent, and those best qualified to give a sound opinion, gave a strong and unanimous verdict in favour of small farms. "More produce," they stated, "was raised per acre, and more rent paid, on such, than upon those of large extent." These opinions have a merit sufficiently rare in the doctrines of speculators in the present day—they are strictly in accordance with the suggestions of humanity and of charity, both of which have been so fearfully outraged by the ejectments, destitutions and death, that mark the course of the ruthless system of consolidation. The political economy which suggests that system, we demur to—so far, at least, as it is attempted to be applied to Ireland in her present condition. With its abstract soundness or unsoundness, we have nothing immediately to do; and, therefore, shall not stir the question. For the present, we agree with Mr. Binns:—

"Circumstanced as Ireland is, there must be small farmers before there are large ones; and the small farm system, apart from its immediate utility, is productive of very important benefits, in a moral point of view. It is a system of *social gradation and progression*; the higher and more advantageous positions being open to a judicious exercise of energy and industry. By multiplying the number of those who have an interest in the land, as *holders*, it is the means of diffusing a spirit of independence and self-respect, and has an inevitable tendency to elevate the rank of the agriculturists, in a proportion at least equal to the increase of their physical comforts; for they are lifted above the condition of mere servants, and established in the character of masters..... It is much more profitable, even for the farmer himself, to produce a good crop on a small quantity of land, than a middling crop on a large extent."—vol. ii. pp. 430-431.

In different parts of the work, the system followed by Mr. Blacker, agent to Lord Gosford, is warmly lauded and recommended. It is again alluded to, in the recapitulatory chapter, as the one on which small farms can best be managed.

"The Gosford estate, near Market Hill (county of Armagh), contains 20,000 acres, and 1500 tenants, not more than 60 or 70 of which have as much as twenty acres. Mr. Blacker first levels all the old crooked fences, and makes straight ones, as a division between each occupier, allotting a square piece of land, about four statute acres, to each person; and as the tenants were in the last stage of destitution, he found it necessary to provide them with lime and seeds, as a loan, without interest, opening an account with each of them on their first entering upon the farm. A person called *an agriculturist* looks after this, weighs out the seeds, and instructs the people in cultivation. Up-

wards of sixty of these agriculturists have been introduced from Scotland, through Mr. Blacker's means, and distributed among gentlemen who have applied to him from various parts of Ireland. Their wages are from £30 to £40 per annum, including all allowances."—vol. i. pp. 153-4.

Then follow some cases to show the difficulties the enterprizing and meritorious gentleman alluded to had to contend with, and a page or two after follows the rotation of crops recommended by him. Mr. Binns states, that he and his brother assistant Commissioners met with numerous and satisfactory proofs of the advantages resulting from Mr. Blacker's endeavours to improve the condition of the people. For some of these proofs, as well as for other details, we would refer our readers to pages 159-60, &c. &c. in the first volume. This success, however, has not been enough for Mr. Blacker. His enterprize has led him farther, and induced him to apply for the agency of the Dungannon estate in the county of Tyrone, consisting of 3000 acres, and "notorious for the misery and disorderly conduct of its inhabitants." This uninviting agency he obtained, and proceeded to test his principles upon the new field opened to him. In page 171 of the same volume will be found an account of his experiments and their result, already most beneficial, and promising to be still more so, not only to the physical, but to the moral and social condition of the tenantry upon it. In the county Monaghan, Mr. Rose, a gentleman cited as "one who bears the highest character as a landlord, and who is decidedly one of Ireland's benefactors," has adopted much the same manner of dealing with his tenantry, with this difference, that while Mr. Blacker gives to the poor man a loan of lime or clover-seed, the former gives a *loan of a cow*, or a pig. Some years ago, he appointed a committee of his tenants to manage a fund of £400. for the improvement of his estate. They supply cows at 16s. per annum, as a loan to those who are unable to purchase. When the cow dies, the fund sustains the loss, unless its death can be traced to some act or neglect of the tenant in whose hands it is.

With Mr. Binns we are inclined to go far, in the matter of small farms. But we cannot fully agree with him as to the *all importance* of agriculture to our country, and its paramount demands upon the attention of Irishmen. That it is in a very low state, indeed, in Ireland at the present, and that nothing is more desirable than that it should be carried on with greater care and skill, we are quite ready to admit, but cannot concede that it should engross more of our attention—that it is of greater consequence to our future well-being—than is the spread of manufactures. Above all, his doctrine is utterly to be repudiated,

that the duty should be raised upon the foreign import of articles easily to be raised at home. It is singular the perverse tenacity with which, at this period of the world's enlightenment, some men of education, awakened intellect, and informed minds, do still cling to many obsolete and exploded doctrines, regardless of all experience and of the dictates of common sense. "He who runs may read," in the economic history of nations, a thousand instances and ways in which protections react against those who established them. In words, the fact is admitted to be so—in practice the injurious and unworthy system is all too often imitated and revived. Mr. Binns tells us, that with protections we would produce at home, tallow, butter, hemp, and tobacco, articles for which we now pay foreigners to the amount of six millions or upwards, and should be, with regard to them, as we are with regard to corn, since the protection given by the Corn Laws; viz. that we should produce a sufficiency for home consumption, and, besides, that we should have more land brought into cultivation in consequence. We are not going to enter at large into the Corn question, but on these two points, on which he lays so much stress, we would ask of him what are the indisputable facts relative to the corn restrictions. The *poor have no such sufficiency of corn*—their bread is at a price ruinously high for them, and there are no louder complaints of distress from any class of the inhabitants of England, than from the various classes of *agriculturists*. Again, it is certain that one effect of those restrictions has been to bring into cultivation more land than would have been devoted to corn, did they not exist. It is, however, also certain that this is a *forced* cultivation; a devoting to corn, and corn alone, every spare inch of land, no matter how ill-suited to that crop, or how much better suited to another. Meantime the foreigner takes his revenge, (and one that we are often and severely made to feel) by placing restrictions upon *our* exports. The latter consist chiefly of manufactured articles, which require a much greater amount of labour than the raising of corn; and thus one great source of employment is grievously impeded and obstructed in its beneficial flow. We did not expect to find the cruel bread-tax cited favourably by one who is evidently an anxious friend to the working classes.

Mr. Binns' grand panacea for the miseries of the lower orders, is, the employing them in the cultivation of *waste lands*. Houses of refuge he would provide for the aged and infirm—but to the strong and able-bodied he would say: "Here are four acres of waste land, of which you may have a lease for twenty-one years; you may go there, and, with such assistance as will be provided, you and your family may find abundant employment, and live in

comfort."—vol. ii. p. 148. This plan he recommends first to be tried, supplying the labourer with a little timber, to be used in the construction of his cabin, some manure, and a few potatoes—the system to be managed by a Board, and the people rated for it with as little difficulty as for the maintenance of poor laws. Of the workhouse system, he says, it is one that will require an enormous expenditure of money to be carried into effect—that it will be attended with great risk, and, at the best, is of very doubtful benefit. His remarks are so thoroughly borne out by facts, that we will quote his own words.

"If a man once enter a workhouse, and be reduced to being fed as a pauper, his moral energies, and sense of shame and independence, are dissipated and broken. Besides this, no comparison can be instituted between the system in England, and that contemplated to be adopted in Ireland. In England, a workhouse may *easily* be made less agreeable (independently of the loss of liberty) than a labourer's home; in Ireland, on the contrary, what sort of habitation can you put him in that will not be *infinitely superior to his damp, dark cabin*, which *admits the rain and wind* through various parts of the roof? How is he to be *fed*, in a workhouse, in a manner *inferior* to his *ordinary mode of subsistence*? You can hardly deny him a sufficiency of potatoes and salt?"—vol. ii. p. 440-1.

This cannot be denied to him; yet, if he gets this miserable sufficiency, you place him *in a better position* than he is at present as an independent labourer. The Irish peasantry have shown a more than Roman or Spartan virtue in voting as their consciences dictated at parliamentary elections, in the face of their tyrant landlords; and such virtue they will, on similar occasions, show again: but it is supposing rather too exalted a feeling, even in them, to imagine that they will continue to bear with a privation of nearly all the necessities of life for themselves and their wretched families, when "*a sufficiency*" even of potatoes and salt, is offered to them by the Poor Laws.

Our author, in working out his plan of relief, would begin with such waste land as can be brought into cultivation without extraordinary delay, and would reserve the deep and wet bogs to the last. Irish bogs, he, however, allows (and in this he is borne out by the unanimous reports of parliamentary committees, and of private individuals, who have directed their attention to the subject) to be *peculiarly* reclaimable. The objections to attempts at reclamation, he disposes of very quickly—stating what is the fact, that the great expenses and losses that have sometimes occurred in such attempts, have been where they were made by "*gentlemen agriculturists*"—and when and where did *gentlemen not* lose, by cultivating, or occupying, land themselves,

whether the land were good or bad?" (p. 444, vol. ii.) The success of the *poor man* is not generally considered—yet the poor man *does* succeed, whenever he gets a fair opportunity of making the trial.

"The only rational objection that *has* been, or, in my opinion, *can* be, urged, against reclamation, refers to the increased labour it obliges: but even where labour is highest in value, the disadvantages bear no comparison to the positive benefits. * * * My opinion is strongly in favour of the possibility of a government and companies (without the loss of a farthing) profitably employing all the unemployed labourers upon small farms, or the waste lands. * * * Every other plan of creating a proper energy and independence, seems likely to be attended with difficulties and expenses of a fearfully formidable extent. When men know they are working merely for the *sake of work*, they never do so with the same spirit as when employed for some real and beneficial purpose. This feeling (which constitutes one of the distinguished differences between man and the brute creation) ought, instead of being rudely and cruelly suppressed, to be religiously fostered and preserved; but within the degrading atmosphere of a workhouse, it will pine and decay, and become extinct."—vol. ii. pp. 445-47.

The possibility of profitable cultivation of Irish wastes being admitted, the next question is—what are the best means to this desirable end? At once Mr. Binns, among many others, starts forward with an answer; Employ the pauper population upon them. If there be waste lands, so is there plenty of waste, unemployed labour. Turn your poor in upon those lands, as sheep upon a common, and then you can postpone the question of Poor Laws for another two centuries at least. "Away," ejaculates Mr. Binns, "away with the absurd cry of a surplus population, and with the equally absurd cry of emigration." This last scheme he denounces as ruinously expensive, as much so as the workhouse system, so strenuously deprecated by him a few pages before. To neither would he resort until other means are tried, and found to fail, which he denies will be the case, if a fair opening be given for the developement of her vast resources, yet but half discovered, or suspected.

That these resources are varied, are vast, and are as yet but half ascertained, (if so much) is most undoubtedly the case. There has been, as yet, no search made after them in real earnest. A country, for ages delivered up to plunder and oppression—continually the scene of civil commotion, offering, until recently, nothing but peril and insecurity to the timorous capitalist, with a population of paupers, pressed and ground down to the earth unceasingly and unmercifully—their industry nipped by fresh exactions, ever as it tried to raise its head—their spirits broken—a country, whose commercial interests were for so long a time

basely sacrificed to the fancied interests of another—and whose landed proprietors have so uniformly deserted her, and drawn away, to spend in foreign countries, all that every species of tyranny could wring from the hard hands of a starving peasantry—such a country gave little outward indication that her more obvious natural advantages were capable of being turned to profit; and when these, open as they were to the most superficial observer, were neglected, it was not to be supposed that her latent advantages and riches—those which are to be got at but by the exertion of man's patient industry and persevering skill—should be speedily laid bare in their entirety, to the wonder and admiration of those hitherto contemptuously incredulous of their existence. But the fact of the immense extent and variety of her resources, is now universally admitted. No country, of her size, in the world, possesses, or could possess, more. Time, however, is necessary for their working out. Time for this purpose is an indispensable, and is the first requisite—even money, the all-mover, being secondary to it, as money is only attainable in the course of time. We contend that even the limited number of her resources at present fully ascertained, could not be worked out at once—at the same period. Ireland cannot rise in a moment from the depths of destitution to the pinnacle of prosperity. There must be a gradual, although it may be a quick, progression. A beginning was to be made, and has been made, with only some of the easier-worked advantages; and as these bring in their return a thousand fold, we can proceed gradually and steadily to the rest. Money, which has been called the sinews of war, and which is also the sinews of peaceful enterprise, will come in time. There can be no conjuring of it up—the old hags of the parish, in our days, are more solicitous in asking us for money, than in teaching us to find it under a stone, or transforming pieces of slate. Even the Irish Leprechaun, that cunningest of sprites, has not of late years been heard of, unless Mr. Nicholl has contrived to meet with him, and made him surrender his hidden treasure to help along the Poor Law Bill. Mr. Binns speaks with such contempt of the legends he heard in Ireland, that we cannot suppose that at any rate he has received promise of assistance in his projects from the exchequer of Fairyland. Yet some such “foreign loan” is necessary, if we are, as he advises, to set about cultivating our waste lands, and quartering our paupers upon them. *We have not the money,* and not having it, the finest-looking scheme that ever was drawn on paper, is not worth the cost of the ink which was consumed upon it.

Government, our author suggests, should take up the home colonization scheme, in conjunction with private companies. He

does not, however, lay before us any plan, or method, by which to fix upon the particular companies that government is thus to enter into a species of partnership with. Supposing, what he proposes, to be in every other point perfectly feasible, there arises here a difficulty that he does not tell us how we are to conquer, and we readily excuse his evading to consider it, for it appears insuperable. If it be proposed to give aid to all the colonization companies that may be started, the premium of government assistance will bring an immense and impracticable multitude into the field; if a selection is to be made, we ensure violent competition, rivalry, and heart burnings. One company, we are aware, has already been formed for the purpose in question. Let the scheme of "*assistance*" be broached, and a thousand rivals will start up about it. How are we to decide among these, which are to be the favoured;—shall there be sealed tenders, as in contracts for the shoes of a regiment? The most impartial selection that can be made, will create bitter murmurs and jealousies. And what is the history, not remote and ancient, but at our own doors—in our own times—of government assistance to companies? What occurred in the late "*Kingdom of the Netherlands?*" There, capitalists were taken out of the herd, and especially assisted out of the national funds. Success seemed to attend their enterprize, and their outward appearance of high prosperity was not belied by their actual condition. But *how was that condition supported?* *By repeated and exhausting draughts upon the public coffers*, and at the *double* expense of the people; who had first to pay the taxes that supplied the funds for assistance, and who then found themselves at the mercy of the favoured manufacturers for the prices of their articles—all competition being destroyed by the powerful copartnership. A case still more in point is in the accounts of the pauper colonies in the same countries. A good deal of praise has been lavished upon these institutions, but it has always been vague and in general terms, for those who praised have laboured under the slight disadvantage of being utterly ignorant of how such institutions have worked. Some years ago, when the reform now in progress in the English Poor Law system was in contemplation, the authors of that reform made enquiries into the systems in force in foreign countries, with a view to gather from them, and adopt, whatever they might have of inherent good, and avoid what had been proved to be of a contrary tendency. With this view, among other employés, a Mr. Brandreth, a gentleman of talent, experience, and high education, was directed to examine the "*poor colonies*" in the Netherlands, and report upon them. The following is part of his report.

"The most favourable accounts were circulated in Holland as to these colonies up to 1825. In 1829, a distinguished Italian, Count Arrivabéne, visited these colonies, and reported favourably of their progress, but qualified his commendations by expressing great doubts of the efficacy of their moral and social progress, and ultimate success. * * When the objects of these institutions, and the philanthropic spirit that originated and pervades all their efforts, are considered, it will doubtless be a matter of serious regret that they should have hitherto failed to realize the sanguine hopes of their benevolent originators and supporters. The persons admitted into the colonies were paupers, or bordering on pauperism, not altogether invited, but compelled to enter, under the penalty of being treated as vagabonds. The future advantages of good conduct and industry were too vague and distant to persons of their improvident habits and limited intelligence, while the constant sense of seclusion, their eleemosynary condition, and of the constraint under which they were living, repressed their freedom of thought as well as action, and was adverse to their ambition to excel. * * * The evidences were unsatisfactory as to the success of colonies in either Belgium or Holland; and I may farther observe, that, while the people in general recommended those colonies to foreigners, I do not remember meeting *one individual who could point out any specific results, and few who would distinctly assert any increasing or permanent benefit from them.*"—Appendix from Report of Poor Law Commissioners, 1834.

Were we to establish home colonies, it is our "paupers, or persons bordering on pauperism," (to use Mr. Brandreth's words) that we should quarter upon them; and to a certain degree there should be a compulsion to enter, "under penalty of being treated as vagabonds;" otherwise the Irish paupers would prefer the free, roving life they lead at present.

In the same Appendix, a letter is to be found, addressed to Mr. Senior, whose opinions on the Poor Law question are well known, and who was one of the Poor Law Commissioners. The letter is from the "distinguished Italian, Count Arrivabéne," alluded to in the foregoing extract, and gives long details relative to the colonies spoken of, and to a certain degree commends them. But he denounces as absolute folly the idea that by their means mendicity can be got rid of; and the indispensable restraint which is exercised in them over the colonists, he declares to amount to absolute, although inevitable, tyranny. That they are *really* and are likely to be *permanently* beneficial, he totally denies; and he concludes with a most important reflection—that looking to this system in point of *profit* arising from the cultivation of waste lands, (by which profit alone could the enormous expenses the system entails be justified) it is absurd to imagine that such a field would not long

ago have been entered upon by private speculation, if profit were really attainable. In these remarks he is fully coincided with by M. Ducpétiaux, Inspector-general of prisons, hospitals, &c., in Belgium, who gives the following picture of the actual state of the pauper colonies, while discussing the suggestions made as to means for protracting their existence.

“ *Aurait-on recours à cet effet aux emprunts? Mais cette ressource est plus qu'épuisée; les garanties manquent; le protectorat a disparu, les terres et les bâtiments, les meubles et les immeubles, sont déjà chargés d'une dette qui dépasse de beaucoup leur valeur, et qui va chaque jour en s'accroissant: quelle hypothèque offrirait-on désormais aux prêteurs?* ”—*Appendix from foreign communications, Poor Law Report, Session 1834.*

This, then, is the flourishing state—the successful experiment—of home-colonization in the Netherlands. A ruinous pressure of debt—a failure of the means to support the system—a doubt, *UNIVERSAL*, as to any moral or social good, either effected or likely to be so—a galling and inevitable tyranny towards the paupers—bitterness and every bad feeling generated in their breasts. Is the prospect of all this likely to allure us into an adoption of the mistaken scheme of which these are the certain attendants? We have the evidence of impartial, cool-headed, educated men, and who would gladly have proclaimed benefits and success, if the facts had justified them. They felt and understood, and entered into the feelings of benevolence that suggested the system, but sacred truth compels them to acknowledge that that benevolence was utterly misguided and mistaken. And they furthermore inform us, that, not only have these colonies not been found, after nearly twenty years of trial, to have succeeded, but also they have never at any one time succeeded even so far as to supersede the necessity of *workhouses*; the latter, in numbers, and, *in addition, actual mendicity*, having existed throughout the whole period. Have we money for the costly experiment of establishing these colonies and supporting workhouses at one and the same time? If we will spurn and neglect the experience of foreign countries, let us at least consider our means before we rush upon the expensive scheme before us. Would it not be well to wait at least till we see what progress an unassisted private company may accomplish in the work of reclamation, alike of waste lands, and of thriftless, spiritless paupers?

Mr. Binns declares his hostility to all plans for “ *emigration*;” and certainly if they involve, as he says they necessarily must do, *greater expenses* than his own proposition of home-colonization, he has reason in his hostility. It is unfortunate that so

many fair-looking and most excellent theories of relief are doomed to fall to the ground for the want of that vile dross—money. One thing alone is wanting to the establishment of a most extensive and beneficial scheme of emigration, and that one thing is *money*—money, be it understood, not raised by taxation from the countries we would relieve by such emigration. That taxation is unfortunately yet more oppressive than the burthen we endeavour to remove. We fairly confess that to us, the propositions of “home-colonization,” “emigration,” or “poor laws,” unconnected with either, seem all alike impracticable, and chiefly and principally on the ground of hopeless deficiency of pecuniary means to work them to any but a very limited extent. The poor-law theorists tell us of the immense amount *wasted*, as they say, in *voluntary* charity at present; but how do they propose to get a legislative enactment for anything like this amount? A thousand obstacles are in their way. In the first place, is the natural reluctance of human beings to *give*, when they are *forced* to give. Again, the present donations are, in a very great proportion, relief in *kind*, relief in food, &c. In instances innumerable, the poor landholder has been known to cultivate half an acre more than will supply his family, and this surplus is intended for the poor. This is the way in which he can best afford to give charity; and, indeed, generally speaking, the *only* way. This cannot be touched by the legislature. The classes to be relieved are at present very numerous, indeed frightfully so; but a terrible addition will be made on the establishment of poor laws. At once the pauper roll will be fearfully swelled by the vast class denominated “*strugglers*,” who are now fighting a life and death battle against destitution, and who will readily and gladly give up their desperate and life-wearing efforts when they are assured of a provision by law for themselves and their families. The experience of England ought to warn us against pauper legislation. After three centuries of the establishment of a legal provision for the poor, a good system has not yet been found out, and strong and increasing doubts exist as to the possibility of any system being good. Were poor laws sound in principle, this would not be the case. The late “amendment” of them, consists, in the main, of a *reduction* of their enactments, and is in fact as near an approach to their total abolition, as could well be made in a country whose inhabitants are so long accustomed to a legal provision for the poor. A maxim strongly and earnestly laid down by the promoters of the “amendment,” is, that the condition of the pauper under relief ought to be inferior to the condition of the independent labourer. We have, in a former page,

said with Mr. Binns, that this is impossible in Ireland, where the labourer's condition has nothing below it, short of actual starvation. If proof be required, we refer the reader to our author's volumes, where, at almost every tenth page, the wages and condition of the working peasantry in various parts, are accurately detailed and described.

Legislation for the poor in England began in no kindly feelings towards them. The Poor Law Commissioners state in their report, that "the great object of early pauper legislation seems to have been the repression of vagrancy." The feudal lords sought to restrain their vassals from flying to corporate towns, to escape their thraldom and find protection under the municipal privileges. To remedy this, the "*statute of labourers*" was passed in 1351. By it not only the personal liberty of the agricultural population was put under severe restraints, but their *wages* were sought to be definitively settled and fixed. In the years 1376 and 1378, complaints were renewed in parliament of the escape of vassals and their finding protection in corporate towns, and this notwithstanding several acts of Edward the Third, by which it was vainly endeavoured to enforce the *statute of labourers*. This iniquitous statute was found, like all such, quite inoperative for the end for which it was intended, but at the same time copiously productive of misery to the wretched people. But centuries had to roll over ere the legislature would abandon its endeavours to fetter industry. The reign of Richard the Second, and the succeeding reigns, present a long list of acts, more or less restrictive of personal liberty, and more or less interfering with industry. The natural consequence of this unholy crusade of the rich against the poor followed—the lower classes, met at every step by searching and grinding tyranny, either gave up, or were forced greatly to relax, their exertions for subsistence, and the land was crowded with the destitute and the discontented. Then the harsh and despotic spirit, that dictated the ruinous restrictions, got full scope for its cruelty, and vagrancy was punished by laws of which it has been well said, that "with the single exception of *scalping*, they equalled the worst atrocities ever practised by the North American Indians upon their prisoners." (*Eden's History of the Poor*.) Whipping "until the body be bloody"—boring with a hot iron, the compass of an inch, through the gristle of the ear—branding in the face and on the shoulder—cropping the ears—being adjudged a slave for two years, and, (in case of attempts at escape) slavery for life—chaining, and finally death as a felon—these were the mild and paternal methods of treating the poorer classes, that marked the earlier history of Poor Laws, and that

indeed continued, in a modified degree, to be used until not a very remote period from our own time.

When the productive classes were thus trodden down, it is not to be wondered at if these laws increased the evils they were meant to remove. Confessions began to appear in the preambles of the new acts, of the utter inefficacy of those that preceded them. The statutes against vagrancy were altered, amended, remodelled, and multiplied, and, *pari passu*, the multitude of the poor increased. Meanwhile, the slender provisions these laws contained for the relief of the impotent, remained without addition for an immense time. Notwithstanding the gross imperfections of the social institutions, and their consequence, the thousand-fold increase of pauperism, voluntary charity did much to relieve the destitute. The commissioners whom the rapacious Henry the Eighth appointed to enquire into the state of the monasteries, sent him with their report an earnest recommendation that the subjects of their enquiries should not be dissolved, because of the good they did the poor; and when subsequently a bill was brought into parliament for their dissolution, it contained a promise that their revenues should continue to be devoted to purposes of charity. But this promise was at once broken, when the end for which it was made was attained, and compulsory relief was introduced. Statute after statute was enacted to enforce it, until, in the forty-third year of the reign of Elizabeth, the famous and much vaunted act was passed which is considered as properly the foundation of the laws for the relief of the poor. This act is the theme of much and loud praise, and according to many theorists we have but to recur to it, to find a sure and safe guide in establishing poor laws in Ireland; yet if it were so intrinsically excellent, why has it not been solely confided in, in England? Why were there complaints almost immediate against it, and why have so many attempts at amending it been made? It is true it gave for a short space relief—but let it be recollected, that for several years preceding, the seasons had been very bad, and a great and extensive dearth prevailed. A change occurred—the three or four succeeding seasons were good, and all their benefits were ascribed to the influence of this panacea, the forty-third of Elizabeth. But this state of things did not last long. So early as the seventh year of the reign of James the First, poor laws were deemed, in the words of a statute then passed, to “operate as a *premium upon idleness*.” During the protectorate of Cromwell, wars, domestic and foreign, drew public attention from the subject. Under Charles the Second additional acts were passed, altering, amending, &c. &c., the system of pauper legislation—the preambles of

each confessing the worse than uselessness of former enactments, and ever complaining of the still progressing increase of pauperism. This confession and complaint were repeated over and over again in the reigns of James the Second and William the Third, the latter of whom declared in his first speech from the throne, that poor laws had been effective only in the multiplication of objects needing relief. During the reigns of Anne and the Georges, a myriad of acts of parliament, crowding one upon another, proclaimed to the world that no effective plan was yet discovered to give real relief and stop the appalling increase of destitution. Meantime, throughout the period from the Restoration down, a host of writers were busy proclaiming the same melancholy fact. Clarendon, Sir Joshua Childe, the keen-witted and penetrating De Foe, Fielding, and many others, all acknowledged it, and all and each vainly sought to suggest a remedy, while no two of them could agree upon the same, nor indeed upon any point but on that of the before-mentioned fact itself. It is worth while to quote Fielding's words, as given by Sir Frederick Eden in his *History of Poor Laws*. Writing in the year 1753, Fielding says, "That the poor are a very great burthen and even a nuisance to this kingdom; that the laws for relieving their distress, &c., have not answered their purposes, *are truths which every man will acknowledge*. Such have been the *unanimous complaints of all writers* from the days of Queen Elizabeth down; such is the *sense of the legislature*, and such is the *universal voice of the nation*." The words of Fielding are true in the present day. In our time, enlightened as we deem it to be, and advanced in every species of knowledge, the real panacea is yet unknown. A poor law reform of a sweeping nature has been devised, and is slowly coming into operation. As yet no general opinion can be pronounced upon it, but this much may be remarked in passing, that where as yet any benefits have resulted from it, they are traceable more to the doing away of some of the old multifarious provisions than to any new and positive enactment. We venture to prophecy that the tendency of future amendments will be to annihilate still more of the old provisions, until gradually the English people shall be weaned from the tainted sources where they have so long been mocked with a false nourishment, and at length the abhorred compound of tyranny, selfishness, hard-heartedness, hypocrisy, and moral and social degradation, which constitutes the poor law code, shall be exposed to the execration of the world.

The space we have devoted to the hasty review we have given of the history of legislation for the poor, can scarcely be said to be taken from our proper subject, when we are considering with

Mr. Binns the various remedies proposed for the "miseries of Ireland." We agreed with him in doubting the efficacy, and dreading the expense, of a regular government system of emigration—we differed with him upon his own scheme, and differed *toto caelo*. But we find ourselves again in accord with him, in reprobating Poor Laws, and go to his full extent and *farther* in that reprobation. We distrust all attempts at compulsory relief. Differing thus from him and others, it is in some measure incumbent on us to state to what means we do look for relief to the poverty of Ireland. It is vain for Mr. Binns to seek to consider the economic condition of Ireland apart from her political state. The one is and has been in close dependence upon the other. Her present misery, her former sufferings, both alike proceeded from misgovernment. Those now in power are manfully struggling to remedy some of the evil effects of that misgovernment, and to give "*justice to Ireland*." But their best efforts are crippled and often baffled by the base faction who were so long the tyrants of that unhappy country. One branch of the legislature is in the hands of that faction, and every good and healing measure is either stopped there in its progress, or not suffered to pass, until it is but a skeleton of what it was at the outset. This obstacle must be removed. England is beginning to recognize the rights and feel repentance and sorrow for the wrongs of the sister island. The tide has turned, and the blessed stream of kindness and benevolence at length is setting our way. Its flow must not be impeded—it is time the vile barrier should be knocked away, if it be not voluntarily withdrawn. Let full justice be done to Ireland. Let continual attention be given to her internal affairs, as is given to those of the two other countries of this realm. Support public works if you will, but let them be those of a nature likely to be permanently beneficial, not such as call into action for a limited period a vast amount of labour, and then, when completed, leave that labour a drug in the market, thereby occasioning greater misery than before. Give the people of Ireland a share and an influence in the management of their own corporations, of the levying rates out of their own pockets, and the distribution of the products—extend the franchise and protect the poor voter from his tyrant landlord, by the shield of the secret ballot—free commerce from its restrictions—improve harbours and open roads—give free play everywhere to industry and enterprise. Meantime provide hospitals and houses of refuge for those sick of contagious disorders, for incurables, and for the maimed, and support *liberally* these institutions. All these make up the pro-

visions of the species of Poor Law we would propose, and surely it would be well to try what these would effect, before we venture upon the doubtful and perilous experiment of the laws that England for upwards of three centuries has been vainly enacting, altering, remodelling, and has not yet succeeded in reducing into a beneficial, *or even a harmless code*. Let us remember, if we hastily adopt Poor Laws, that that step once taken, many a long year must elapse before we can retrace it, if we find it to be an injurious and pernicious one. The people once accustomed to these laws, will not easily give them up, and thus we may rashly entail misery and degradation upon generations yet unborn.

Turning from this painfully interesting subject to Mr. Binns' remarks upon other matters, we find that gentleman strangely at variance with Mr. Nicholls, (the author of the present Irish Poor Law Bill,) on the subject of the marriages of the Irish peasantry. The latter gentleman has declared it to be quite a mistake to suppose those marriages take place at a very early age of the parties, and informs us that both in England and Scotland premature wedlock is far more common. Mr. Binns' experience is all the other way, and he gives the evidence to this effect of various persons, indifferent of the places where the examinations were conducted. In one case, in the barony of Fews Lower, in the county of Armagh, he heard of a man, "the joint ages of whose father and mother, on the day of their marriage, did *not amount to thirty-one!*" We believe our author has the fact on his side, in saying that the Irish marry very early; but this practice is far from being of the mischievous tendency some theorists declare it to be. One great benefit results from it in Ireland at least—a young man is saved from much temptation and vice, and gets an additional impulse towards exertion and industry, while the hardships he encounters on entering life are lightened and solaced by the companion he has chosen. "The women," observes one witness, "are generally careful; they may in many ways make a man comfortable." The young couple afford a home to their parents in their old age—"it is common for them to have their parents living with them."—(p. 57, vol. i.) The person who informed Mr. Binns of the very early marriage in Armagh county, (to which, by the way, several parallels are noticed in other places,) added, "that a man who has no wife and family is far less highly esteemed than one who possesses them." The same is the case in other parts of Ireland, and this would not be so if early marriages were so deeply injurious and ruinous in their tendency as is generally supposed.

The following extracts are a good antidote to the Tory calumnies on the Irish people :—

“ Their disposition is most confiding, when the conduct of the landlord, *whatever be his politics or religion*, is regulated by honourable principles. This confidence in their superiors, is one among many proofs of the docility of the Irish, and the ease with which they may be governed Their misery is borne with cheerfulness; they are uniformly polite and hospitable, and ever ready to communicate any information it may be in their power to supply. Their submission to their hard destiny is remarkable. On one occasion, a woman remarked to me, ‘ that they had hard fare and disappointments, but God prepared the back for the burthen.’ By way of giving them some little comfort, I frequently remarked, that they and their children were far more healthy than the rich; they would cry, ‘ God so ordered it for the poor !’ (pp. 84, 89. vol. i.) The Irish are a *patient*, as well as an oppressed people, or they would not so long have submitted to the hardships they endure The inhabitants of the County Tipperary have been considered the most ferocious, but I felt as safe there as in England. It is only under deep injury that the people seek revenge. (p. 62, vol. ii.) I was much gratified to hear from Mr. Bolton, (agent to Lord Stanley’s estate in the just-named county) that the people were docile and easily managed, and that although he was living in the heart of what is thought the most turbulent part of the kingdom, and had occasion to travel at all hours, he had never been disturbed, or intimidated, and did not feel the slightest apprehension. This is a strong additional proof, that if a conciliatory policy, in unison with the great principles of Christianity, were uniformly adopted both by the legislature and by individuals, towards the people of Ireland, disturbances would in a great measure cease, and extensive police and military establishments be rendered unnecessary.”—(p. 163, vol. ii.)

The recent charge of Judge Moore, at the Spring Assizes, for the same county, is the best comment on this prediction :—

“ Under providence, said his Lordship, Tipperary is fast approaching a state becoming the finest county and population in Ireland The disinclination to prosecute, if not for ever crushed, is fast disappearing —the law has been enforced; no longer do we hear of those deadly brutalizing battles formerly of such common occurrence—peace and order prevail.”

The common accusation of great addiction to drunkenness in the Irish people, Mr. Binns throws discredit upon in numerous parts of his work; and his authority is the more to be respected, as he examined very carefully into the grounds on which it was made. Indeed, in general he seems to have formed a good and kind opinion of the people among whom he was; but that opinion has occasionally a little alloy; as, for instance, where, in pages 98, 140, 279, &c. of vol. i. and 24, 36, &c. of vol. ii. he accuses them

of credulity and superstition. Without denying that among them, as among the uneducated of every country, credulity and superstition do exist, we confidently say that it is in a much inferior degree to what appears to strangers. In the first place strangers, especially Englishmen, coming to Ireland, bring over with them a firm conviction that the Irish are pre-eminently superstitious and credulous. This conviction is the result of the million misrepresentations and calumnies, with which ignorance or hostility, or both, have filled the pages of English writers upon Irish affairs. To a person thus involuntarily, but obstinately prejudiced, every trivial circumstance gives "confirmation strong" of his old impressions. A singular feature in the Irish character tends to add to this delusion. A strong and deep under-current of satirical humour pervades that character, bursting forth in a dark and bitter flood under the pressure of wrong and tyranny; but, in moments of merriment and ease, venting itself in a light and sparkling stream. Then all things around are made matters of jest, and the peculiarities of individuals are probed and played upon, with a quiet but keen and exquisite humour; while the person submitted to the process is all unconscious of it, and thinks, "good easy man," full sure he is himself laying bare and detecting the salient points of ridicule in the strange people he is among. It is thought that this inclination to search out food for laughter, is a dangerous quality to its possessors, as inducing to levity upon the *great*, as well as on the minor occasions of life, (and it must be confessed that the habit and love of looking at the ludicrous side of things are sometimes pushed very far); yet it is to be remembered that but for this constitutional tendency to "daff the world aside" and all its cares, with a jest and a laugh, the Irish peasant would succumb to the spirit-crushing misfortunes of which he has been, and still is, but too frequently the prey. Mr. Binns has met with his share of "quizzing," and we cannot refrain from quoting one instance that has just caught our eye. Upon his road to Magherhafelt, in the county of Londonderry, he noticed, as he informs us, the absence of *mile-stones*. The driver of the vehicle, on which he was, had too much of the genuine Irish peasant about him to be for one moment at a loss for an answer, and he accordingly gave the satisfactory reply: "That the old mile-stones had just been taken up, and the new ones had not as yet been put down." A thousand similar good and sufficient reasons are daily offered to the matter-of-fact minds of English enquirers, and swallowed, for a time at least, with an easiness that delights the secret souls of their ingenuous, but not alway very *ingenuous*, informants. We must beg Mr. Binns'

pardon for setting him down in the class of "mystified," when he tells us the following :—

" Extraordinary stories were related to me of bloody fights for the bodies of St. Patrick, and other saints ; and in order to appease the people, of St. Patrick having thrust his hand through the earth to prove that he was at Downpatrick. These stories are related with the most perfect gravity, and apparent zeal."—vol. i. p. 143.

And again, shortly after :

" Some of the credulous Irish have a tradition, that the Isle of Man was formed out of the land scooped out of the space now filled by Lough Neagh," &c.—p. 274.

We do not mean to deny that in former times credit was given by the Irish peasantry to the idle tales they now relate in jest—the peasantry of every country, and the higher classes also, were credulous and superstitious in former times. But we *do* mean to deny that the Irish do *now* attach credit to the fairy tales that they tell with "*most perfect gravity*," when they perceive

" A chiel's amang them takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it."

The authors of those amusing compilations, which from time to time appear, professing to detail the fanciful belief of the Irish in beings of unearthly nature, are quite as often indebted to their own imaginations for the wild and grotesque legends they narrate, as to what they have actually gathered from the lips of parties to whom they ascribe the belief. We cannot suppose that Mr. Binns, who, in several parts of his book, so well and feelingly urges the great precepts of charity and mutual forbearance, meant to include under the title of "degrading superstitions" that which is included under such a head by many of the holiday tourists that visit Ireland to slander and vilify her. We allude to the *religion* of her people. It has been the tolerant custom to denounce the Catholic religion as a superstition, but as we do not think our author intended to adopt such a mode of speaking of the religious belief of his fellow-men, it is not necessary to dilate farther on the subject.

Acquitting him of *wilful* bigotry, and giving the ample credit he deserves for his evident kindness of feeling, and his sound and enlightened remarks on the holiness of mutual charity, as well as on matters of mundane policy, we turn to what he does permit himself to remark as to the faith of the Irish people, and the conduct of their pastors.

" It is notorious that the blessings that are ever found to result from a free and unmolested perusal of the bible, are often denied to the

poor and unlearned members of the Roman Catholic communion. Except in the company of their priests, or when attending divine worship in their chapels, they are forbidden to consult the Scriptures; thus being excluded from one of the richest sources of instruction and comfort. Besides, apart from the evil of interdicting the popular use of the Scriptures, in a spiritual point of view, the prohibition is objectionable on another ground. It imposes on those who submit to it, a yoke of mental slavery. As long as a people submit to a dictation of this sort, they are unfit for the successful execution of great enterprizes. But in spite of the interdiction of the priests, the Catholics, I believe, will *not* be prevented from reading the Scriptures. In one place I visited, I was told by a most respectable gentleman, that such had been the anxiety of several poor Catholic families in his neighbourhood to 'search the Scriptures' in consequence of relations from their children of passages they had read at the schools of the Board, that, in defiance of the risk they ran, *they had actually obtained bibles*; and Mr. Blacker, at the conclusion of his 'Claims of the Landed Interests,' gives the following information: 'I have been lately assured by a Protestant clergyman, that he had it from *good authority* that Roman Catholics were now meeting by stealth, at night, to read the Scriptures, in a district where Popery seemed thoroughly to predominate.'—vol. ii. p. 228.

As to Mr. Blacker's statement (or, more properly, the statement of Mr. Blacker's anonymous informant, on equally anonymous "*good authority*") it is but one of the thousand "astonishing proofs of the spread of the Gospel in Ireland," that are to be found every day in the Tory papers, and that are deficient in but *three* important requisites, *dates*, *names*, and *truth*. Mr. Binns is mistaken. It is *not* notorious that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible. They are forbidden indeed to read the *Protestant* version, because the Catholic Church believes, and has the clearest evidence to prove, that that version was in very many places *wilfully* corrupted. Catholics may read the version their Church approves of, and to which she has added notes and commentations to assist the judgment; for she repudiates the idea that every person—the uneducated as well as the educated—the obtuse of mind as well as those of keen perceptions—the weak and unstable as well as the sound and solid reasoner—can all alike interpret for themselves the obscure and difficult passages of the Holy Writings. The vast variety and gradation of intellect, character, and education, to be found in the human race, have the effect of producing an equal variety of opinion on questions of civil policy and other matters of universal interest; yet it is held that on one point,—the highest, most important, and difficult of all—the question of religious belief—a harmony and accordance of opinion and of decision is

attainable by the unassisted efforts of each human mind, working by itself, apart from the mass, and from all counsel and support. But perfect harmony, it is stated, is not required, except upon the foundation truths of religion. Has even this been attained? if so, then why are there Anabaptists, Owenites, Southcottites, Atheists, and a thousand other designations? The Catholic Church provides for her children guidance and counsel—she traces the succession of her heads from the Apostles; and from them transmits down, through the long reach of 1800 years, the unchanged unchanging interpretations of the Sacred Volume; and long as time shall last, she will still transmit that interpretation to every successive generation of her children, as their chart and compass, pointing out the one true course over the darksome waters of existence, to the secure and blessed haven of eternal happiness.

Besides this grand accusation of Mr. Binns, he accuses the priests of the north of Ireland especially, of "want of charity;" and states that "they and their flocks entertain towards those of the opposite faith, a *deep-rooted and unchristian prejudice*." Were the case so, it ought scarcely to be wondered at, when both pastors and flock are and have been treated with such contempt, oppression, and insult, by "those of the opposite faith,"—Protestant clergy and Protestant laity, both landlords and lower orders. Orange processions, sanctioned and patronized,—corps of orange-men, not only suffered to drill and arm themselves, but encouraged and cheered on to "wreck" and devastate the little property of Catholics,—to insult and outrage their religious belief and religious ceremonies, and put in peril the lives of themselves and their families,—these are the fostering kindnesses that Catholics receive at the hands of "those of the opposite faith" in the north. Is it strange that they are not very grateful for such treatment?

" Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me—dog; and for these courtesies,
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

For such "courtesies" as we have described, we do not think much gratitude is due from Catholics; but we do not, however, grant that they entertain the unchristian prejudice Mr. Binns speaks of. We fear he is the unconscious retailer of calumnies he heard from those who hate the Catholics and their religion. He has been among men like Mr. Blacker—in politics heated partisans—and their exaggerated and unfounded stories (the offspring of that unforgiving hatred which rankles in the breasts of those "who have done the wrong;" the offspring, too, of fear—

cowardly fear—of the consequences of their own and their predecessors' ill-treatment of the people among whom their lot was cast), these stories have been poured like a deadly poison into Mr. Binns's mind, perverting his natural good judgment, and prejudicing him, despite of himself. A sample of the nature of the information sometimes given him (and, indeed, another instance, and, in this case, a malignant one, of the species of *mystification* we have before said to be common in Ireland towards ready-believing strangers), is in his second volume, where he tells us he learned that, at Philipstown (King's county), peace and order prevail, “not MORE than eight or nine Protestants *having been murdered in affrays connected with religion* during the last fourteen years.” (vol. ii. p. 65.) We regret to be obliged to say, that among those of Mr. Binns's own communion—the Society of Friends—we mean the *Irish* portion of that Society—are some, and *many*, of the most deep and inveterate enemies and calumniators of Ireland and her unfortunate people. Their conduct is very much unlike that of the members of the same most respectable society in England, where the great and constant characteristics of the body are charity, liberality, philanthropy, in its most energetic degree, as so abundantly testified in a thousand ways, and pre-eminently by their whole-hearted and self-devoting exertions in favour of the Negroes. Honour to the body that produces such men as Joseph Sturge, who twice gave up his home, his country, and his ease, to brave the dangers of the climate, and the persecutions of the culprit planters, to ascertain with his own eyes, and report to the world, the real condition of the “apprenticed labourers” in the West Indies!

We gladly leave the unpleasant subject we have been discussing, and turn to our author's allusions to, and descriptions of, Irish scenery and objects of interest. The following is his decision on the much-agitated question, whether are the Irish or the English lakes superior in point of beauty?

“Having seen the Lakes of Killarney, I was enabled to draw a comparison for myself between them and the rest of the Irish lakes and the celebrated lakes of the north of England. Lough Neagh, the largest of all the Irish lakes, would be altogether uninteresting, were it not for its immense extent, and for the pebbles, petrifications, and plants, scattered upon its shores. Lough Erne, the next in size, certainly surpasses Windermere, as a lake, in the neighbourhood of which, art and nature are united with consummate felicity; and Lake Killikeen, and the other lakes of Cavan, are, from their number, as well as their variety and beauty, certainly entitled to take high rank among the lakes of the ‘Emerald Isle.’ Lough Gilly, though comparatively unimportant, when considered in reference exclusively to size, is a charming spot, infinitely superior, in my opinion, to Lough Erne. The Islands on it are bolder,

the shores not so flat, and more variously indented ; and the mountains seen from its bosom, far surpass, in diversity of character and outline, those that encompass the latter lake. It also has a charm in its luxuriant arbutus, that Lough Erne cannot pretend to. But the Lakes of Killarney, attractive as many of the others unquestionably are, exceed them all in variety, boldness, and beauty. None of the Lakes in either Cumberland, Westmoreland, or Lancashire, will bear a comparison with these.... Those who have not seen the Lakes of Killarney, can form no adequate idea of the abundance and exquisite loveliness of the arbutus there."—vol. ii. pp. 115-19, &c.

Mount Melleray, the seat of the order of the Trappists in Ireland, he thus describes :—

" Being provided with a note of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Ryan, the superior of the Trappist settlement at Mount Melleray, I set off to inspect that most interesting and singular establishment. Mount Melleray (a name given by the monks themselves), is situated near Cappoquin, in the midst of a vast tract of barren heath, on the side of the Knockmeledown Mountains, which were covered with snow. The buildings are of immense magnitude ; and though certainly striking from the loneliness of their position, and deeply interesting from the associations connected with the history of their inhabitants, have nothing to recommend them as specimens of architectural beauty. They strongly reminded me of the drawings of the Hospices on the Alps. Mr. Ryan received me with great politeness, and shewed every disposition to communicate information on the subject which had induced me to obtrude upon his privacy. In 1831, it appears, seventy-eight monks, who, for fifteen years, had lived happy and contented under a M. Saulmer, employed in cultivating the barren lands of Brittany, were forcibly expelled from the Monastery of La Trappe of Melleraye, their expulsion being accompanied with acts of brutal violence, ' attended,' (to use the words of Mr. Ryan,) ' by many atrocious circumstances, based upon accusations the most stupid and calumnious.' On arriving in Ireland, Sir Richard Keane granted them, at a nominal rent, 600 statute acres of moor and bog-land, on a lease of one hundred years. This they instantly began to cultivate ; they, at the same time, began to raise their extensive buildings ; and it is a remarkable fact, a *fact*, by the way, *that speaks with singular emphasis against the indispensableness of a compulsory Church*, that, though possessed of only *one sixpence* on their arrival, they raised, within the short space of three years, a series of structures that would have cost, if paid for at the usual value of work, not less than £10,000. They were, however, gratuitously assisted in their stupendous undertakings (for such they may indeed be called) by the people on every side. In a country where tithe has nearly ceased to be collected, a small company of religious men, sixty in number, have succeeded, though penniless, in converting a wilderness into a fertile place, and in raising an immense and costly habitation. This can only be accounted for by the fact, that the religion they professed was the religion of the people, and that the people honoured and respected

them for the virtues that adorned it. The monks of Mount Melleray, when I visited their establishment, had 120 acres under cultivation, yielding fine crops of rye, oats, turnips, and potatoes. Their gardens, too, abound in every variety of vegetables. They have planted, moreover, 120,000 forest trees; so that, in a few years, the face of the country, so lately brown and bare of beauty, will be covered with verdure. Besides the land granted to the Trappists, Sir Richard Keane had 5000 acres of bog, all of which was untenanted and uncultivated. Since the settlement of the monks, however, the whole of it has become tenanted, and is now undergoing cultivation. Buildings are springing up on every side, and the barren waste is gradually changing into a fruitful and smiling land."

In common with all visitors of late years to Ireland, Mr. Binns made it a point to go to Darrynane Abbey, the seat of Mr. O'Connell, M.P. for Dublin. His description of it is full, and contrasts favourably with the descriptions given by other tourists, some of whom seem to wish to avail themselves of Mr. O'Connell's hospitality, in order to abuse it.

"Old castles abound in the course of the drive from Kenmare; and from the high moors, about two miles before we arrive at the descent to Darrynane, an extensive and noble prospect is commanded. The mighty Atlantic bounds this magnificent view, which includes, among other objects, the mouth of the Kenmare River,—the Islands of Scariff and Dinish, rising abruptly out of the ocean,—the rocks called the Bull, Cow, and Calf, at the extremity of the peninsula that divides Bantry Bay from Kenmare River,—and, lastly, Darrynane House, and the ruins of Darrynane Abbey, reposing at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of Kenmare River, near the open sea. It was on a Saturday evening I arrived at Darrynane, and having left my introduction to the proprietor, along with some other papers, in Dublin, I had an opportunity of proving the statements made to me as to hospitality. I had, in fact, no other introduction to Darrynane Abbey, than that I was a stranger and an Englishman; but these were amply sufficient. The day on which I arrived was a fast-day, the table was admirably supplied with a variety of fish, and some excellent Kerry mutton for the use of Protestant strangers. Fourteen different kinds of fish, caught close to the place, are frequently on the table at the same time. The coast abounds with fish—as many as thirty turbot have been caught at one draught. Darrynane Abbey is an extensive pile of buildings, erected at different periods, and without regard to any particular order of architecture, or uniformity of plan. Convenience, and the comfort of his guests, seem to have guided Mr. O'Connell in the enlargement of his mansion. In front stretches a garden, at the end of which is a fine natural lawn of short soft grass—in spring and summer the scene of various sports and pleasant recreative exercises. The sea, which here forms a small bay, comes close up to the lawn. The sands are firm and clean, and the waves, which struck me as of a remarkably emerald hue, are interrupted in their majestic progress by picturesque rocks. A

rookery presents a scene of perpetual animation to the north of the house; and in the same direction are extensive plantations, containing rustic bowers, tastefully designed, and winding walks, by the side of clear brooks. All these, of course, I saw under considerable disadvantages, it being winter; yet I saw enough to convince me that Darrynane is a lovely spot. The air is peculiarly wholesome; and during my stay, a letter was received from Mr. O'Connell, anticipating the enjoyments of his native place, and speaking with delight of deriving from its healthy climate a good stock of health, to enable him to stand the political war. When at Darrynane, hunting is his favourite exercise; and I was informed he climbs the rugged mountains after his favourite pack of beagles, with all the untiring activity and buoyancy of youth."....

Having gone with the parish priest to the parish chapel of Darrynane, Mr. Binns was—

" Much struck with the devoted manner of the congregation, not only in that lonely chapel, but in every part of Ireland. They who sneer at the religion of Roman Catholics, would forego their contempt, if they saw the consolation derived from the despised faith of their fathers by the half-starved Irish. As a Protestant, I dissent from many of the doctrines of the Church of Rome; but having seen the power of those doctrines over the hearts and conduct of their votaries, I am admonished not to mingle my dissent with uncharitableness.... The minister of this congregation was a man of humble pretensions, but industrious and zealous in his calling.... His unostentatious dwelling was a very humble cabin, such as few labourers in England would consent to live in, and his labours immense.... The congregation were remarkably clean and respectable-looking, and are a stout and healthy people. They believe their ancestors to have been of Spanish origin, and feel some pride in the antiquity of their descent. From this feeling of family pride, Mr. O'Connell himself is not quite free; making use of the circumflex over the 'O,' as indicative of Spanish origin."—vol ii. pp. 343, 347, 349.

The circumflex over the "O" in Mr. O'Connell's name, we understand is meant as a contraction of an *Irish* word signifying "*the son of*," and not as evidence of Spanish origin. At the same time, Mr. Binns is quite right in saying that there are many marks of a Spanish race among the southern peasantry of Ireland, and also in Galway, the likeness of which to a Spanish town has forcibly struck many visitors. The simple cause is this, that a very long continued, and, for the times, a very intimate intercourse and correspondence, existed between the shores of Ireland and the northern coast of Spain; and warlike adventure, or, more frequently, mercantile enterprize, continued this intercourse and correspondence, from a remote period, down to so late as the middle of the last century. The extent and strength of these relations between the two countries, are, comparatively speaking, very little known in the present day, and, indeed, were

so in a very limited degree to the various English historians and writers upon Ireland during past ages.

We have not left ourselves room to notice other remarks upon scenery, and descriptions of objects worth visiting, in Ireland; but for them, and other matters and topics of general interest, we refer our readers to the book itself. The two volumes are decorated with a few lithographs from the author's personal sketches, and they are of a character to excite a wish that Mr. Binns had used his pencil more. We have said in the beginning of this article that his work is one deserving of much commendation, and calculated to repay the perusal; and that opinion we repeat. If those to whom we seek to recommend it, do not find grounds to agree with our opinion, they must at least grant that it is the production of an instructed and benevolent mind, honestly and anxiously seeking after truth, for the sake of truth alone.

We cannot close without transcribing from vol. i. the following short description of a contrast that struck our author, on his first return to England, after a few months' stay in the sister island:—

"What most immediately and most forcibly struck me, was the amazing disparity which a sail of not more than five or six hours had produced in the character and appearance of the people. On *that* side of the channel, squalid looks and lamentable destitution met me at almost every step; on *this*, the plump and rosy faces of a well-clothed population greeted me wherever I went. In Ireland, *three or four shillings a week* was a very respectable amount for wages; here, the same class earn regularly from *twelve to fourteen*. *As in a dream, I was transported from a land of poverty and misery, to one flowing with milk and honey.*"—vol. i. p. 237.

This needs no comment—all who have crossed the channel have been struck with the melancholy contrast he mentions. It exists, and must, we fear, exist for some time longer. The effects of seven centuries of grinding oppression and unbridled tyranny, cannot be got rid of in a day. Remedial efforts are in progress—feeble and tardy, indeed, as yet—but still they are being made. It is the duty of those whose fathers created the miseries of Ireland, to give their best energies to the noble task of raising her to a level with her happier sister. It is, above all, the duty of her sons, of every class and every rank, to devote themselves to her regeneration. Yet, of her own children, a large proportion are inveterately hostile to her interests, while of the rest, but too many are led astray by the false lights of poor-law systems, and other wild delusions. Still is there hope that all will yet be right. The misguided may yet see the error of their ways, and the inveterately hostile are fast discovering the utter uselessness

of their base and unnatural enmity. Whatever be the mistakes and misdeeds of the higher classes of society in Ireland, those of inferior degree, her people,—her honest, brave and noble people,—are true to themselves and to their country. By them will her regeneration be wrought out, when the time comes (and we believe it is fast approaching) that all-bounteous Providence shall, in its mercy, see fit to take off the chastening hand so long held over our suffering country, and reward her for her patience, her fortitude, and her unshaken fidelity in the one true faith.

ART. VII.—*The Modern Egyptians, &c.* By E. W. Lane, 2 vols. London. 1836.

IN the year of the Hegira 1151, (A.D. 1773) at Cavala, a small sea-port in the Ejalect Romania, death suddenly released from the most abject poverty an inferior officer of the Turkish police. He left all he possessed, a male child only four years old, totally unprovided for, destitute of even a single relative or friend—in short with no protector but Providence. The Aga of the place, however, touched by compassion, received the helpless orphan into his household; and subsequently bestowed on the boy an education, judged by the Turks of that period sufficiently liberal. He was instructed in the art of managing a horse adroitly, and acquired great expertness in the use of the sabre and carbine. Sixty years after the date referred to, that forlorn child became known to the gazing world in the person of Mehemet Ali. Then, not only the founder of a new dominion, but an unshorn Sampson, prostrating the pillars of an ancient empire. It has proved the singular fortune of Mehemet, to render himself celebrated at an age when the statesman's political fame, and the warrior's laurelled triumphs, generally begin to decline “into the sere and yellow leaf.”

Not the least remarkable circumstance in the history of this truly extraordinary man, is the fact that he passed some of the best years of his youth in the shop of a tobacco merchant, by whom he was employed, after the loss of his patron obliged him to seek a subsistence. How minute are the causes that frequently give rise, or contribute, to the mightiest events. Mehemet's occupation in the service of a petty plodder, confined to the every day walks of trade, was the second link in the necessary chain of strange incidents, that finally enabled him to unite the opposite vocations of war and commerce, and cultivate with such signal success those branches of the tree of industry, which, however

essential to the civilization and permanent prosperity of a people, were yet unknown to the generality of Eastern despots.

The talents displayed by the sovereign, when he governed the commercial and financial departments of the state, were no doubt in operation on a minor scale, and gradually maturing, during the long hours of drudgery passed at the tobacconist's; whence, after accumulating a slender stock of piastres, Mehemet removed to open a magazine on his own account. There years rolled quietly on, and the merchant became one of the wealthiest of his class in the Ejalect, although absolutely unable either to read or write.

Mehemet thus early acquired the habits of business; whilst, on the other hand, the sagacity, promptitude, and vigour, shewn by the politic prince, the warlike pasha, equally conspicuous in the cabinet and the field, were qualities previously germinating in his youthful breast; when he volunteered to quell an insurrection among the inhabitants of a village, who rose in resistance to the government taxes,—and actually, at the head of a small party of the police, succeeded by artful management, personal courage, and immovable resolution—a peculiar feature of his character—in carrying away four of the ringleaders, seized before the very faces of their numerous fellow insurgents. Our space, however, will not permit us to continue details, purely personal and comparatively trifling. We turn, therefore to the eventful page of public history, wherein we first find the since justly renowned name of Mehemet Ali. It appears at an epoch of no common interest. That memorable hour when the ambitious aspiration of Napoleon, and the decrees of the French Directory, conducted a hostile armament to the shores of Egypt. What a field for contemplation does that scene present! The gigantic aims developed! The wondrous erds undreamed! The mighty men, now chronicled in the dread Doomsday-book of eternity!—What unimaginable consequences are ever “hanging in the stars,” invisible to the farthest reaching eye of vain mortality! The mandate of an anomalous anarchical republic, despatches a host of modern Gauls to battle amid the vestiges of Rome's ancient glory, on the banks of the Nile! That host is led by a soldier, fated to eclipse the fame of Cæsar, yet perish a disrowned and exiled captive! The invasion incites an obscure Macedonian trader to quit his peaceful monetary labours, and practice in ripened manhood the martial lessons of his boyish days! The ceaseless wheels of time and fortune revolve; till, at length, astonished Christendom beholds the torch of civilization re-kindled, after the lapse of ages, by the hand of the now

merchant-monarch, on the ruins of Memphis ! The first step towards this proud consummation, after Mehemet Ali, drawn by an irresistible impulse, joined his countrymen, was the victory which overthrew Egypt at the foot of her own pyramids. A present infliction on humanity is frequently pregnant with future benefits to mankind.

Imitating the conquerors of classic antiquity, the French professed to enlighten wherever they wished to subjugate. Thrown among the subdued, into immediate contact with the victors, Mehemet Ali's energetic mind probably received the electric spark, as it were, from the projects of Napoleon ; and the light thus derived from the growing Colossus of the western world, guided his after efforts in dissipating the mental darkness of the east. Obeying their creed, Mehemet's Moslem brethren, when vanquished, regarded the defeat as pre-ordained, and deeming it impossible to arrest, or alter the edicts of destiny, bent in religious resignation to the will of fate. His acute and active spirit, on the contrary, taught him to cast aside the veil of national superstition, to trace success or disaster to its primary cause, and discover in the intellectual advantages possessed by civilized Europeans, their consequent superiority over the semi-barbarians of Asia, in most matters of worldly contest, or concernment.

If the French expedition to Egypt suggested to Mehemet Ali a worthy object for his new-born ambition, a subsequent event, which, like the preceding, he could neither foresee nor influence, opened to him the daring, but perilous, crooked, and blood-stained path to power, which he thenceforward inflexibly pursued. The naturally weak, but ever-galling bonds, imposed upon the fierce and turbulent Mamelukes, by their Turkish rulers, were afresh broken, and merciless war, in its most ferocious form, burst forth. From the commencement to the catastrophe of this intestine tragedy, Mehemet sustained a part of such consequence, as to render his individual biography an historical record of transactions, perhaps, little inferior in characteristic interest, and momentous results, to the annals of olden Greece or Rome. Posterity, noting the sanguinary footsteps of Mehemet Ali's unsparing career, may demand whether any motives could justify designs, necessarily cemented by blood, or atone for the sacrifice of myriads massacred in clearing his course to supremacy ?— Then let regenerated Egypt, aroused from the moral lethargy of morbid centuries, bear witness, that out of evil Providence may bring forth good.

To understand the precise nature of the deadly struggle in

question, and the situation of the conflicting parties at its outset, it may be necessary to take a brief retrospect of the history of the Mamelukes.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century, and during the crusade of the ninth Louis of France, (surnamed, with a propriety which no one can dispute, the *Saint*) Sultan Malek Sala, a great grandson of Saladin, and grandson of Malek Adhel, purchased a vast number of young Circassians, and selected from them a formidable body-guard. They were styled *Mamelukes*; meaning in the native tongue *slave soldiers*. An appellation that at no very distant period they might have exchanged, without hyperbole, for the title of *Slave Kings*. According to the customary practice of eastern tyranny, the sultan no sooner discovered any of his slave warriors in possession of wealth, sufficient to render its seizure desirable, than he transferred the owners to his dungeons, and, finally, on some pretext, possible or impossible, put them to death, and confiscated their property. Dissatisfaction, of course, sprung up and grew with the growth of the Mamelukes' military strength; till in the reign of Malek Sala's successor they broke into successful rebellion, put an end to the dynasty of the *Ayabites*, and appropriated to themselves that sovereignty, which they retained and defended with invincible valour for nearly three hundred years, despite the repeated attacks of the Christians, the Turks, and even of the all subduing Tamerlane! At length Selim the First, taking judicious advantage of the general disunion existing among the Mameluke chiefs, overran Egypt, carried his conquering army to Cairo, and there concluded his work by hanging the deposed sultan at one of the gates of the city.

Beneath the sway of Selim, Egypt, as a Turkish province, was nominally governed by a Pasha, or viceroy. But Selim, aware that the very qualities required in the possessor of such an office, would present him, if competent to use them, with abundant temptation and opportunities for establishing a dominion independent of the Porte, resolved to guard against the reconstruction of a sole absolute authority, which, from the remoteness of the Turkish capital, it might be found difficult to destroy. To effect this purpose, by counteracting the pasha's otherwise unlimited power, Selim created a species of oligarchy. He divided the country into twenty-four parts, and placed each district under the command of a Mameluke Bey. This disjointed government soon became, as might have been foreseen, completely anarchical. Civil wars were continually occurring between the beys, severally; with similar strife, in common, betwixt them and the pasha.

The native Egyptians, exasperated at the increasing intrusion and arrogant ascendancy of so many Asiatic foreigners, either retired from their vicinity, or refused to intermarry with them. The Mamelukes, thus entirely placed apart, were reduced to the necessity of recruiting both their harems and armies by procuring slaves from Asia.

In retaliation, the Beys adopted a most singular mode of marking their contempt for the ancestral pride of the native scorners. They decreed that none but *foreign* slaves should be capable of bearing, or privileged to receive, the dignity of a bey. Thus slavery combined in one individual the highest and lowest distinctions of society, amongst the anomalous and isolated race, who formed thenceforth a people devoid of kindred sympathies, and whose offspring were self-barred from all honourable emulation.

This strange, unnatural system, had prevailed for three centuries, when the Sultan, Selim the Third, provoked beyond endurance by their atrocities, determined to cleanse Egypt, effectually, from the pestilent plague spot.

Already had various beys been severally disposed of by stratagem or force, when Mehemet Kusruff Pasha, one of the Turkish generals during the French invasion, then (in 1802) Viceroy of Egypt, received secret orders from the Divan to sweep the whole Mameluke militia, with their chieftains, one and all, from the face of the land.

Circumstances reserved the execution of this design for the reign of Mahmud, and the agency of Mehemet Ali; but the original conception undoubtedly belonged to the profoundly politic Selim.

In compliance with the Sultan's commands, about 15,000 men were concentrated under the standard of the Pasha. This army was gathered from nearly all the Eastern nations subject to the Porte, with the single exception of the Egyptians, for the possession of whose soil this intended war of extermination was on the point of commencing. Kusruff's infantry consisted principally of Albanian, Turkish, and Barbary hordes; while the less numerous cavalry was a heterogeneous body of adventurers from all countries, acting as a corps of observation, of little service beyond mere reconnoitering, and styled by the Turks *delhis* (fools).

The Mamelukes were incomparably better soldiers than their foes, and so especially dexterous in their manœuvres, that the greatest general of the time (Napoleon) had previously pronounced them the most accomplished cavalry in the world; yet the practical advantages derivable from their superiority in this

respect, were commonly neglected and lost by the beys through their own incessant dissensions, since the common cause was ever unheeded when it interfered with the indulgence of a personal jealousy, or the furtherance of a private interest.

At this crisis, Mehemet Ali, who had distinguished himself, during the late contest with the French, by bravery and judgment, received from the viceroy the rank of general, and was placed at the head of a division of the Turkish army. Envy, hatred, and malice, had their votaries among the Ottoman, as well as the Mameluke leaders, and Mehemet did not long enjoy his command. After the loss of the battle near Damanhur, some of the other generals accused him of causing the overthrow, by a retreat only attributable to treachery or cowardice. Mehemet clearly refuted the imputation, and showed, not only that his apparent flight was a mere feint, for the purpose of dividing the enemy's force, but that the plan was actually preconcerted with the very men who charged him with a desertion, in reality committed by themselves. The Pasha, nevertheless, either prejudiced against him, or yielding to the popular Turkish belief in the subjection of a fated individual to the pursuance of misfortune, deprived Mehemet of his post, and without ceremony dismissed him. Indignant at such undeserved degradation, the wronged and insulted soldier resolved to vindicate his valour, and seek revenge on his traducers, by combating for, instead of against, the Mamelukes. In their cause, he soon proved himself equally well versed in the arts of policy and war; succeeded in alienating the Albanians from the service of the Crescent, and attaching them firmly to himself; opened the gates of Cairo to one of the beys, and forced Mehemet Kusruff to fly to Damietta, whither he followed, besieged, and took him prisoner. From that event may be dated the rise and progress of Mehemet Ali's military ascendancy and political influence.

In the East, revolutions, except in very rare instances, are never directed against the established form of government, but are merely aimed at some of its presiding heads. A martial mutiny, or a factious insurrection, may produce what we term a change in the ministry, or even lose the monarch his sceptre and life, but still the people never dream of altering the regular institutions, modes, and methods of authority. Thus, in Egypt, during the three centuries of unceasing discord and bloodshed between the Turkish pashas and the Mameluke beys, originating and inherent in the very ingredients of the administration given to the country by Selim the First, neither sultan nor slave-chief thought of ameliorating the evils experienced, or stopping the carnage perpetrated, by remodelling the state. A fresh pasha

succeeded to the dignity and danger of his slain predecessor. One bey supplanted or assassinated another; but the radical cause remained undetected and untouched. When intelligence of Mehemet Kusruff's capture and imprisonment reached the Porte, the Sultan ostensibly contented himself with nominating Ali Gazarlî, with conciliatory powers, to the violently vacated pashalik. The new viceroy carefully concealed his secret hostile instructions beneath the cloak of peaceful amity, and Mehemet Ali met his hypocrisy with more than equal dissimulation. Whilst apparently unsuspicious, and professedly obedient, he set his engines in motion, and induced the beys to strike an anticipatory blow, watched his plot gradually ripen, and when the moment for action arrived, at once threw off the friendly mask. Supported by him, at the head of his partizan allies the Albanian troops, the beys succeeded in making Gazarlî their prisoner; but unlike Mehemet Ali, who only incarcerated Kusruff, they put their unfortunate captive to death. The Mamelukes were accustomed to communicate and receive orders from the viceroy, through the medium of a *sheikh-el-beled*, a sort of high deputy or delegate appointed by the beys.

Subsequently to the fall of Mehemet Kusruff, this weighty office had been entrusted to a certain Osman Bardissî, who, pending the appointment of a successor to the late Gazarlî Pasha, ruled unopposed, and with the aid of Mehemet Ali, almost despotically, over all the country. The calm was of short duration. Just at this juncture an unexpected candidate for the equivocal prize of power appeared. Mehemet Elfi Bey advanced pretensions to the supreme authority of Egypt, supported, as he alleged, by the court of Saint James's, and under the express protection of England, whence he had then arrived.

The eagle eye of Mehemet Ali did not fail to perceive in these clashing claims the means to serve his own intents. He had hitherto used the Mamelukes as instruments to free himself from the successive Turkish viceroys. They were now to weaken their own force, and assist him in removing the remaining impediments to his ultimate objects. He began by firing the rival spirit of the two competitors into active hostilities. Then assisted Osman Bardissî to gain an easy triumph, and forced his adversary to fly from Egypt.

That done, he clandestinely instigated the adherents of the beaten bey into fresh intrigues, and succeeded in raising the clamours of the fickle populace so high against Bardissî, that he compelled him to follow the example of Britain's protégé, or emissary, and save his life by self-banishment.

For more than four hundred years had the Mamelukes,

equally famed for courage and craftiness, foiled all assailants. They still defied every effort of the Porte to subvert them, either by fraud or force. Yet this wily intractable tribe were moved, as mere puppets, by the super-subtle spirit of an otherwise powerless stranger, "in birth unhonoured, and of name obscure."

From the departure of Osman Bardissi, Mehemet Ali was, in fact, Viceroy of Egypt, though he wisely abstained from assuming the title. Under similar circumstances, any shorter-sighted ambitious novice, would assuredly have seized it, since there were none openly prepared to contravene his will. But Ali saw clearly the perils of his situation. On one side, the offended Porte; on the other, the dangerous beys. Both parties would, inevitably, have been exasperated at his elevation; and he would thus have been exposed to the attacks of both. Calculating visible probabilities, the chances of an immediate appeal to arms were greatly against him, and he resolved to strengthen his position by artificial disinterestedness, rather than venture an advance that would place him between two fires. This determination he executed by nominally replacing on the vice-throne, Mehemet Kusruff, his former commander and after captive; a master-stroke of refined policy, that would have reflected credit on the genius of Machiavel himself. Not only was the wrath of the Divan turned aside, by the air of submissive repentance for the past, and the desire to conciliate in future, apparently evinced by this measure, but it averted from him any mistrust entertained by the beys, and awakened all their old enmity against the reinstated Pasha! If the Mamelukes refused obedience to Kusruff, and he should have recourse to arms, even then the belligerent parties would serve Ali, by mutually weakening each other.

But Mehemet Ali looked for another result. The rejection was expected—the train of its consequences laid. He rightly judged his influence over the minds of the multitude, as not yet sufficiently absolute for the mere expression of his will to be received as the decree of an oracle. No; the many must command him to his own wishes. Accordingly, the sheikhs, and the officers of the army, strongly opposed his choice; and acting, no doubt, unconsciously, on suggestions emanating, indirectly, from himself, solicited the Porte to sanction their election of Kurshid Pasha, the governor of Alexandria, to the vice-royalty of Egypt, in lieu of Kusruff; and, at the same time, as a peace-offering to Mehemet Ali, for the disrespect shown to his nomination, named him to the post of *Kaimakan*, or Lieutenant, an office only second in importance and dignity to the Pasha. No sooner were these appointments confirmed by the Divan, than, as Mehemet had foreseen, and probably forwarded, new causes of

quarrel occurred, and hostilities fiercely commenced between the beys and their new viceroy. At this period, Mehemet Ali was well provided with confidential agents and spies at Constantinople, who carried on intrigues in his favour among the members of the Divan, whilst he, at the head of the Turkish troops, took every opportunity of reducing the Mamelukes ; yet also found leisure to regulate and reform the state of affairs in the Egyptian capital ; where his presence was of no less service in protecting the inhabitants from the rapacity of the soldiers, than in quelling insurrections, sometimes indebted to him for their birth. The sheikhs, or priests, who generally assumed the reins of power, in cases of emergency, duly impressed with the merits displayed by the Pasha's deputy, soon found reason to declare Kurshid incapable of governing Egypt. They, therefore, deposed him, and conferred his title and authority, subject to the approval of the Sultan, on his Raimakan, Mehemet Ali !!! Thus was the cherished vision realized, the long-sought talisman of potency obtained. Kurshid protested, and shut himself up in the citadel, where he was besieged by his successor, who was preparing to storm the place, when a *Kapidgi Basha* arrived from the Turkish capital with a royal Firman, establishing Mehemet Ali in the Pashalik, to which he had been called—so said the Firman—by the wish of the people of Egypt. Such was, certainly, the case. They judged him by the partial good effected within their knowledge, and the vigour he had shown in repressing evils ; but they could neither estimate his motives, nor discern his remote designs. The Sultan was reported to be personally impressed with ominous foreshadowings on the subject, and to have yielded to necessity a reluctant consent ; but his compliance was hailed with unfeigned joy by the priests, the people, and the army. The year 1803, which witnessed the promotion of Mehemet Ali to the Viceroyalty of Egypt, is also remarkable for another event, equally momentous in its consequences. The Turkish forces were defeated by the Servian insurgents, under the command of George Czerny, who afterwards called forth the revolution, and with it the independence, of Greece. The first blows, therefore, of the double series that finally severed from the Ottoman empire two of its most valuable provinces, were struck in 1803, though above a quarter of a century was required to complete the disjunction.

Behold Mehemet Ali, after his death-daring, tortuous ascent, placed on the gory, giddy eminence of despotism. What was there in the prospect, from the height attained, to recompense the fearful toil of climbing thither ? A miserable country, impoverished by heavy taxes and enforced contributions ! Its

inhabitants driven to despair and disobedience ! Undisciplined and insubordinate troops, inured to rapine, and continually deserting their ranks to join those of the still more lawless and rapacious Mamelukes ! Add to all this, the suspicious, selfish policy of the Porte, ever ready either to prey upon the weak, or treacherously destroy where strength might be feared ! On this view, but few, we imagine, blessed with the golden mean of European civilization, would envy Mehemet the possession of his pashalik. But, to Mehemet, an atmosphere of storms had become congenial. His mind, cast in an all-surpassing, yet, still, Asiatic mould, looked firmly forward to the marvellous race it had yet to run. Fully conscious of the precipices in his path, he traversed their brinks with unwavering self-dependence, as he advanced towards the two-fold goal of his immutable resolves—the restoration of Egypt to its rank and integrity in the scale of nations, and the re-creation of its mental and social energies.

To perfect these stupendous purposes, hitherto unattempted through a succession of unknown ages, but half the span of man's allotted life remained to Mehemet. The second, and more glorious end, could only be accomplished after the full attainment of the first. Egypt could never be freed from the Turkish yoke, whilst burdened with the perpetual desultory warfare of the Mamelukes : still less could the seeds of humanity be sown, until the ground was cleared of its most baneful and obnoxious weeds. It was necessary, also, before Mehemet could assail the Porte with prudence, to combine against it the various oriental tribes, only retained in their obedience to the Sultan by the bonds of ancient custom, ever prevalent among the Asiatics, even where plainly prejudicial to their interests. This hatred of innovation, Mehemet justly thought, might be removed by setting before them revolutionary examples within his own immediate dominion. In a word, imperious necessity demanded, as an opening and indispensable measure, the extirpation of the Mamelukes :—but it was easier to pronounce the doom, than execute the sentence. Previously to his late exaltation, Mehemet had armed the free Bedouin Arabs against the beys, who had suffered, materially, from his successes ; but, as their peculiar habits of warfare, and high excellence in horsemanship, must render the utter extinction of the Mamelukes, at least by the regular weapons of war, an almost interminable labour, the too common expedients of the East were resorted to. Those practices consisted in disseminating discord among the chiefs—then attacking them separately, when off their guard—slaughtering them by treachery—and, briefly, in out-maneuvring them by every device that deceit or cruelty could invent. In one instance,

Mehemet, by false intelligence speciously circulated, induced them to believe that a large portion of the Turkish troops were eager to raise the standard of rebellion in Cairo, and only awaited their junction and commanding. Several of the beys fell into the snare, and found their deaths. In the midst of his machinations against the Mamelukes, Mehemet did not neglect the more legitimate and laudable duties of a governor. He vigilantly inspected and improved the discipline of his licentious soldiery, and classified them into proper divisions. Nor were his reforms confined to mere professional correction. He constituted himself chief manager of the police in the capital, and perambulated its streets, both by day and night, in the garb of a common *kavah*, or Turkish soldier: visited, thus disguised, all the public places and coffee houses, and either castigated with his own hands, or gave into the charge of the guards, who followed within his summons, every military delinquent whom he detected in the commission of any act of violence or depredation. Such proofs of rigid, impartial justice, of public protection, and of unusual care for the conservation of private property, could not fail to render the Viceroy extremely popular. So loud, indeed, were his subjects in their expressions of admiration and gratitude, that the echoes resounded even unto Constantinople; and the ever-apprehensive Divan, alarmed—in this instance with reason—at the rapid advance of attachment on the part of the people, and the consequent spread of power on that of their ruler, determined to transplant him, before he became too strongly rooted to be removed at will. A firman from the Sultan reached Mehemet at Damanhur, designed to deprive him of the throne he filled too well; raise to it an appointed vizier, and replace the beys in their pernicious authority. But the watchers of the wonder-working head, had slept too long, and only awoke to hear "*Time is past.*" The Viceroy, confiding in the devotion by which he was surrounded, the tried fidelity of his Albanian auxiliaries, and the support of the Bedouins, lamented that destiny would not permit him to obey the mandate of the Divan, adding the most dutiful assurances that his denial was enforced by the obstinate resistance of the troops. Mehemet certainly owed no thanks to the gloss of invariable warlike success for his popularity. His forces had been roughly handled, on several occasions, by the hydra-like Mamelukes, and especially by the Anglo-Egyptian Bey, Elfi; but all extraneous considerations of adverse import, vanished before the brilliancy of his domestic reputation; and the eluded Porte found it necessary, for the present, to flatter him whom its distant authority was impotent to supersede. The Sultan

bowed once more to the majesty of the people's "wish," and confirmed Mehemet Ali in his dignity. Another fortuitous event contributed not a little to his prosperous progress. This was the almost simultaneous death of his two most troublesome foes, Osman Bardissi and Mehemet Elfi. On receiving information of the decease of those beys, he lost no time in taking advantage of the general consternation caused by the occurrence: resumed offensive operations; attacked and defeated various parties in succession, and dreadfully harrassed their retreats, by employing his Bedouin friends in the pursuit. In attaching the children of the desert to his service, and opposing them against the Mamelukes, he gradually predisposed them for the political changes, and vast reformation, he silently contemplated.

Mehemet's attention, however, was soon diverted to self-defence, at another point, where foreign efforts were on foot for unseating him. An expedition despatched by the British Cabinet, expressly to support the Mamelukes, arrived at Alexandria; and the disembarked troops, amounting to six thousand, were received into the place by the Governor, whom the beys had also found means to confederate in their cause. Mehemet's good genius did not desert him. An attack made by the associates on Rosetta, most disastrously failed, and the defeat of course greatly lowered the confidence of the beys in the irresistible prowess of their insular allies. The politic Pasha, instead of presuming on his success, and pushing it to extremities, threw out propositions for peace, advantageous to the Mameluke chiefs; and whilst they were balancing between his offers and the possibility of still profiting by the English aid, the latter party decided the question for them; finding it advisable to preserve the national honour from any farther fracture, by stowing themselves, "homeward bound," under the guardianship of Dan Neptune; even then, confessedly, indebted to the forbearance of Mehemet, for the opportunity of regaining their ships.

If, on the whole, Mehemet may be termed an indulged child of fortune, he cannot be characterised (like Napoleon) as a prodigal son. Whilst engaged in those early games of war, that, in the end, were to enable him to compete for the incalculable stake then at issue, he carefully husbanded each minor winning, and avoided risking his resources in dubious bye bets,—coolly calculated against contingencies, and baffled his adversaries by finesse, when his hands were weak. But where he felt himself secure, he boldly took the lead; and every new trial of his strength only added to the odds in his favour, on the match.

Turkey soon put his skill to the test. The Sultan Selim's murder made way for the mild Mustapha, who occupied the throne

only until shortly after the repulse of the English from Egypt. Mustapha was followed by his brother Mahmud, on whom devolved the task of completing the dissolution of the Janissaries, and carrying on the other works of improvement began by Selim. In addition to the good effected by Mahmud in his proper sphere, he most undoubtedly, though unintentionally, accelerated the deliverance of Egypt, by calling her slumbering capabilities into action.

The Sultan's motives for this, eventually, philanthropic act, was the necessity of crushing the sect of the *Wahabites*, engendered about fifty-five years past, in Nedshed,* by a sheikh, from whose name his followers derived their designation. These dangerous rebels, previous to Mahmud's accession, had gained complete mastery throughout the whole of *Hedshas* and *Yemen*, and their victorious banners were already fluttering in the environs of Damascus and Bagdad, when the Sultan sent orders to his Egyptian vassal viceroy, to gather all his forces together, and proceed to annihilate the Wahabites, who were daily extending their encroachments in Arabia. Mahmud evidently trusted that the destruction of one party, he cared not which, would be so dearly purchased by the other, as to leave the victor's after fate at his royal disposal. Mehemet Ali, instead of shrinking from the honour of an investment, similar in its expected efficacy to the envenomed garment of Nessus, received his commission with joy. It was to him as the dawn of a rising sun, whose beams were to invigorate his strength, irradiate his influence, and guide him to farther avenues for its extension. He meditated on the means of encouraging commerce in the Arabian ports; of facilitating an intercourse with *Yemen*, and of forming, among a people already won to his interests, a fresh basis for his ascendancy, by the protection he might confer on their sacred cities. Still, those baleful birds of prey, the Mamelukes, obscured the horizon of his hopes. Congregated in the *Delta*, they prosecuted their roving ravages, and hovered, as it were, around the gates of Cairo :

" —— dread hell-kites all,
Seeking to swoop on aught within their range."

* *Nedshed*, or *Naged*. It is so styled from the elevated aspect of the country; and the term might be rendered *Mountainous Arabia*. *Abdeelfeda* says that opinions vary as to the exact position of Nedshed; but that the name, most probably, indicates the high tract of land which separates *Yemen* from *Tahamah*, (Lower Arabia) and *Irak* Arabia from *Syria*. Towards *Hedshas*, it abounds in marshes. The mountains *Salamy* and *Adsha* are the best known. The inhabitants are an Arabian race called *Taits*, but that name is common to all the Arabs. Hence in *Assemani*, *Bib. Orien.* tom. i. p. 364, "Monder, a king of the Taits." With the Chaldeans, **نَجَد** signifies an Arabian Merchant.

Occupied in his preparations, and anxious to expedite his mission, Mehemet ardently desired to clear Egypt from its intestine pest, before the departure of his armies left the country still more exposed to devastation.

Were the gangrened wounds of the deeply lacerated land never to be healed? How long were the crimes of a hateful oligarchy, a community of public robbers, intruders on the soil, to resist the establishment of a healthy government, and retard the enlightenment of millions? All his endeavours to unravel by degrees this Gordian knot of Egyptian bondage had proved fruitless, and he now wound up his faculties to cut through it by an act, detested even by the northern savages of antiquity, and which, if weighed in the common scales of modern European religion and morality (setting retributive justice aside) must be condemned as an offence against God and man, utterly inexpiable on earth. Mehemet resolved to lure the Mamelukes into certain toils, and at one ruthless blow exterminate the whole race and name, by assassination! He commenced his design by disarming them of the habitual distrust, dictated by experience and their own practices. This he accomplished by artfully negotiating and concluding a truce, under pretence of devoting himself entirely to the important arrangements for the approaching expedition, and actually appeared so wholly absorbed in the business, as to set any lurking suspicions at rest. He proceeded to build a flotilla in the Red Sea, and went in person to Suez, to inspect the progress of the work. Numerous magazines, also, were at the same time erected under his orders in Alexandria, to render that place eligible for the commercial emporium, which, aided by the natural advantages of its situation, it has since become. At last, when all was prepared for the denouement of this dreadful drama, he announced to the surrounding country the period fixed for the departure of his army to Arabia, under the command of his eldest son, Tussan Pasha. During the few intervening days he lavished all possible civilities and insinuating flatteries on the Mameluke chieftains, and they were finally invited to visit the citadel on the 11th of March, 1811, and partake of a banquet in honour of the prince's farewell. The beys, now completely blindfolded, did not hesitate an instant to comply with the viceroy's gracious request. The morning rang with shouts, and all was revelry and excitement throughout Cairo, until the beys with their followers were past the gates of the citadel. Scarcely had the last entered, when the entrances were secured; and the victims, exposed to an incessant shower of fire from the walls, fell without being able either to fly or defend themselves. On the same day and hour their brethren were put

to the sword in the streets of the city, and in all other places and towns of Saïd and the Delta. The wretched wreck of these hitherto insuperable soldiers escaped into the desert.

Thus perished, after an existence of 600 years, the body of the Mamelukes, who formed an exception in human physiology, and an unparalleled solecism in the laws of social organization.

We have already acknowledged that Mehemet's guilty deed is, abstractedly, indefensible; but though it cannot be justified, it surely admits of considerable palliation. Leaving the general eastern unscrupulous familiarity with blood out of the question, still, there is no rule, it is said, without an exception, and if the ethical edict which proclaims, "no end is worthy, where the means are bad," can ever admit of a proviso, Mehemet, certainly, may prefer a claim to the benefit. Shakspeare's *Bassanio* beseeches the *Judge* "to do a great right, do a little wrong"—the supposed legal casuist does not deny the *right*, but yet declares "it cannot be"—the *wrong* has law on its side, and were the law infringed "it would be drawn into a precedent." We presume there is no fear of that in Mehemet's case; his subsequent actions are of a nature to leave the memory of the Mameluke massacre a lamentable monument of buried barbarism, rather than as a model for imitation to future aspirants for fame. Moral and political earthquakes seem to be the results of certain combinations of morbid matter in any mundane system of government; and would seem to be permitted by an all-wise Providence, in analogy with the elemental conflicts ever attendant on the dispersion of "a congregation of foul and pestilent vapours," clouding the bright expanse of heaven, when the mad tempest is, for the wisest purposes, awhile permitted to deface the beauteous order of creation. The fate of the Mamelukes created no commiseration. Their heartless trade forbade them to pity others. They could not sympathize in miseries inflicted by themselves. Who was there, then, to mourn their dissolution? Not a tear mixed itself with the expiatory blood that moistened the liberated soil.

Mehemet was left to rule in peace, and the people felt that the sway of military rapine had passed away with their immolated oppressors. If we may credit history, the Mamelukes of the early ages were endowed with many splendid qualities; but those who latterly bore the name, inherited with it only the virtue of intrepidity; brutal, when exercised only for harm, and held in common with the gaunt, ravening wolf! They displayed no military talent, worthy of notice, after the French evacuated Egypt. From that time, their bravery appeared to degenerate into the mere animal insensibility to danger, common to the

reckless bandit of all countries. The Pasha having thus cleared the way for his own internal operations, the army under Tussan set forth on their route. The Wahabites opposed to a war of extermination, the fearlessness of men who conceived themselves doomed to martyrdom; and so successfully, that Mehemet was obliged to dispatch his second son, Ibrahim Pasha, with strong reinforcements, to the assistance of his brother. The desperate struggle was protracted for six years, passed amidst hard-fought battles, alternate advantages, and severe sieges. Every step was disputed; but, in conclusion, Dereyeh, the capital, and last refuge of the Wahabites, (and, previously to the war, the threatening rival of Cairo and Constantinople) was taken and destroyed; when the last remnant of the tenacious, unyielding sect, was drowned in torrents of blood.

By their victories in the Arabian peninsula, the viceroy's sons virtually added to his dominions Mecca, the principal towns in Nedshed, and the ports of the Red Sea. With these materials, he began his welcome toil of recomposing the mighty empire of the Pharaohs, though the fragments recovered were only a portion of the number torn away,—and to redeem all the wanting parts appeared an Herculean undertaking. The wasteful war, too, with the Wahabites, had deprived him of the *elite* of his armies, and exhausted the resources of Egypt. In this exigency, Mehemet failed not to discover a bold expedient. He looked to the southern provinces, those marts of slavery, where mothers yet are taught to curse their fruitfulness,—and determined that there his conquests should be carried on, and from those acquisitions, his recruits obtained.

The execution of this purpose he entrusted to his son Ismael, who, with the remainder of the army, proceeded up the Nile, and gathered laurels at a much easier rate than his brothers in Arabia. In a very short time, compared with the magnitude of the enterprize, the whole of ancient Ethiopia was united to Egypt. Ethiopia, who originally lent the first elements of civilization to her, whose now paramount sons will, ere long, we trust, be enabled to pay off a part of the outstanding debt of six thousand years! In vain did the wild Africans rush forth to repel the intruders from their deserts. In vain did the savage Shaykieh, the cannibal Sheluk, oppose to their invaders' fire-arms, their poisoned arrows, their iron weapons, and their bucklers covered with the skin of the hunted rhinoceros. The practised Egyptians drove them back to the sources of the river which they deify—Kenus, with its colossean memorials of the many-named Sesostris, to whom Ethiopia gave its first tributes of ebony, gold, and ivory; Shadney, Domer, Halfay, Sennaar, surrounded

by the White and Blue Rivers, Lower and Upper Nubia, that had not witnessed the hostile footstep of a human being, of the Caucasian race, since the expedition of Cambyses; Cordofan, Darfur, and Oasenarchepele, which, though situated in the heart of the desert, abounds in gold, copper, iron, and even in population. All these, almost virgin countries, were subdued and made tributary to the vice-king of Egypt. There is, at present, not a single province washed by the waters of prolific Nile, that does not acknowledge his authority. These vast lands may now be properly styled the territories of the Nile and of Mehemet Ali!

Until the crusade against the Wahabites, we find in the actions of the viceroy only a negative policy. At first, like a provident gardener, he fitted his labours to the passing season, and employed himself in weeding, pruning, and eradicating. From the removal of the Mamelukes, he began to sow, to plant, and to cultivate. The third epoch brought him the spoils of Arabia, and concluded with the attainments of the Ethiopian inroad.

The cup of conquest quaffed to his full content, the now absolute monarch assumed the duties of the peaceful reformer, the beneficent creator. As if to dispose him wholly for the office, and by a providential dispensation, incline the hardened warrior's heart to sympathize with his new vocation, his late triumphs were accompanied by a most bitter personal lesson of the horrible calamities inseparable from war, as practised in the East. Ismael, his victorious son, the treasured hope of his house, was cut off by a most horrible death. He was burnt alive in his own tent, at the instigation of an African king whom he had dethroned, and whose agents, with the stealth of their native serpents, penetrated to the spot, despite the neighbouring guards, and fatally effected their purpose. Mehemet had now regained the separated limbs of Egypt's gigantic frame, as it stood in the time of Moses. But the reconstructed Colossus was yet devoid of animation. It still required the living breath of civilization, which, he well knew, Europe alone could furnish. He chose, for the instruments of the desired vivification, natives of France,—a country, whose skill in arts, in arms, and in learning, he had witnessed, and knew how to appreciate, though seen under no friendly auspices. The French government had entrusted its commercial interests to an able functionary, the consul Drovetti: and Mehemet, anxious to profit by his extensive information on subjects vitally connected with the plans he cherished, became so familiar with the consul, and the consul's influence with the vice-king increased so conspicuously, that Drovetti's own countrymen termed him *Ali's minister*, and reproached him with having the interests of the Pasha more at heart than even those of the "great nation."

European improvements were fast spreading through the East, and Colonel Sèves arrived at Cairo, on his way to attend Feth Ali Shah, who had engaged him to discipline the Persian forces. Mehemet Ali prevailed on the Colonel to undertake a similar occupation in his dominions ; and no sooner were the contracting parties agreed, than numerous barracks were erected at Syene, and 20,000 Arabs, with an equal number of young Negroes from the newly-conquered provinces, were delivered over to the military tuition of a disciple of Napoleon.

From that period, the man who could announce himself to the viceroy as a Frenchman, possessed an all-sufficing passport to public employment, without any particular reference to his peculiar qualifications for the post assigned. This indiscriminate patronage necessarily led, in some cases, to disappointment on both sides. An opportunity speedily presented itself for putting in practice the newly acquired theoretical skill of the native soldiery, who were the first on record that imitated European manœuvres upon African soil. The Greek insurrection seemed rushing irresistibly forward on the road to its ultimate triumph. Kurshid Pasha, the same unlucky chief whom Mehemet had used as his stepping-stone to sovereignty in Egypt, was defeated at the head of 50,000 Turks, by a mere handful of *Rajahs*, and chose, by committing suicide, to avoid the disgrace and punishment he foresaw his ill-starred destiny would award him, should he return to Constantinople. Impartial fortune, however, equally denied her smiles to his successors. One after another, four armies were routed in the passes of Thessaly and the Peloponnesus : the Archipelago was strewed with the wrecks of three fleets, and the road to Stamboul thrown open to the *Giaours*. At that eventful moment, the Sultan claimed assistance from the subduer of the Wahabites, the emulator of Sesostris ; for, disinclined, as we may well suppose, Mahmud must have been, to provide Mehemet with fresh food for his ambitious appetite, stern necessity compelled him to oppose to the insurgents who threatened his capital and throne, a vassal who, as yet, had ostensibly obeyed his orders, and still acknowledged his supremacy. The present evil was urgent ; the future might be guarded against. The viceroy was all submission, and 30,000 men, under Ibrahim Pasha, sailed from Alexandria to the western coasts of Greece. The arrival of Mehemet Ali's military masses in the Morea and Crete, presented a remarkable coincidence, and most curious political antithesis. The ancient world called forth, as it were, her two most renowned types, Egypt and Greece, as combatants, into the lists prepared by modern despotism. Yet the gladiators themselves, though momentarily opposed, were, in reality, fight-

ing for the same end. Still more singular, France, who warmly sympathized with the progressive emancipation of both parties, had equally qualified each for the present paradoxical contest. Fabrier, an enthusiastic Carbonaro and liberal, was the warlike instructor of the Hellenes ; and Sèves, a thorough Bonapartist, had sedulously trained the Arabs. Strange, too, as at first sight it may appear, both the Greeks and the Egyptians were appropriately placed ; for, whilst the Greeks were struggling to establish their republican independence, the Arabs were indebted for the dawn of their civilization to Mehemet Ali's *despotic* principles —principles which Napoleon as fully possessed, and which nothing but genius like his could have rendered endurable to a free people. At the time in question, Mehemet was generally censured by Europe for affording his support avowedly to crush a noble nation, instead of uniting with them, and thereby at once securing the independence of both. But the annals of all ages —the revolutions of South America not even excepted—have clearly shown, that semi-savages confound the terms of republicanism and anarchy ; and that the reformer of Mussulmen cannot favour liberalism, in the European sense of the word, without hazard to himself, and nullifying his own power to do good.

The introduction of civilization into Egypt was not at the desire of the superstitious and ignorant natives, but, on the contrary, founded on, and the result only of, implicit obedience to the unquestionable will of their pasha. It was his despotic influence, solely, that empowered him to reclaim the wild Arabs, and reconcile them to the restraints of European discipline. Had he now aided the Greek revolution, he might as well have given the watch-word to his own subjects to follow the example thus set them, and disown in his person the self-same authority that he taught them to overthrow in others. Neither by birth, by country, nor by religion, was Mehemet a philhellene, and it requires a species of political obliquity to demand from him an appearance in that character ! But he proved himself the friend of humanity, and made the atrocities of barbaric warfare give place to the laws of European hostility. He accustomed his enemies, as well as his own soldiers, to that mercy and indulgence towards the captured and wounded, which he himself exercised ever after the death of his son.*

The battle of Navarin, and the arrival of a French expedition,

* Much has been said of the cruelties committed by Ibrahim Pasha in the Morea, and indeed the interest excited for the unhappy Greeks, made the sentiment creditable to all the liberal parties. But the fact is, that Ibrahim was guiltless of any bloodshed out of the field of battle. All the prisoners of war were sent by him to Egypt, and were afterwards delivered up to the European consuls.

at length put an end to the doubtful contest, and Ibrahim Pasha evacuated the Morea; but the provinces of Greece had been so dilapidated and dismembered, that the island of Candia remained in his father's hands. We should say unfortunately, for no benefit to mankind can possibly arise from an Asiatic, or African ruler, presiding over a European state. His absolute ideas of government can only tend to retard, instead of advancing, the march of civilization, where it requires no such impetus. Another incident, insignificant in its origin, added to the viceroy's already immense dominions, another country, at once important and difficult to preserve. In consequence of a few deserters having taken refuge in St. Jean d'Acre, Mehemet demanded them from the pasha of the place, who, in accordance to the instructions he had received from the sultan, refused to comply. Ibrahim, the right hand of his father, immediately laid siege to the fortress—the same where Napoleon once held his quarters,—carried it, after a series of bloody actions, and became, in consequence, lord over the whole of Syria.

Mahmud now found himself under the necessity of recovering by force what he had lost by imprudence; and it followed that vassal and liege, the two reformers and innovators of Islamism, the destroyer of the Mamelukes and the annihilator of the Janissaries, unsheathed their scimeters, and took the field against each other. The advantage was evidently on the side of Mehemet. Mahmud only imitated his example: like him the sultan felt the necessity of reform, and like him supported it by a newly disciplined army; but was yet far behind his prototype. It must be confessed to his honour, that what he did, he effected under great reverses of fortune, whilst the viceroy had every facility afforded him by the invariable success of his arms, and came to the combat with a reputation, in itself "a tower of strength!" The eyes of Europe were turned to Stamboul and Cairo, now prepared to rush upon each other like two enraged and jealous lions. Two different races of mankind were now to try their mutual strength in single opposition. Mehemet had reinspired the Arabs with a feeling of their former importance, and they now burned to distinguish themselves under the word of command which had rung in their ears ever since the French invasion under Bonaparte: "March! Forward!—They now advanced to demand retribution from the Turks, for the infamous oppressions heaped on them for three centuries and upwards; whilst the Turks, though also disciplined on the modern system, had lost, by their long continued disasters, that moral confidence in their own strength, and the skill of their leaders, so indispensable to the success of arms; and the result was a complete victory gained over them

by the forces of Mehemet, in the plains of Iconium, the cradle of their former greatness and glory.

The sultan, hard pressed by his irresistible viceroy, was forced to defend his capital by the interference of the Russians, who possibly might have copied the conduct of the first Saxons in Britain, had not England and France barred any specious pretext for their longer stay at Constantinople, by compelling Mehemet to withdraw from farther aggression, and rest satisfied with the wide conquests already in his possession.

In Egypt the progress of civilization is positive and uninterrupted; since the people are mere machines in the hands of their ruler, who directs at his own pleasure the enlinked mass, which follows in blind acquiescence the impulse received from his will. Mehemet, assuredly, must be reverenced by those whom he has rescued from foreign bondage, and formed into an independent nation. His commands they consider as conveying a divine inspiration deigned by the Holy Prophet for their best guidance, for they have seen every enterprise undertaken by Mehemet crowned by fairest fortune.

In Turkey, where the first rays of enlightenment have been introduced by a prince, whose own sun the people have witnessed constantly eclipsed by defeat, or darkened by evil omens, the Prophet cannot be supposed to extend his protection so manifestly to the proceedings of the sultan,—and civilization may possibly for a time remain of a negative character, or increase but slowly. The line of policy, however, pursued by Mehemet Ali, with such admirable effect among nations who adhere to the creed of passive fatalism, is by far too inflexible to be equally successful with any people whose customs and religious doctrines have rendered them more active both in body and mind. Thus the Maronites and Druses were harshly treated by him, in order to force them to resign their orthodoxy; and no wonder that they sold him the possession of their mountains as dearly as possible. As to Syria, there is but one alternative left him, either to alter the mode of government there, or to resign the country entirely; at all events, enough has already been shown to him in the obstinate resistance of the natives, to prove that when supremacy is too rigid to make allowances for different customs and characteristics, it should be confined to homogeneous nations. The power and influence of Mehemet in the East, vanishes with the Arabic language, and in countries where other tongues prevail, he can maintain his authority only by force of arms. Nothing now is wanting to his fame, but to complete the task which he has imposed upon himself, in the triple capacity of a *Revolutionist*, a *Conqueror*, and a *Reformer*.

As a *Revolutionist* he has freed Egypt from the authority of the Porte, destroyed the insatiable Mameluke locusts, overthrown the encroaching Wahabites, and deprived the priesthood of its secular power.

As a *Conqueror* he spread his victories through Arabia, Nubia, the Morea, Crete, and Syria.

As a *Reformer* he regenerated the nationality of the Arabs, organized a regular army (Nizam), and introduced into Egypt the arts, the sciences, and the industry of Europe.

In the two first of his three-fold offices, he has fairly wound up his labours. In the last he is still making every possible addition to his noblest work. Prosperity to his efforts—may he live to see them consummated.

ART. VIII.—*Irish Tranquillity under Mr. O'Connell, my Lord Mulgrave, and the Romish Priesthood.* By Anthony Meyler, M.D., M.R.I.A. Dublin.

DOCTOR Meyler is just the sort of tool that the gentle craft of moderate Conservatism delights to work with. He hath the devil of self-conceit beyond most doctors and all other men, and being endowed with a copious and ready flow of words, which he is quite willing to print and publish at his own cost, a sly and malignant coterie, who do not like to burn their own fingers unnecessarily, find him a most convenient instrument for their purposes. They have used him as such on more occasions than one. A little flattery is all the return he demands for the wear and tear of his brains, and the waste of his midnight oil. He despises vulgar criticism—*Satis est equitem plaudere.* Let him only be puffed by the *Standard*, and “kudos’d” by the *Evening Mail*, and he is blessed to his heart’s content. No man was ever more easily tickled with a straw.

It was thought at one time, that nothing short of the floor of the House of Commons would have served this cavalier as an arena for displaying his prowess. And had he thrown himself into that assembly, with the facility that he possesses of amplification, and of saying the same thing ten times over without varying the expression, the *lullaby*, at least, of the government had been sung ere this. More than Lord Glenelg would have taken their rest under the power of that spell. But Apollo, in an auspicious moment, pinched his ear, reminding him, probably, in the inspired numbers of an elder and somewhat wittier brother, that

“ Physicians, if they’re wise, should never think
Of any arms, but such as pen and ink.”

To those weapons, therefore, did our Machaon resort, determined to demolish the objects of his aversion according to the oracle. But by an additional happiness in the luck of Whiggery, he has been overruled to plant his battery in the printing-room, where such black missiles lack force and direction, instead of pouring them through the deadly chamber of the apothecary’s shop, from which every shot might tell.

By his own account, and the concurrent testimony of common fame, we learn that Dr. Meyler was the son of

“ A very valiant rebel of the name,”

who, like the sire of another shining light of this our day, Mr. Emerson Tennent, carried on a retail dealing in the tobacco and snuff line. Mr. Meyler, senior, however, was not satisfied with that small traffic, but must needs try a venture also at practical politics, a dangerous trade about forty years ago. He became implicated in the rebellion of *ninety-eight*,—took an active part in the fearful doings at Wexford,—and was, in consequence, obliged to go into exile to America.* Our author at that period was “ yet a boy,”—a precocious youth, however, who “ had the sagacity to understand what was going on,” yea, to approve of it all in his heart’s core. The hatred with which he pursues the very name of O’Connell, seems to have originated at that early period, when the most durable impressions are left upon the waxen tablets of the heart. It was the fate of the Liberator, then as now, to differ with Mr. Anthony Meyler as to the best and most becoming mode of serving his country; O’Connell having always maintained, with a consistency which we greatly admire, whatever Dr. Meyler and his friends may think of it, that “ Freedom’s battle” is most effectually fought against its domestic foes without shedding of blood. That doctrine, however, was too tame and insipid for our ardent young politician, whose frank confession of early treason we must record in his own words:—“ My heart,” he says, “ went with it,” that is, with the rebel cause; while, he adds, with the bitterness peculiar to civil dudgeon,--“ Mr. O’Connell’s Irish heart then thumped by the side of his brother Orangemen in the ranks of the yeomen, wearing the same uniform, shouldering the same musket, responding to the same bugle, and professing the same polities,—being then most ostentatious in proclaiming his loyalty.” In another

* It is but justice to the memory of an honest man, to avoid misconstruction, by adding our testimony to that of persons of every rank and denomination in Wexford, in favour of the unblemished reputation of Dr. Meyler’s father.

place he designates the honourable Member for Dublin by the contemptuous title of a " Triton of the Minnows," who " seditionizes under a legal quibble, and is a pettifogger in rebellion."

We hope the English public will not fail to observe the kind of reproaches with which the Orangemen now employ their scribes to taunt Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. Anthony Meyler did not remain long in America, being "completely cured," as he informs us, "of revolutionary propensities;" but what brought him home again to Wexford, he does not mention. Probably he had a *stake in the country*, which required looking after; not such a one, of course, as Keller once complimented a learned friend of ours upon possessing, namely, "a stake with a pike at one end of it;" for the air of revolutionary freedom had cured him of that "propensity;" but such a stake as enables him now to strut and fret his hour upon the *trottoir* of Merrion Square, to write and publish unsaleable pamphlets, to frequent the *conversazioni* of the Royal Dublin Society, and to

" Shine in the dignity of F.R.S."

We omitted to state, in the proper place, that when this gentleman was in heart a rebel, he was also, by profession, a Catholic, having been educated in that faith by "the accident of birth;" a phrase, by the way, of which he is fond, and for which he seems to be indebted to his recollection of the facetious *Jack Johnstone*, who, in an assumed character, gave a somewhat similar account of himself,—

" I was born one day, when my mother was out
In her reckoning; an accident brought it about."

So goes the song; and so it was apparently with the late Mrs. Meyler. She was "out in her reckoning," if she supposed, as no doubt she did, that she was bringing an accession to our seven millions into the world; whereas, in point of fact, her labour produced but the germ of what Wolsey would have been surely justified in calling "a *spleeny Lutheran*." Such, at least, we are given to understand the young gentleman found himself, *intus et in cute*, as soon as the mists of his accidental education had dispelled themselves; although he still continued in ostensible captivity to the bondage which, in his soul, he loathed. Thus he played the hypocrite for a considerable time; but his motive was a patriotic one:—

" As long as the chain of temporal servitude was fastened to the Roman Catholics, and as long as they were unwisely and unjustly oppressed for conscience' sake, I remained with them,—suffered my full portion of their degradation,—and voluntarily subjected myself to the

heavy pressure of those restrictive laws which impeded me in every effort I made to advance myself in life."

It is not easy to appreciate the generosity of such self-immolation ; for had Dr. Meyler made a public profession of Protestantism previous to the measure of Catholic Emancipation, who can estimate to what a remote futurity the passing of that act might have been retarded by so momentous a conversion ? In waiting for the event which was to remove the imputation of interested motives from his change, he stands in honourable contrast to the O'Sullivans and others, who, by their selfish eagerness to clamber out of the boat, and by the spring they made in leaving it, had done their little *possible* to sink the vessel, or drive it back into the current, together with all the company that chose to remain behind. But the Doctor, albeit nauseating from his inmost soul the tobacco fumes and other unsavoury exhalations of his fellow-voyagers, kept his seat with a constant heart till the craft was moored securely by the shore ; and then he shook himself and walked away like a gentleman, secretly vowing to sail in such vile company no more.

He is now a Tory, basking in the grim smiles of Chief-Baron Joy, honoured with the valuable friendship of Sir Robert Shaw, and " responding to the same bugle" with the illustrious Captain Cottingham ; distinctions which he prizes above those substantial rewards of agitation which he might (if he tells the truth) have commanded, had it been his choice or his taste to linger a few years longer among the liberal ranks. What those rewards would have been, whether he would have succeeded the lamented Dr. Cheyne as physician-general, or outflourished Crampton himself in the Court of the Viceroy, he leaves the world to conjecture ; but of this he assures us, that he might, " from the position in which he stood, and through the influence of those who now command the Castle, have reaped the reward of his agitation." In choosing, therefore, with Cato, the conquered side, he voluntarily closes the door on his advancement. Exalted patriot ! When the Tories come in, they must be guilty of more than their proverbial ingratitude, if they do not consider such devotion to their principles before all other claims.

This is as much as we know, and perhaps more than it imports the public to be apprized, of the personal history and qualifications of Dr. Meyler. Let us now take a cursory glance at his book.

Ireland, as may be inferred from the ironical title prefixed to this publication, groans under the ban of a three-headed monster, which Dr. Meyler,—

" The great Alcides of his company,"

takes upon himself to drag into the light of day, and expose to the people of England. For it is to "the people of England, Radicals as well as Tories," that he writes, on the same calculation, perhaps, that M'Ghee crosses the channel to preach to them, because their comparative ignorance of the political condition of Ireland, which he professes to illustrate, renders them more plastic to "ingenious devices," and their ears peculiarly open to the reception of statements upon trust. We have no fear, however, of the result of the present clumsy attempt upon the credulity of our British neighbours; for, ready as numbers of them may be to receive unfavourable impressions against a country which has been for ages both misgoverned and misrepresented, they are too wise and too generous to admit vague assertions, uttered in a tone of furious party spirit, and without the shadow of a proof to sustain any one of them, in the place of *evidence*. They must have at least the semblance of argument, or the appearance of facts, to ground an opinion upon; but the confirmation of facts and arguments will be in vain sought in the pages before us, which are a mere tissue of impotent railing and frothy declamation.

The first head of the tergeminous monster which bars the access of the Orange faction to their lost Elysium, is that which grows upon the shoulders of "My Lord Mulgrave;" and his Excellency is consequently the principal object of every attack from that quarter. He would be, in truth, unworthy of the place he holds in the respect and affections of all true Irishmen, if every currish scribbler that either volunteers or is hired to vilify our country, did not rush in the very first instance at him, by the same instinct that makes a gipsy's or a poacher's dog bark at an honest man. We hold it to be an impossibility honestly to carry out the principles on which the noble Earl undertook the government of Ireland, and not be hated and abused by its ancient oppressors. To administer impartial justice, and extend protection to all men alike; to love mercy and practise it; to curb and chastise the insolence of petty tyrants; to proceed with honourable consistency in the course on which he set out, by selecting for office, and distinguishing with his confidence, men capable of executing, in good faith, the details of his enlarged and comprehensive policy; and to give effect, without paltering or equivocation, to the objects of the Reform Act, and the spirit of Catholic Emancipation,—these are duties from which Lord Mulgrave has never swerved, and which no man in his situation could perform without drawing towards himself the implacable hostility of every thorough-going Irish Tory. The acrimony with which he is regarded by that ruthless faction, is the best

possible test of the genuine excellence of his government. For, if he were only such a Reformer as some of his predecessors were, the opposition to the measures of his administration would be tempered by a show of tenderness towards himself; and many a staunch old Orangeman would be found dangling about his Court, professing, in the words of Swift, to

" Do the most that friendship can,
To hate the Viceroy—love the man."

But they hate both, because they know that his heart is on the same side with the politics of his party; and they hate him the more, for the virtues which adorn his private life, and add a lustre to his public conduct. His manly and intrepid character; his generous compliance (which even many of themselves have advantageously experienced) with every reasonable request;* his unaffected courtesy of manner, such as could only proceed from an ingenuous and kindly nature; and the clemency of his rule, extending itself irrespectively and alike to all parties; are qualities to which, in ordinary circumstances, the Irish heart, whether it beat under a green coat or a blue one, warms of its own accord; but the presence of these virtues in Lord Mulgrave serves but to increase the ill-humour of his detractors, and to draw out their innate verjuice, just

" As Heaven's bless'd beams make vinegar more sour."

It appears to us that they could endure him much better, if he possessed fewer of those qualities which conciliate affection, and command respect.

Dr. Meyler does not fall behind-hand with those whom a certain crazy earl might call his "brother comrades," in doing fearful homage to the merits of Lord Mulgrave's government, by this species of "involuntary praise." All the common-places of invective are ransacked for terms of rancour; and although our author steers wide of the rashness of citing particular cases to justify his general philippics, he yet contrives to sauce them with violations of the truth almost as glaring as if each statement were accompanied with fictitious dates and names, to attract attention to its fabulous character. That old story, the invention, we

* Several gentlemen, notoriously attached to the Tory party, have been promoted, on the ground of personal fitness and capacity, to places of considerable emolument and honour, by Lord Mulgrave. What Tory Lord Lieutenant ever did the same by Whig aspirants to office? Major Warburton of the police, the Rev. Dr. Graham, head-master of Enniskillen School, the Surgeon-general Crampton, Dr. Adams, Mr. Jameson, the rector of Carlow, and many others, have experienced the most valuable proofs of his Excellency's readiness to serve the private interests of even a political adversary, when his doing so involved no disregard of the principles which he himself maintains.

think, of the Marquis of Londonderry, about O'Connell being the master of the Viceroy, is brought up with more than the usual flourish :—

“ This very man, there is every reason to believe, is the master of the Viceroy ; that it is he who directs into what channels the stream of patronage is to flow ; that he appoints to the police and the magistracy, and even to the bench ; and that he not only sways the patronage of the Castle, but its policy also.”

This is a fair sample of the indefinite and random nature of the charges brought forward in Dr. Meyler's book. The sentence we have just quoted is a short one, yet it contains six propositions that are positively false, and which the author cannot substantiate by a single proof. If, as he alleges, there is “ *every reason*” to believe that Lord Mulgrave is in so degraded and subservient a position, it surely would not have been very difficult to state explicitly *one or two* of those reasons. What means that sweeping phrase, “ the stream of patronage ?” Are we to suppose that it takes in the whole range of ecclesiastical, as well as of civil promotions, which have been conferred by the Lord Lieutenant ; and if it does, are we to understand that Doctor Sadleir, Sir Henry Meredyth, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Birmingham, and Mr. Tyrrell, are indebted to O'Connell's dictation for their recent advancement ? But if, on the other hand, these are to be exceptions, then what becomes of the fine comprehensive metaphor of the “ stream of patronage ?”

Well, but “ he appoints to the police.” Indeed ; since when, “ most learned Theban ” ? It is a well ascertained fact, of the knowledge of which Dr. Meyler, though ignorant of many things, can scarcely plead that he is innocent, that from the date of Colonel Shaw Kennedy's arrival in Ireland, to that of his abrupt and somewhat huffish retirement, including a space of nearly two years, he, and not Mr. O'Connell, had and used the exclusive power of nominating individuals to the situation of sub-constable, and promoting them to that of constable, in the police. Those ranks comprise about nineteen-twentieths of the whole force ; and amount to a considerable *qualification* of Dr. Meyler's parrot-cry, filched from the lying columns of the *Times*.

But in addition to the above appointments, there is another office, created under the last police act, to which many an individual in that class of society which has afforded the most constant and valuable support to Mr. O'Connell, and whose interest he is always most anxious to serve, would have been desirous to be promoted ; we mean the place of *head-constable*. A hundred and ninety persons, we believe, were raised in one day to that enviable situation ; it was left perfectly at the dis-

cretion of the Lord Lieutenant, both expressly by the act of Parliament, and unreservedly, as far as regarded the verbal pledges of ministers in the House of Commons, to choose and nominate persons to fill those situations; and how many of them, let the curious reader suppose, were placed at the disposal of his "*lord and master*," Mr. O'Connell? Not a single one. Colonel Shaw Kennedy was requested to recommend individuals, serving in the police, to be advanced to the new rank; he did nominate them *all*, and in every instance his recommendation was implicitly complied with.

There are, however, higher offices than those we have mentioned, of which the government retains the patronage in its own hands, for this good reason, along with many others, that a great portion of its responsibility for the preservation of the public peace—a responsibility not to be shifted or transferred to other shoulders—depends on an efficient and temperate discharge of the duties annexed to them. These are the chief-constables of the first and second class, the sub-inspectors of counties, together with the provincial inspectors, and, though not immediately connected with the police, the stipendiary magistrates. Lord Mulgrave has not delegated to Colonel Shaw Kennedy, or to any subordinate functionary, the power of nominating persons to fill these important situations. Yet, in no instance, where the office, or the person designated to hold it, were within the jurisdiction of the inspector-general, has an appointment been made, or a promotion from an inferior to a higher grade taken place, without first consulting him, and submitting the individual, if previously unknown, to his examination. Thus was Colonel Kennedy invested, in all such cases, with a peremptory negative; his objections, when he had any to make, having uniformly prevailed, to the exclusion of the party, and that, against the implied wishes of the Lord Lieutenant; while his positive recommendations, which were neither few nor unfrequent, rarely failed to receive a prompt and full compliance.

Still, however, as the Lord Lieutenant reserved to himself the right (which he is fully entitled, and, we will add, bound to do) of consulting his own judgment and pleasure in conferring those appointments, *here—if anywhere*—are the traces of Mr. O'Connell's bugbear influence to be sought out. And what is the evidence of facts, to bear out the oft-repeated assertion that he "*appoints to the police?*" Why, he is so far in favour with the Government, to which he gives his powerful and disinterested support, that an application being made, *not by Mr. O'Connell, or by any person in his name*, on behalf of Mr. Nicholas Ffrench,

for the appointment of a stipendiary magistrate, Lord Mulgrave was verily guilty in this thing; and Mr. Ffrench, although married to a daughter of the great Agitator, and by that knot placed for ever out of the pale of all "*constitutional*" favour, or confidence, was sent to administer justice in a district of the county of Limerick—that region which the redoubtable Captain Vignolles considers synonymous with "confiscation and banishment;" and there, in a perfect understanding with the present Government, he gives unqualified satisfaction to all denominations and degrees of the people.

We have diligently inquired into the number of chief-constables and sub-inspectors who owe their appointments to this *ruler of the Government*, but we cannot discover one. Mr. Ffrench, however, is in himself a *multitude* sufficient to prove the terrible dictatorship which is exercised, and to convince any mind that has but a reasonable bias *to the right side*, that O'Connell is Lord Mulgrave's master, and "appoints to the police."

But he appoints likewise "to the *magistracy*." If he does so, he has much to answer for, that he has not made better appointments and more of them. But we are yet to learn whom he has appointed, and where they are located? Are they in Carlow, where the dignitaries of the quorum are suffered, for want of a controlling or neutralizing power, to weed the panel* of every name obnoxious to them on the ground of politics or religion, and make an open mockery of the Jury Bill, even as certain of the judges have done with the Reform Act? Are they in Tipperary, where calendars are fabricated at petty sessions, and culprits sent to trial on charges of murder, against whom there is scarcely sufficient evidence to go before a grand jury to sustain a *prima facie* case of manslaughter?† Are they in Kerry, where a *leg*

* The petition of James Fox and others, lately presented to the House of Commons, states distinctly—nor has the fact been called in question by any member of Parliament, or even by the Tory papers—that certain magistrates, named by the petitioners, illegally and unconstitutionally struck off one hundred and eighty-eight names from the list of qualified jurors returned from the Barony of Carlow, being considerably more than one half of the names returned; and that the persons so rejected are for the most part known Reformers, whilst the hundred and twenty-two, who have been retained, are, with few exceptions, violent Tories.

† In Judge Moore's charge to the grand jury of Tipperary, last month, is the following extraordinary announcement.

"I find the number of prisoners charged with murder, and aiding in murder, (which amounts to the same) *seventy-six*, and since I came to this town, four have been added, making in all, *eighty for murder*. Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, it is not the first time I have intimated from this place that it would be wise at least, if not just, *to represent these things in their true colours*. Does any man believe there are *eighty persons* to be tried for the crime of murder since the last assizes? On reading over the calendar, I find that *not one case* has been set down as *manslaughter*

of mutton has been known to do good service, and gratuitous labour is sometimes used with effect to blind the eyes of justice ?* Or in Limerick, where, to the astonishment of half the world, Mr. Darby O'Grady still burlesques the very name of authority, perpetrating such outrageous solecisms upon law and good manners, as makes all that we read of *Squire Western* and *Good-man Dogberry*, not only credible, but most probable and truth-like ? If O'Connell had a voice potential in the appointment of magistrates, we must, in justice to him, declare our conviction that such *Midases* as we allude to would scarcely be "left alone in their glory," undisputed lords of the rustic tribunals and supreme arbiters of the liberties of the poor. He would endeavour, at least, to infuse a little fresh and untainted Irish blood into their worshipful body.

We hope that the day is at hand, when the besom of reformation will be carried in right earnest into that nest of privileged depravity, so that not only oldstanding nuisances shall be removed, but future mischief prevented, by the introduction of such names into the commission as the people can confide in, and as every friend to Ireland and its peace will be delighted to see there. We have been long expecting a complete and cleansing revision of the magistracy. The issue of the new commission, under the great seal of her present Majesty, has been retarded much beyond the ordinary period; and we are willing for once to believe the *Times*, that the delay is occasioned by a close and searching inquiry, on the part of the Lord Chancellor and the law officers of the Crown, into the merits and qualifications of country gentlemen—as well of those who have served their generation in this capacity, as of many who are as yet untried—with a view to secure an efficient, an impartial, and, as far as may be found consistent with a strict enforcement of the laws, a popular magistracy for Ireland. Great, indeed, will be the disappointment, and universal the discontent, unless the purgation, which we all believe and trust the magisterial roll is now undergoing, shall drive corruption into holes and corners, and bring justice, pure and unsuspected, to the door of the lowliest peasant in the land. Provided this effect be accomplished, the taunts of the Tory scribes and pamphleteers, or of

or *justifiable homicide*, though I have no doubt that many of them will be found to be of that description. No—they are ALL indiscriminately set down as MURDER. Where a life may be lost in a quarrel, it is casting an indelible stain upon the country to class it as murder. In many instances, where coroners hold inquests, and juries return verdicts of justifiable or unjustifiable homicide, there is no distinction made in the calendar; they are classed under the head of *murder* !"

* See minutes of evidence taken before Mr. Shea Lalor and Major Browne, at an investigation last year, which was held at Listowel.

their masters in Parliament, are of little consequence; they are quite welcome to call it the work of O'Connell, if they please.

But to the last and most audacious of these ridiculous accusations:—O'Connell appoints “even to the *Bench*.” To the Bench! Does the gentleman mean the seats in the higher law courts, or those only of an inferior mark and dignity? No matter which; in either case he affirms that which is untrue, and which he must be a very besotted politician indeed, if he does not know to be untrue. We will not, however, weary the patience of our readers by going over ground which has been so often beaten, but shall merely ask Doctor Meyler, (if our humble voice can reach so lofty a personage) by what confirmation, beside that of his own sheer impudence, he can pretend to make such an allegation pass? Does he seriously mean to say that Lord Mulgrave wanted any extraneous solicitations to induce him to confer judicial appointments upon three gentlemen, who successively held the office of Attorney-General under him; or would any sober man believe him, if he said that O'Connell had the smallest share in appointing the Hon. Mr. Plunket, Mr. Stock, Mr. Wills, or Mr. Hudson, to the posts now occupied by them? We have not picked these names out of a number, but take them in the order of their respective appointments, being the names of the individuals who have last appeared before the public, distinguished by the favour and preference of the Irish Government.

The late triumphant contest in Dublin was a sore subject, even when the Doctor brandished his pen some weeks before the election committee was struck. It is more so now, since the “*temporary success*” at which he sneers has been placed beyond the power of chance or fraud to defeat it. But though we could make allowance for a reasonable share of ill-humour in so provoking a case, it is going a little too far even with righteous indignation, to give vent to it in such hardy terms as these:—

“It is notorious that in the late election for Dublin, neither Mr. O'Connell nor his nominee would have had the least chance of even the temporary success which they have obtained, were it not for the influence of the Castle. It was painful to see gentlemen compelled either to leave their families without support, and relinquish situations which they had so long and so honourably filled, or vote in favour of those to whose political and religious sentiments they were, on principle, so strongly opposed. So low did the Government descend, and so active were they in their exertions to obtain the return of Mr. O'Connell to Parliament, that even the very tradesmen were tampered with, and some who had the honesty to be true to their principles, and to vote according to the dictates of their consciences, were ordered to send in their accounts.”

To these statements the answer is very plain and very short—*they are false*. The story of the tradesmen is a palpable re-coction of Baron Tuyl's Torylike mission to Thompson and Long in 1831; and with respect to the other circumstance, we know not what “gentlemen” in particular are meant; but this we do know, that there are clerks at this moment holding confidential and lucrative situations in the Castle of Dublin, and removable at the pleasure of the Lord Lieutenant, who flatly refused their votes to Mr. O'Connell at the last election. Neither of these allegations, however, are of Dr. Meyler's *invention*. They only “lay in his way, and he found them.” Mr. West having thrust them, as make-weights, into the body of his petition, to aggravate the horrors of his repulse, and move the sympathetic indignation of Andrew Spottiswoode and Company. But when his complaints came to be investigated before a committee, he wisely withdrew those frivolous and vexatious pleas, and concentrated the *virus* and the justice of his cause in —*the pipe-water*, that continuous succession of mud refined, which, somewhat like the flow of his own eloquence,

“Spouts—and spouts—and spouts away,
In one long, washy, everlasting flood.”

O'Connell has often said of himself that he is “the best-abused man in Ireland;” but that phrase is not applicable to the abuse he receives from Doctor Meyler. It is not *good* abuse, such as a man might wince under and quail to remember, in a week, a month, or a year to come. ‘Tis but the buzz of the hornet without its sting, the effort of “the bluest of bluebottles,” to vex and disturb by its drone, while in effect it only hums the object of persecution into soft oblivion of real cares and tormentors. Any old woman can fling a shower of liquid odours out of her casement upon the head of a giant; but to meet him “beard to beard” is a work of more than anile or—which is the same thing—Meylerian performance. Our author half confesses as much when he says—“It is difficult to write of Mr. O'Connell: one knows not how to handle such a subject.” This is no other than the complaint of *Falstaff* revived—“A man knows not where to have her;” but in the present case it is “mine hostess” who urges it, and not the fat knight. We suspect, however, that Doctor Meyler is not the original discoverer of so wholesome a truth. More expert *handlers* have found it out before now, and taught puny whipsters caution by their fate.

The Doctor is a mere scold—*vox et praeterea nihil*; he stands at a distance and plies his offensive volley, like *Gil Blas* in his

noviciate, with his eyes shut and his head turned aside. The consequence is that he shoots wide of the mark. Let the reader just imagine such pellets as these being discharged at O'Connell:—"No man can regard him as the advocate of religious liberty," and, "he NEVER delivered an oration that a man of ability would be proud to have spoken, nor uttered a sentence that a man of taste would wish to remember."

Dirt like this never sticks. Very frequently it recoils "to plague th' inventor;" whereof we have a ludicrous instance in an attempt—most classical, most melancholy—to show that O'Connell has failed in Parliament.

"Even when in the House of Commons, though labouring to adopt a more measured and elevated form of speech, nature will still assert her right: '*Si naturam furco expellas, tamen usque recurret.*'"

How critically sublime! Would a sensible Tory disparage his own party by thus vilipending an adversary who has scattered terror through their ranks a hundred times? Besides, when we are told that *Castlereagh* WAS what *O'Connell* IS NOT, that is "most sincere" in his advocacy of the principles of religious liberty, who would hesitate between the censure and the eulogy of such a critic? Who would not deprecate his good-will with more fervour than he would shrink from his animosity, and run into any cranny to escape the bespatterings of that "very foul mop," his praise?

The old leaven which first soured our author's boyish stomach against O'Connell, is that at which his gorge still rises; he would not be rebel in *ninety-eight*, and "it is quite clear that he never did, nor does he now mean rebellion." We own that we can see no great harm in all that; but there are numbers of excellent Tories, as well as this mouthing Doctor, whose great quarrel against O'Connell lies in this unaccommodating obstinacy of his nature, that by all their wiles and guiles he cannot be induced to "come out and be hanged." They think it would be consistent in him to do so; but he hates consistency and won't oblige them. This is very tantalizing, no doubt, and therefore he well deserves to be esteemed, in the words of our eloquent and pious censor, "A political monster, sent here by the mysterious dispensations of Providence to punish us for our transgressions." Ah—

"Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum!"

Not even by the virtue of rebellion.

The reason assigned for this provoking want of pluck to kick

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up "*a bit of a ruction*" is as old as the excuse of the soldier in *Horace*—"He now enjoys all he wants and all he contemplates"—

"King, Glamis, Cawdor; all he *hast* it."

It may argue a lack of spirit in us, that viewing the honourable member in that happy state of complete fruition, enjoying all that he wants and all that he contemplates, we do pronounce him to be quite wise to let well alone; nay, we should look upon him as a confounded fool indeed, if, even to allay the biting taunt of the Tories, he should rebel in such circumstances. Why should he rebel? Doctor Meyler testifies—and we believe it, though he says it—that "he (O'Connell) does not really wish to establish the dominion of the priests in Ireland."

We have the same authority for saying that he has no serious intention of effecting a separation, alias, a Repeal of the Union; though, inconsistently enough with both these statements, we are told that "he would doubtless be delighted to effect it, for *the priests* and he would then in truth be the masters of the country;" and what is still more conclusive, and not the less remarkable, because it is as high a compliment as could be paid to the Earl of Mulgrave's administration of the laws, we also learn, that "should the present Viceroy be continued, Mr. O'Connell's connection with the Castle will render it necessary for him not only to relinquish his hitherto lucrative trade of agitation, but even, as far as he can, to put down the demon which he has raised." All these are strong presumptions in favour of Mr. O'Connell's continued allegiance, particularly the last, for the present Viceroy will be continued, to the discomfiture of those who long to see the country in a flame. But there remains yet another ground, greater than all the rest, to justify the fears of the Tories that he never will be a rebel. Our long-headed doctor, who ought to agnize the early symptoms in such cases, for he has experienced them in his own body—inclines to the hypothesis, that after all—though the honourable member already enjoys all he wants and all he contemplates—yet wanting still more, and contemplating what he does not enjoy, he will on some fine day, to be hereafter specified, we presume, in *Murphy's Almanack*, follow a most respectable example, and TURN PROTESTANT. That will be a great day for Ireland whenever it shall come to pass.

"It is not improbable," says this disciple of the Delphic God, "but that his eyes may be again opened to the errors of the Church of Rome, that the flame even of Protestantism might animate his Irish heart, dissipate the mist that obscured his way to the *woolsack*, and enable him to quarter all the young Hannibals on the country, accord-

ing to the most approved precedent of the Tory, Whig, and Radical lord that now occupies it."

It is quite natural, we admit, for Doctor Meyler to lay that down as the most appropriate terminus of the road which conducts to worldly honours and distinction.

For which one, or for how many of all the crimes above enumerated or anticipated, Mr. O'Connell deserves to be proscribed and driven beyond the limits of civility, we are still in the dark; but it is decreed. Yes—this non-rebel, *par contumace*, this non-repealer, anti-priest-supporter, contented Papist, and Protestant in embryo, is outlawed; there is no right hand of fellowship to be extended to him; even legal protection must be denied him; every imaginable species of warfare is to be permitted against him; and he is to be hunted down, like the untamed and untameable vagrants of the forest and felons of the fold. Hear the sentence—

"One is led to regard him as *one of those ferae naturae* ('fære' our *Longinus* is pleased to write it) *against whom ANY mode of WARFARE IS JUSTIFIABLE*; and we become unavoidably impressed with the conviction that *it is the IMPERATIVE DUTY of every HONEST MAN in society to raise up, AT LEAST, his voice against so dangerous and so abandoned an incendiary.*"—p. 61.

The worthy *Sangrado* seems to have perfected himself in Christian morality among the "honest men" who direct the secret council of the trades in Manchester.

Last, but not least in hate, are the *priests*, who cut a most disreputable figure in these classic pages, as the instigators of all the excitement, real or supposed, which our author describes, and that for the purpose of shaking off the connexion with Great Britain.

"There can be no doubt that there is a strong party in this country anxious to effect its separation from England; the lower classes are all favourable to it—the *priests*, TO A MAN, are bent on it.—I have no doubt, but that if favourable circumstances offered, they would themselves, as they did before, raise the peasantry and head them; and the great cause of Mr. O'Connell's popularity with the revolutionists and priests is, that there is in their minds a decided conviction that he means rebellion and separation, and intends at a proper time to be their leader and to re-establish the Roman Church."—p. 96.

O'Connell stands already absolved, in the allowance of this candid judge, of a real participation in such designs. The priests do not appear to know him so well as Doctor Meyler does; for with his consent (as the Doctor very truly affirms) we shall have no rebellion, while Ireland is left under a government

like that of Lord Mulgrave. But in good truth it is rather a serious accusation which is brought against the clergy of the people; and it would have been as well, perhaps, if it had not been so roundly preferred without something in the shape of proof or argument to sustain it. For although our author, in such matters, has "no doubt," how can he tell but others may? It is exacting too much even from the credulity of the people of England, who sometimes make it a rule to "see before they doubt," to require their implicit assent to a judgment, deeply involving the character of about three thousand Christian teachers—not even excepting one man of the number—on the credit of so threadbare a quality as Doctor Meyler's *assurance*.

But there are proofs, aye, pregnant proofs, of an overweening and usurping spirit among the priesthood:

"Instead of remaining in their chapels and confining themselves to their religious duties, these clerical gentlemen now assume the first places at dinners and public assemblies, strut about as public functionaries, embellish the levee with their presence, and carry their courtly accomplishments to the very table of the Viceroy."—p. 21.

Here are overt acts, the only specific ones which are stated, and may we not therefore conclude—the only acts that can be adduced in support of the *rebellious* impeachment?

The attendance at levee constitutes the *gravamen* of this charge. If the priests did not go there, they might leave their chapels and neglect their religious duties, to the end of the chapter, for aught that so enlightened a Christian as Doctor Meyler would care. But the Orange party know too well what brought *Churchmen* to the Castle of old, and what sort of counsel they poured into the ears of authority, to sit easy under the thought of any other clergy frequenting that venerable seat even in its outward courts. "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all." It is quite true, indeed, that Archbishop Murray and some half-dozen of the Catholic prelates besides—would we could say all of them "to a man"—do sometimes appear—*as bishops*—at the Lord Lieutenant's public levees. It is not alone that they are habited, on those occasions, in their "customary suits of solemn black," but—*novum dictuque nefas!*—they wear gold crosses, suspended by chains of the same costly and high-reaching material, from their necks. We saw it with our eyes: there is no getting over the fact.

As an extenuation, however, of what cannot be denied, it might be pleaded, on the part of the *intruders*, that if they should make it a point wholly to absent themselves on such occasions, and remain cloistered "in their chapels," that might

be interpreted as a sign of dogged hostility to the British Crown, refusing to relent even so far as to greet its representative, though he appeared in the most attractive and amiable guise which could solicit their acknowledgments. Thus they were placed between two fires; and having chosen the part which is at once respectful to the sovereign, and suitable to their own rank and dignity, they must submit to be arraigned of high presumption and arrogance, in affecting a display of pomp and state, which the retiring clergy of the Establishment are said to avoid.*

These instigators to rebellion, these insolent diners out, these levee-hunters, must be extinguished. They are unmanageable by any milder treatment.

"With the priesthood of that Church you can form no treaty; you cannot enter into any compromise with them; there can be no approximation on the part of the priest either towards the Church or its ministers."†—p. 121.

It might be even conducive to "Irish tranquillity" to substitute collars of a more contractile nature, in the place of those gold chains which have been spoken of; for

"A few *salutary legal* EXAMPLES made of THEIR REVERENCES, would have a most wonderful influence in effecting *tranquillity*."—p. 33.

* Our Doctor, although in general as far remote from "un animal risible," as any doctor, apothecary, or man-midwife, that "e'er our conversation coped with," waxes merry, in a note, upon this point:—

"Whenever any unfortunate stray minister of the Established Church appears at the levee, it is usual with those about the Castle to say, 'we have caught a parson.'"

This is "mighty nate," as Lady Morgan's guager would say; but if Dr. Meyler will vouchsafe just to drop in to his friend Bartholomew, (who is one of *those about the Castle*) the next time he hears of a good endowment or a snug benefice being at the disposal of the Lord Lieutenant, he will find that the apparition of *a parson* within the Castle walls is not by any means so wonderful a phenomenon as he imagines. Scarce as they may choose to make themselves at other times, they can readily find out the way on those interesting occasions. We have seen as good as a score of them "ploughing the half-acre," when there happened to be a carcass on the wind.

† In striking harmony with this sentiment, are the following lines of a song, entitled "Nulla pax cum Roma," published in the *Evening Packet* of the 17th of March, from the divine pen of the Reverend John Graham, Rector of Magilligan, in the diocese of Derry.

" If these men truth and reason will withstand,
 Shutting their ears and heads against instruction,
 Make no peace with them—give them not your hand—
 Lest you be partners of their just destruction"!

We refer, however, with much pleasure, to a document of a widely different character, namely, a parting address to Bishop Haly (of Kildare and Leighlin) from his late parishioners and friends of all denominations, at Kileock; which address, breathing a spirit of Christian liberality and affection, was written and presented by the *Protestant rector of the parish*.

At all events, *the order* must be abolished :—

“ There can be no security for the country, nor no hope for its civilization or prosperity, till this order is *put down*—‘ *Delenda est Carthago.* ’ * * * There can be no civil or religious freedom where that Church has power ; *there can be no security* for their continuance *where that Church is PERMITTED TO EXIST.* * * * Every engine and power of THE STATE should be employed to CRUSH that ‘ *imperium in imperio.* ’ ”—p. 121.

In the warfare which he wages against *his mother-Church*, it is allowable, or, at least, we conclude that he deems it so, to use any weapons that may serve his purpose, that purpose being always to mislead the people of England. On that principle, and with that object in view, he may possibly justify to his conscience the employment of such a poisonous piece of slander as the following :—

“ A priest does not allow the validity of a marriage celebrated by a Protestant clergyman ; he considers the offspring of *ALL such marriages* as illegitimate ; *HE WOULD NOT ORDAIN* the offspring of such a marriage ; he would not allow them the civil rights of legitimacy.”—p. 121.

We take this out of a pile of surrounding rubbish, not that it is the vilest calumny, nor anything like it, that he utters against the Catholic clergy, but because it enables us to pin him to a specific allegation more easy to be grappled with and confuted than the numerous vague and wild-goose aspersions which are scattered everywhere through this “ little tract ” of his. He states that a priest would not ordain the offspring of a marriage celebrated by a Protestant clergyman. Has he never heard, then, of the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Spencer, who has been within the last five years ordained to be a Catholic priest ; nor of Mr. Mills, a student of Trinity College, Dublin, the offspring, we believe, of a marriage solemnized by a Presbyterian minister, and therefore farther removed from approximation to what Catholics consider to be essential to the validity of a sacrament,—who has been ordained duly and regularly in the Church to the same office and ministry ? If he is aware of these instances, (and we might cite many more) what is the world to think of his honesty ? If he is ignorant of them, and yet presumes to write and publish statements about what the Catholic clergy do, and about what they would not do, it may be well to remind him of a fact in natural history, that it is the peculiar property of the cur to bark the loudest at those of whom he knows the least.

And now having gone through, at much greater length than

we had proposed to ourselves, the three heads of abuse and misrepresentation into which the political thesis of our doughty anatomist branches, we must proceed very briefly to analyse his view of the "state of the country," and the mode of treatment which he suggests.

Ireland, then—be it known to those who take an interest in its concerns—is a complete chaos of misrule and iniquity at this moment.

"A tremendous crisis is approaching, and we are on the eve of a struggle between the peasantry, goaded on by their priests, and the Protestant Church and its members.—(*Preface*, p. 4.) . . . A great and alarming crisis is impending.—(p. 1.) . . . At no period within the recollection of the writer have revolutionary principles been so prevalent and so openly avowed; at no period was *hostility to England* so *sedulously inculcated*; and at no period did the country exhibit so frightful an aspect of disorganization, of lawlessness, and of crime.—(p. 14.) . . . The country never was in so deplorable a condition as it is now; ribbon societies are more general, and more regularly organized; and violence, intimidation, and murder, prevail in every part of the country.—(p. 16.) . . . All the sources of industry are dried up; violence and murder prevail in every quarter; *the gentry are driven from their seats*; all useful measures of improvement are suspended.—(p. 105.) . . . Crimes of the deepest die are publicly committed with impunity; property is destroyed; the peaceful are assailed and dreadfully beaten; the crime of *murder is of MORE than DAILY occurrence*."—(p. 18.)

Then there are *more than three hundred and sixty-five murders per annum!* This beats the calender of Tipperary all the world to nothing. But to proceed:—

"The Juryman dreads the consequences of his verdict."—p. 18. . . . *The landlord does not receive his rent* nor the minister his tithe.—*ib.* . . . The police do not afford adequate protection; *it has even been proposed to let them out ONLY on hire*."—p. 19.

These several lamentations have we given *in ipsissimis verbis* of the author. They compose a "relation—too nice" but happily *not "too true."* Every thing approaching to a tangible statement in his budget of horrors is either a gross exaggeration or a palpable fiction. The gentry driven from their seats—the landlords left without their rents—the juryman afraid of the consequences of his verdict—the letting out of the police only on hire—have no existence save on the canvass of the accomplished artist who paints them. But the most dishonest of all, and the most palpably malicious, because it is devised for no other purpose than to create a false and injurious prejudice in a quarter where there is no opportunity of ascertaining how false it is, is the

imputation of "*hostility to England*." There never was a more wilful or gratuitous slander uttered against the character of any people. At no time since the two islands were placed under a common sceptre, has there been less foundation to construct even a plausible lie upon the subject; for never before did there exist a more unaffected or a more cordial disposition amongst the Irish people to cultivate the friendship of their fellow-subjects of Great Britain, and to desire well of them by every service of neighbourly kindness and of political co-operation, which it is in their power to render. The feeling of jealousy or aversion towards England, which once prevailed—not without cause, we will say; certainly not without excuse—exists no longer; nor are there to be found amongst the religious instructors, or the political leaders of our people, men base or unwise enough to attempt to resuscitate that sentiment. It is the interest of Ireland to be on terms of amity and reciprocal benevolence with her more powerful sister; no harshness and injustice now operates to disturb or prevent such a relation; and the people of Ireland, who are by no means blind to their own advantage, well know how much it imports them to stand well with England, nor would they hear with patience any person who should offer a contrary opinion or advice.

The Orange faction indeed, who are by themselves utterly weak and contemptible, view this increasing bond of strength in their opponents with great and well-founded alarm. All the unnatural power and importance, which they possessed in the bygone days, were derived from the supposed necessity of keeping up *an English party* in Ireland. They contrived to palm themselves upon the empire for an English party, when their real policy was to hold the country, not for England, but for their own knavish and jobbing purposes, and to make it not only an useless but a dangerous and disgraceful incumbrance to the British crown. In that they succeeded too well, and unhappily many degrading consequences of their vile misgovernment still remain to the discredit of our name and nation. There was no principle held dear and sacred by Englishmen, which they did not violate—no institution which Englishmen revere that their iniquitous and perverse domination did not render an object of horror and disgust. These are the persons whom it now concerns to inculcate, anxiously and sedulously, the belief of hostility to England; and therefore has this yelper of the pack received his cue to make that the keynote of his song.

The general howl which he sets up about disorganization, revolution, violence, and such like, we shall not be expected to analyse, any more than an accused party would be required to

answer *seriatim* all the verbal and *adverbial* adjuncts, used to set off the leading count in his indictment. Dr. Meyler himself shows that these "swelling epithets," albeit—

" Thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek,"

are but the appropriate adornments of a truly meretricious eloquence, and of no farther significance whatever. By admissions which he makes, we collect that "disorganization" means with him a state of not being organized; and that "lawlessness" and more than "daily murders" are elegant pleonasms, to express a portentous calm, and (if we rightly explicate his "parts of speech") a nation asleep upon a volcano, which is not flaming yet, *but intends to break out some time or another*.

Thus after declaring that "at no period did the country exhibit so frightful an aspect of disorganization, of lawlessness, and of crime," he says:—

"There **MAY HAVE BEEN** *times of greater ACTUAL crime*, the prisons may have been more crowded, and the criminal calendar more loaded."—p. 14.

And again:—

"No preparations now exist among the leading agitators for organizing a rebellion, or for arming the people.—p. 50. . . . As far as we have any means of information, **THERE IS NOT NOW** in Ireland, as there was in 1798, **ANY REGULAR ORGANIZATION** amongst the agitators, for the purposes of rebellion. In my estimate of them, I would say they have neither the talent nor the energy to organize one. They have no such men amongst them as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Tone, Emmett, Bond, O'Connor, and others; compared to whom, our agitators of the present day are but as puny whistlers! *whose policy seems to be to keep up the game of agitation, AND WAIT for the tide of events.*"—p. 50.

And yet "a great and alarming crisis *is impending*"—and "ribbon societies" (which are held to be the very *nuclei* of rebellion, and workshops of all seditious agitation) "are more general and more regularly organized" than ever was known before!

Again he says:—

"The priests and their instruments have *suspended agitation*."—p. 118. . . . The means by which her Majesty's representative is now enabled to preserve any semblance of tranquillity is by their influence."—ib. . . . We repose—on a volcano" [but we *do* "repose"] "and government have bribed the disloyal into a suspension of their revolutionary agitation."—ib.

The volcano is a favourite image. Dilating elsewhere on the same topic, he says:—

"The frightful scenes of outrage and of murder with which the

press (*The Evening Mail*, to wit) daily teems, are as the showers of ashes from the crater, which proclaim the fire that rages within."—p. 14.

In good sooth he seems, like many an honest fellow, to be a little too fond of "*the crater*." It is to be noted, however, that he does not venture any where to proclaim that an actual eruption has taken place.

Let us now leave these very consistent testimonies of the frightful aspect and impending crisis of the patient, and mark the mild physician's prescribed course of treatment. How he is disposed to proceed towards the priests, we know; and to what protection he would abandon O'Connell, we have an inkling. To Lord Mulgrave a hint is thrown out (of which we shall have a word to say by and by), that it may be advisable for him, in the neck of these troubles, not to wait to have his passport made out *secundum artem*, but bend his course, without leave-taking, back to Yorkshire, and leave this green isle of ours for Doctor Meyler to bustle in.

Having Ireland thus to himself, our Hippocrates would begin at once to

—“cast
The water of our land, find her disease,
And purge her to a sound and pristine health.”

Imprimis, then, he would begin with “strong measures.” Quacks always do, and regular diplomats sometimes:—

“Even the English Radical,” he says, “will concur in the necessity of strong measures to preserve the integrity of the empire, and to save Ireland from the abhorrent dominion of the Church of Rome and its priesthood.”—p. 125.

One of the earliest measures to which the English Radical would be required to yield his concurrence is *the suppression of the right of petition*.

“Unless lawless meetings, *under the pretext of petition*, are prevented, the agitators, aided by the priests, when they have no longer a selfish and subservient government at their command to advance their objects, will again congregate the people in large and turbulent assemblies, to overawe the peaceable, and to maintain their own bad, mischievous, and lawless dominion.”—p. 124-5.

We thank him for this plain confession that the Tories are not such drivellers as to dream of ever being able to regain their old dominion and to keep it, without virtually abrogating that constitution for which they pretend to be so great sticklers. The royal license, therefore, must be withdrawn from the “*farce of county meetings*,” and all public displays of popular sentiment put down, at the risk even of a second *Peterloo*. It will follow, of course, that the *Curfew Law* must be re-enacted; for, as the Duke

of Wellington says, there can be no such thing as "*a little war*," —no, not even against liberty; and the same paternal government which interdicts the right of petition, will also, nay must—

" *Constitutionally lock*
Your house about your ears."

Another principle of government with which the English Radical is expected to coincide, is, that—

" The aristocracy should rule the mob, and not the mob the aristocracy."—*Preface*, p. ix.

The old doctrine—of some practical efficacy in England, and which Lord Mulgrave has been so honourably abused for enforcing in Ireland—that neither the aristocracy nor the mob should "rule," but that *both* should *be ruled by the law*, is, of course, to be exploded.

The "English Radical" is not expected to do the dirty work of the Orangemen for nothing. He shall have a sop, to reward his anticipated compliance with the strong measures of the Meyler dynasty; and, in truth, he will require it, for the suspension of Habeas Corpus, and the re-establishment of an irresponsible iron oligarchy, are draughts to which even the Oastler-Thompson school of Radicals (and surely to none of any other school is this joint warfare against Irish liberty proposed) can scarcely reconcile their consciences, without some soothing syrup or appliance. Therefore there are to be—"ameliorations;" and *proved abuses* must be rescinded. But these improvements are to be worked out gradually and in order. The do-little-and-will-do-less maxim, once propounded by a noble and learned lord (who now demands the annihilation of both time and space by those who pretend to do any thing at all), is to be carried out in all its glory: and highly flattering, to be sure, it must be to the self-esteem of that illustrious individual, to find his former notions so well expounded in the lucid and constitutional periods of Dr. Meyler:—

" There is a progressive order in man's intellectual progress—political power, therefore, should be progressive also; it should be imparted only as wisdom, knowledge, orderly habits, and wealth, progress with it. All useful ameliorations in the abuse of government must be the result of time, of experience, and of intelligence; they must be gradual also."—*Preface*, p. xi.

Here is the *festina lente* system beautifully and clearly laid down. The Aloe of Reform—which now sprouts in the Conservative Forcing-house, a vigorous seedling—will, no doubt, "blossom, and bear its blushing honours thick upon it," if the people will only have patience and wait a hundred years. But, in order that this progressive order may begin its progress and advance to the perfect satisfaction of all the progradient parties,

it is necessary that the Tories (who have been latterly rather on a retrogressive *pas*) shall forthwith progress into place, and put their notions with regard to the "pretext of petition," and the sway of *the Great Few*, into execution. Under any other direction, amelioration might not progress at the pace to be exactly approved of. It might haply outstrip the March of Intellect, and then would ensue a race, perchance a steeple-chace, neither orderly nor comfortable to behold.

But how to set matters in the proper train for a safe and equitable start—that is the question. One thing is certain, that the Whigs are in, and won't go out, being to persuasion or remonstrance equally deaf. As regards Ireland, Lord Mulgrave has climbed the tree of office, and clings to its loftier branches with a most displeasing and vexatious tenacity. If words and clods could have dislodged him, Dr. Meyler and his party had not laboured in vain, for they have given him *mud* enough. What, then, remains, but the *ratio ultima*—"try what virtue there is in *stones*?" So says our loyalist, without mincing the phrase in the least; and we cannot refuse our tribute of "honour to his valour!"—

"Unless Lord Mulgrave be at once recalled, and a new system of policy be pursued, THE PROTESTANTS have no alternative but to ARM THEMSELVES and confederate for protection."—p. 124.

Such is the sum and substance of Tory sympathy, and of Tory Justice for Ireland:—O'Connell proscribed, and a price perhaps set upon his head—the priests put down—their Church not permitted to exist—a virtuous government expelled—popular freedom extinguished even in name—the aristocracy (and such an aristocracy!) rampant—and the *Orangemen*—for these, in Dr. Meyler's acceptation, are "*the Protestants*,"*—IN ARMS!!! Then will the halcyon expand her sparkling wings over our troubled waters; Ireland will be at peace; order will rule in all her habitations. Yes—the peace of the deserted village, and such order as "reigns in Warsaw."†

"But of enough—enough." Some apology is perhaps due to our readers for detaining them at so great length in examining the frothy effusions of a frivolous and empty head. The incoherent and random defamation of the lowest Orange newspaper, deserves as well, in respect of its literary pretensions, the distinc-

* "The *Liberal Protestant* (he says) has become obsolete."

† The memorable words in which the Czar proclaimed his triumph over liberty and justice, when last—and, we fervently pray, for the last time—

"Sarmatia fell unwept without a crime."

The haughty insulting savage concluded his ruthless boast of the desolation he had caused, and described the despair and prostration of a fallen people with this phrase—"Order reigns in Warsaw!"

tion which our pages can afford, as those dull and peevish lucubrations. Indeed, we owe even the *Warder* an *amende* for the comparison. Neither on personal grounds does it signify to any human being whether such an author bemauls his foes with all sorts of English, plain and ornamental, or

“ Hurls his piebald Latin at their heads.”

One farthing would be about the highest amount of special damages that an honest jury could award to any of the parties he attacks, for the hurt inflicted by the *farrago* of his libel. But these things are often less contemptible, when viewed in connexion with other circumstances, than, looking simply at the author, one might be disposed to consider them. Dr. Meyler is the pet of the faction ; he is their confidential pamphleteer ; they clap him on the back for his malignant absurdities, cause them to be eulogized in their official journals and magazines,* and by every possible mode of approval and recognition, adopt and ratify his sentiments as their own. This consideration, founded on undeniable facts, communicates an importance to his railings and his revenges, which otherwise they could never acquire. As the manifesto, therefore, of the *Kildare Street Clubs*—for we believe there are *two* of them—and echoing the aspirations and designs of many who, in a change of government, would unquestionably be advanced to high political and judicial station in Ireland, we have thought this book of Dr. Meyler fully entitled to a serious notice.

ART. IX.—*The Bishop of Exeter's Speech, (Mirror of Parliament.) 1838.*

THE speech lately spoken by Dr. Philpotts in the House of Peers, for the purpose of charging the Catholic members belonging to the lower House with *perjury*, has not been suffered to make its way throughout Europe by the aid only of the diurnal press. Those who have been induced by his Lordship's arguments to adopt his conclusions, have thought it worthy of their zeal to throw his reasonings into a pamphlet-form, in order to preserve them from the more rapid oblivion which commonly awaits the perishing communications made through the public journals. This provident design of protecting his Lordship's speech against too hasty a disappearance from general

* See the *Dublin University Magazine* for April, for an eulogium on the *undeniable moderation* of the work we have been noticing.

notice, seems to us to be the offspring of aggravated fear and unnecessary caution. The great reputation of the right reverend speaker ought to ensure an earnest attention to whatever he may be pleased to say or to write. His great acquirements, his well-known talents, his experience in disputed questions of the first importance, his logical acuteness, are quite sufficient to give the stamp of currency to whatever may fall from his Lordship in his addresses, especially to the illustrious assemblage of which he constitutes so important a member. Even although those eminent qualities were less in favour than they happen to be with the noble auditors of this distinguished debater, nevertheless would the subject-matter of his late oration insure a deep, troubled, and most anxious regard, not only in every quarter of the United Kingdom, but in every state and nation of Europe. To reiterate against a considerable portion of the representatives of the United Kingdom a charge of treachery aggravated by *perjury*, is enough to startle the intelligent portion of mankind throughout the civilized world. That any portion of the legislature of the British people should be so branded, is enough to disquiet the moral feeling of all civilized nations. If the charge be well founded, it is a blur upon the human character; if otherwise, it cannot be considered in any other light than as one of the most dangerous, and desperate, and unworthy accusations, that ever was yet advanced by mortal man.

In support of this accusation of *perjury*, there is the Bishop's own train of reasoning. The grand question with the just and upright will be, does the reasoning bear out the impeachment of *perjury*? If it do, the verdict, however reluctantly delivered, can be only of one sort; if it do not, if it be insufficient not only to bear out, but to give a colour to the charge of *perjury*, it may be fairly apprehended that the learned and distinguished accuser cannot escape a judgment somewhat harsh than mere censure.

It will be observed that the arraignment for *perjury* of so many Catholic members of the House of Commons, is placed on this simple ground, viz. that they, the Catholic members, who, on presenting themselves at the table of the House of Commons to qualify for taking their seats, did take an oath, to the purport set forth in the learned prelate's speech. That is to say:—

“ I do swear that I will defend to the utmost of my power the settlement of property within this realm, as established by the laws; and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure, any intention to subvert the present Church establishment, as settled by law within this realm: and I do solemnly swear that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government in this kingdom: and I do

solemnly, in the presence of God, protest, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever."

Perjury, or *no perjury*, is the question ; and in order that this be decided according to any known principles of justice, we must scrutinize the conduct of the accused parties, with a reference to the strict terms of the obligation sworn to. And in this sense, it is but fair, and no concession of favour whatever, to consider the oath so far in the nature of a penal statute, that it be strictly interpreted ; for if the *perjured* violation of the oath be averred, it is distinctly obligatory, on the part of the accuser, to show those acts plainly, and without the obscurity of a shade, by which the crime was committed. *Perjury* is a dreadful charge. No man should dare to impute it to an individual, and still less to a class of persons of weight, character, and condition,—invested with one of the first of all human trusts, upon the due discharge of which depends the welfare of millions—upon light surmises, uncharitable suspicions, or unfriendly speculations. A crime so direct against the majesty of God, and so detrimental to man, and a conviction for which is sure to be followed by exclusion and moral exile from the society of the virtuous and religious, ought to stand upon a basis of truth sufficiently clear and satisfactory to the most scrupulous and conscientious friends of real justice.

Now it is asked, in what instance has the alleged *perjury* been committed ? The charge is distinctly directed against the *parliamentary* conduct of the jurors. What they may do, in their ordinary capacities as mere individual members of society, is utterly *dehors* the present question. Their opinions and sentiments, their habits and feelings, are altogether out of consideration. If these things were in themselves moral obstacles to the attainment of a political share in the commonwealth, it could only be under a system of tyranny, which the people of England would not endure for one day ; and that they were very justly not considered to be so by the legislature of 1829, the oath alluded to unequivocally demonstrates. The charge, then, contemplates parliamentary conduct alone ; and we would know from the Bishop of Exeter—for his printed speech does not afford a spark of evidence on the point—what parliamentary conduct, on the part of the Roman Catholic members of Parliament, amounts to a breach of any one of the clauses which constitute the substance of the oath ? Have they attempted to shake the foundations of property *as established by law* ? Have they, as members of Parliament, endeavoured to *subvert* the present *Church Establishment* ? What bills have they brought

into Parliament for that purpose? What privilege have they abused, by exercising it to the disturbing or weakening of the Protestant religion, or Protestant Government, in these realms? To these plain questions negatives must be given—and then what becomes of the charge of *perjury*!

As the accusation assumes that the parliamentary oath was framed solely with relation to what Roman Catholics may do as members of the Houses of Parliament, one would have expected something better from a profound dialectician like the Lord Bishop of Exeter, than shreds and patches of extracts from speeches, delivered at tavern-feasts and electioneering assemblies, by Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel. So good a logician must have known that those fractions of harangues which he descended to stuff into his speech, never could have propped up the inferences of *perjury*, which he was so anxious to arrive at. Nor could the respectable scruples of Mr. Petre and other honourable men among the Roman Catholic members of the House of Commons, (if really entertained, which we somewhat doubt) afford better assistance in arriving at the favourite and desired conclusion of *perjury*, in those from whom those gentlemen differed. They were all equally free to follow their own courses. Men will differ in matters of opinion and sentiment in Parliament as they commonly do out of it, but the difference is not in itself matter of reproach to one party more than to the other; and even though one should be deemed to have acted with more apparent delicacy than the other, still, in the rough tasks which political duties will sometimes impose on public men, that is as frequently worthy of approbation which arises out of clear views of public policy, as out of nice sentiment of party delicacy.

There is more than one fallacy at the bottom of the Bishop's argument, for he not only relies upon things reported to have been said and done in various other places than the Houses of Parliament, and by Catholic churchmen also, in order to make out his case of *perjury*, but he also, with a very extravagant confidence, thinks he can collect abundant proofs in favour of his accusation when he takes up the tithe question, and the part pursued by the Irish Catholics in Parliament in the various discussions which have taken place from time to time on that prolific and troublesome question.

It is a matter of universal notoriety, not to speak of the abolition of agistment tithes, that for upwards of fifty years tithes have been the standing cause of universal popular vexation, especially in Ireland, where the people being dependent upon agriculture for means of social as well as of animal support, must

necessarily feel the burdens which the laws have placed on the land and labours of the country, with irritated impatience. It cannot be necessary to go over the catalogue of barbarous outbreaks which have thrown that part of the United Kingdom into convulsion, disorder, and crime; those melancholy occurrences have made their own impression too strong upon the public mind to be hastily effaced. Committees of Parliament have given the subject serious investigation; and if there be any result more explicitly demonstrated than another, by the evidence of witnesses of all descriptions, Protestant as well as Catholic, it is simply this, that there prevails in Ireland a universal desire that the country should be relieved from this constant annoyance and oppression. There could be no scheme of adjustment in mitigation of this source of general complaint, which could be limited to a few simple consequences. The tithes are interwoven with all the interests and relations of property throughout Ireland. From the lord of the fee, down to the occupying labourer who tilled the soil, the tithe system presses in various degrees and proportions of vexation or hardship. It was impossible for any legislature to overlook so singular an example of national complaint, and in which there was no intermission of remonstrance and reclamation. Whether the tithes be the most proper mode by which the sacred offices of the clergy should be requited, is a matter into which it is not intended to enter in this place; but surely a most reasonable and justifiable desire may be fairly supposed to exist, for bringing about some mild and benignant changes in the entire tithe scheme, without placing the design upon the odious and unjust ground of a preconcerted plan for the spoliation of the property of the Church, and for the ruin of its clergy. The condition of the ministers of the Established Church would be singularly infelicitous if their case alone were to preclude the possibility of any change, let the effect upon the rest of the nation be ever so injurious or vexatious; and a legislature which could consider itself incapable of substituting some other arrangement less irksome and grinding to the community at large, and full as liberal and satisfactory to the clergy, would exhibit such an excess of moral impotence and imbecillity, as must render it an object of contempt in the view of every rational government in the world.

The Government of the United Kingdom is essentially Protestant; and to assume that such a Government would direct all its powers towards the overthrow of its own Church and clergy, is as bold a begging of the question as a bad logician ever ventured on. The ministers of the Government are *sworn*—and

nobody accuses them of *perjury*—to protect the Church established by law. Neither the Duke of Wellington nor his colleague in office was accused of that odious and scandalous crime when they brought in the Relief Bill of 1829—and yet upon a mere matter of argument regarding the tithe bills which have been so frequently brought into discussion—and which bills, let it be observed, in point of *principle*, were inevitable consequences resulting from the passing of the Act of 1829—it has been rashly, ungenerously, and most unjustly, charged against the Catholics in the Houses of Parliament, that they have committed the infamous crime of *perjury*.

The Duke of Wellington, it will be remembered, as well as Sir Robert Peel, withdrew from the administration of which Mr. Canning was the head. The reason for having done so, was, that those distinguished persons were so attached to the Established Church, that they would not sit in the same cabinet with a premier who inclined towards conceding, without qualification, the claims of the Catholics to share and enjoy the honours and benefits of the English Constitution. After the demise of the Duke of York, those eminent statesmen consented to introduce the bill against which they had so fastidiously protested during the life of his royal highness, although by that act the external fences of the establishment were supposed to be exposed to considerable peril. The very persons who while they were in opposition prognosticated divers calamities to both Church and State, if ever the Catholics should be admitted to share in political power with the Protestants, when they became ministers themselves, did not scruple to invert their professed policy—and they reconciled the revolution in their minds and conduct to their sense of consistency, by framing this oath for the preservation of Church and State, of which Dr. Philpotts has made such unseemly and such illogical uses. If declarations made at taverns, and other places of meeting, by Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel, as well as by others of the same religious communion, be twisted into the obligations and conditions of a compact, why may not the more grave and serious declarations of two persons, by means of which they had smoothed their access to power, be considered also to have the force of a compact—and to expose the tergiversation of those ministers to reproach and upbraiding?

After a considerable share of abortive labour, the Bishop of Exeter falls short of the conclusion at which he struggles to arrive. The bare idea of a compact between the sovereign power of a state and any given portion of the people, is a political absurdity. The legislature is bound by irrefragable obli-

gations, the cancelling of which can never be presumed, to pursue and adopt such measures as it may conscientiously consider to be essentially necessary towards the general welfare of the nation at large. Policy and justice never intermit in their claims. Good and wholesome laws for the whole of the people constitute the true and proper purpose of all governments. Compacts may be formed between independent governments, but nothing of the kind is imaginable between the State itself and its own subjects. The *animus imponentis* has no influential power between the legislature which proceeds to restore political power and those from whom it had been violently wrested; and the class, description, or sect, selected out of the body of the people, from whom the precautionary procedure may be exacted, have as good a right to put their own construction upon it, as a political ceremonial, as those who may have framed it, not upon any direct sense of its necessity, but as a pious imposture adopted to quiet the apprehensions of prejudice or bigotry. The paramount duty of a member of the House of Commons is, to bear his part in public deliberations for the peace, happiness, and welfare of the people; and if it were possible—which most indubitably it is not—to cramp him in the free exercise of his complete functions, it would be a constitutional obligation virtually imposed on him, and paramount to all others incident to his representative station, to break through those bonds by every moral means which may lie within the reach of his power. The Constitution of England does not recognize mutilated power or fractional privilege in the representative of the people. That trust once conferred, shackles and trammels of all kinds drop at once, and he becomes a moral being, uncircumscribed and disenthralled of all checks and restraints, save what is common to every other member, who, like himself, is placed under constitutional responsibility for his actions in Parliament. If the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel persuaded themselves that any oath—but especially one which has the stamp of their statesmanship upon it—could confine Catholic representatives within narrower limits than those that are known and enjoyed by Protestant members, they showed themselves to be but very simple and very inexperienced politicians. Oaths are not designed, by their very nature, for any purpose of political security. They belong to the administration of justice. They are the tests of moral veracity, which the living God is invoked to witness. Bungling politicians, who are weary of following out principles and details through all their ramifications, always stop short and botch up their projects with some such crude expedient as an oath; and hence it comes that under the administration of British govern-

ment, the people are obliged to swear their way through all the departmental details of the executive. A more futile resource for the preservation of the Church and State than the oath which the Catholics in Parliament are accused of having violated, never was invented in any age or country by the simplest of all simple law makers. When the noble duke and his distinguished coadjutor abjured their Protestant policy, they certainly had some difficulties in the way; but for these they had, in a considerable degree, to thank themselves. Before the miraculous light broke upon them, they did not cease to tell the people, year after year, that the implacable enemy of the religious faith and the political institutions of England, was the Catholic energy. If they thought so, it was their fault that they relied upon the feeble formality which they exacted from every Catholic member of Parliament previously to taking his seat. Those statesmen had opposed Catholic emancipation as being full of danger to the State; but they supported it, as being quite compatible with the perfect security of the State; and truly the Bishop, notwithstanding all his vigorous pamphlets against the Catholics, was deeply implicated in the inconsistency which this miserable oath was invented to varnish over. Such as that oath is, it stands inviolate to this hour. There is nothing in its spirit or in its letter which has suffered violence by reason of the arguments employed by the Catholics in the debates on the tithe question. Had it been possible to have expressly prohibited those members from taking any part in any discussion for the reformation, or for the abolition, of tithes, the injustice of the prohibition could not have been maintained against the feeling of England. To have closed their lips upon a subject which touches the main fund of their own interests in such a variety of ways, directly and circuitously—which works such a complication of injuries, troubles, and painful distresses, throughout the whole of Ireland—to inhibit them from pleading for themselves, as well as for the peace, and quiet, and order of their country, would have been a monstrous stretch of power, not a whit short of the most intolerable tyranny; and yet had such a preposterous and intolerable exclusion as this been actually and palpably embodied in the oath, the charge of *perjury* could not be more peremptorily asserted, than it appears in the circulated edition of the Speech which we are considering.

But is it not inconsistent with the oath taken by Catholic members, to give their support to a scheme, by which the clergy of Ireland are to be despoiled of their property, or at best reduced in their incomes? A few members appear to have thought so, and, accordingly, have not voted. Others have thought the

contrary, and with reason. Of all the litter of tithe bills which have been produced in the Commons for some years past, that which was introduced by Sir Henry Hardinge was one of the most severe and trenchant to the incomes of the Irish clergy. Yet no person accuses that gallant and meritorious person of being a Papist, or of having perjured himself; for if a Catholic be bound by his parliamentary test not to subvert the Protestant establishment, &c., a Protestant also must be considered, in justice and reason, as coming under the restrictive obligations which the Bishop of Exeter labours to confine to the Catholic.

But after all, does a change in the tithe system of Ireland carry with it a meaning equivalent to the robbing the Church of its temporalities, and bereaving the clergy of their incomes? Far from it. A Protestant State, and particularly the Protestant State of the United Kingdom, will never suffer their Church or clergy to be rifled of any portion of what is necessary for their dignity and independence. No man in his senses would think of concocting such a scheme of support for the clergy of the Establishment, as that which now exists, if it were an original measure of the present period, that due and liberal provision should be appointed for the first time. The parties opposed in interest by the present system have been, and actually now are, the landlords and the clergy. Ever since lands have risen in their value, and increased population has rendered them the staple of all the varied interests of Ireland, the question has been between those parties—the landlords and the clergy, and the lay-impropriators. The resources of the legislature must be miserable indeed, if, without doing the slightest injustice to the clergy, an ample compensation may not be afforded, more satisfactorily paid, and more securely defended by law, than that is, upon which so much ferocious declamation, and sophistical quibbling have been expended.

It is not at all contemplated to enter farther into the subject of tithes, than they happen to be incidentally involved, and also so far as the charge against the Catholic members of Parliament may lead. Whatever measures affecting the Church have been pursued in Parliament, were undertaken by the Ministers of the day; and against some of these, none were more determinedly opposed than the Irish Catholic members of the House of Commons. Lord Grey commenced his administration with a distinct intimation of his intentions respecting the Church. He addressed himself, in pointed terms, directly to the Spiritual Bench in the House of Lords, and he exhorted those who occupied it “to set their houses in order.” His Lordship entered vigorously upon his scheme, and he abolished at a stroke ten

of the Irish bishoprics. This was considered by some as a direct attempt against the independence of the Established Church; for here were dignities and temporalities swept away, and from which several derivative consequences were perceptible, each productive, as it was conceived, of a greater or smaller degree of public injury. In all this proceeding, the Irish Catholic members had no more to do, than had the Protestant members of Parliament; and as concerns the latter, it would be difficult to discover their title to an exclusive right to inflict injury upon their own Church and clergy. So far from those measures being desired by the Roman Catholics of Ireland, Mr. O'Connell, in his place in the House of Commons, declared, that the Catholics did not care about them; that it was of no benefit to the people of Ireland that ten bishoprics were abolished; that they took no interest in the diminution of the number of bishops or in the increase of it—for that either regulation was not what they sought for: and he spoke what was undeniable, as every man must know who has any true and useful knowledge of the state of things in Ireland. This measure of the premier had the support of nine bishops—seven English and two Irish—viz. the Bishops of Winchester, Chester, Llandaff, Rochester, Norwich, St. David's, Oxford, Kildare and Derry. As regards Ireland, this was the most summary demolition that the Irish Church had ever suffered from a Protestant Ministry and a Protestant Parliament; but the Catholic members of both houses were wholly guiltless of the matter. Then followed the tithes—and then a subject became debated in Parliament, which came home to every being in Ireland who has landed property or landed interests, or who subsists by agricultural labour or produce,—and that is, after some manner or other, or to some degree or other, every head of a family throughout the entire kingdom. During those discussions which followed in Parliament, and out of doors, strong expressions were employed on all hands, according to the views or the temperament of those who engaged in the question. The Bishop of Exeter has treasured up some of these for re-exhibition; but they make nothing for his argument. Whatever powers Mr. O'Connell may employ out of Parliament, he had a right to call into use. He possessed those, whatever they were, at all times. *The Oath* had nothing to do with his language, and as little with his conduct, which, if it were blameable out of Parliament, was referable to justice,—not to any futile quibbling regarding the construction of as flimsy an oath as ever yet set men debating about its meanings. Mr. Shiel triumphed at a public meeting which was held in Tipperary, that they “had annihilated the Tories;” but even supposing this great achievement to be be-

yond all doubt, one does not see what it has to do with the oath which he had taken as a member of Parliament. The constitution, except so far as it has been changed, not by the perjury of the Irish Catholics, but by the Protestant Ministry of Earl Grey, is not yet forced from its foundations. "The Church as by law established" is not upset by the Irish Catholics—nor have they, as members of Parliament, attempted any thing of the kind; but if the Bishop of Exeter, instead of an intemperate railing, and a stringing together of every thing which could be swept out of the petitions, supplications, and remonstrances of the Irish Catholics to the Parliament during a space of eighty years, would really know how far the Church Establishment stands affected by times and circumstances, he has nothing to do but to consult some of his own political friends and patrons, to obtain a clue to guide him in his inquiry. His Lordship has done his cause no service by the temerity and injustice of his opinions and language.

We observe that Dr. Philpotts is bringing in aid the refusal of the Bishop of Malta to take the Catholic Oath, and a supposed opinion of our Holy Father the Pope in condemnation of it. We rejoice to see that the question is assuming a form in which its merits can be fully developed; and we doubt not that our champions in the House of Lords will prove themselves worthy of their responsible station, and will disdain Dr. Philpotts' offer of compromise of excepting *them* from his charge of perjury, with a view of thereby more effectually pointing his attacks against their Irish brethren in the House of Commons. When the facts under consideration shall be ascertained, we hope to return to the subject,

ART. X.—1. *Tales of Fashionable Life, &c.* By Maria Edgeworth.
 2. *The Wild Irish Girl.* By Miss Owenson.
 3. *O'Donnel; Florence Macarthy; O'Briens and O'Flaherties; and National Tales.* By Lady Morgan.
 4. *Tales by the O'Hara Family.* First and Second Series. By John Banim.
 5. *The Croppy.*
 6. *The Collegians.*
 7. *Tales of the Munster Festivals.*
 8. *Traits of the Irish Peasantry.* By William Carleton.
 9. *Rory O'More.* By Samuel Lover.

THAT the present is essentially, and *par excellence*, a novel-writing and novel-reading age, is a fact, in asserting which, we need fear no contradiction. The first talent of the day is

employed in the production, the whole reading world in the perusal, of novels. The demand is great, and it is equalled by the supply. Some fifty years back, the divine, the metaphysician, and the historian, would have sent forth their lucubrations in formidable treatises in folio, or scarce less formidable essays and histories in interminable quarto and octavo. The *cacoethes scribendi* in these classes is as strong as ever; but it has taken a different direction, and following the taste of the day, has vented itself in the composition of historical, metaphysical, and even of theological novels. The *domestic novel*, the only one in which our ancestors excelled, has been by us perfected, purified, and refined. The *fashionable novel*, a genus hard to be defined, and scarce worth the trouble of a definition, has sprung into existence, and has employed the pens of noble as well as of plebeian authors. The latter, it is true, have far surpassed their lordly competitors, yet the *prestige* of a noble name has not been without its effect upon the many; while, to the more thinking few, there is a gratification, enhanced by its novelty, in seeing the magnates of the land harmlessly, if not very usefully, employed, which disarms the severity of their criticism, and renders them, in the words of the old adage, "*unwilling to look a gift horse in the mouth.*" The *naval* and *military* novel forms a class apart, and allowing for some high-colouring and exaggeration, it is not the least skilfully supported. There is one class, however—in our estimation the most interesting and important of all—the *national novel*—which, embodying, as it does, the characteristics of a people, their manners, their feelings, their faults, and their virtues, may be made the vehicle of conveying the most important truths, and of exciting a strong interest and sympathy in the minds of those to whom the nation in question would otherwise have been a name, and nothing more. The national tales of Scott have done much to remove the barrier of prejudice which separated his countrymen from their fellow-subjects; the spirit-stirring novels of Cooper have had the same effect as regards America. Our country—our unhappy Ireland—as she stands more in need of extraneous sympathy, so should a double importance be attached to those works which paint her as she is. It is accordingly our intention to devote this article to a brief notice of the novels of Ireland, including the works of those who, however differing from us in religious and political opinions, still display in their writings that love of country, that strong national feeling, which, in *our* estimation at least, covereth a multitude of sins!

In commencing our survey, the first name which naturally presents itself is that of Miss Edgeworth. Not that her works

can be called *national*, in the fullest sense of the word, nor that we acknowledge her by any means to be what the *Edinburgh Review* once called her, the “best painter of Irish character and manners;” but, as the pioneer in the trackless forests of Irish romance, the foundress, so to speak, of a style which others have carried much nearer perfection,—she claims this precedence. In a clever article upon the genius and writings of Miss Edgeworth, which appeared some time since in *Tait's Magazine*, and which was ascribed to Miss Martineau, the following passages occur:—“Neither her feelings, mind, nor imagination, are Irish. She is a shrewd Englishwoman of enlarged understanding and rare talent, who cleverly, but sometimes not very correctly, sketches Irish characters and manners as any other well-informed person, long resident in Ireland, might do; with many cool minute touches, which would infallibly have escaped one whose heart and imagination had warmed and expanded amongst the Irish people, and who had grown up from childhood to womanhood nursed in their traditions, usages, habitudes, and feelings. There is little about her that partakes of the raciness of the sod. Though her heart and good wishes, and excellent understanding, may have been in Ireland, her imagination and fancy are, so far as is seen in her works, clearly absentees—they are essentially English.”

Nothing can be truer than this, to a certain extent; but on one point we must differ with the fair critic. Though Miss Edgeworth’s “excellent understanding” may have been in Ireland, we much doubt whether her *heart* has ever accompanied it. In the *Absentee*, of all her works the one which displays the most sympathy with Ireland, although she tells many useful truths, and ably exposes the short-sighted selfishness of absenteeism, there is still no warmth of indignant patriotism, no identification of self with the country, little more, in short, than the cold and half-contemplative pity of a shrewd and right-minded stranger. When Miss Edgeworth had attained the full maturity of her genius and her fame, the Irish Catholic was still degraded by unjust laws—the Irish Protestant more degraded by an unnatural ascendancy. Did she lend her powerful aid to forward the good cause of the oppressed?—did she record her protest against the monopoly of those whom the laws made oppressors? Alas, no. Nor can there be a stronger proof of her want of national feeling—of the slight hold her country has always had upon her affections—than the circumstance of her writings being totally silent on a subject of such overpowering interest to Ireland.

A critical examination of the works of Miss Edgeworth would, at this time of day, be as tedious as a twice-told tale. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a few general remarks. Of *Castle*

Rackrent, we believe the earliest of Miss Edgeworth's works, we are not inclined to think very favourably. It professes to be a picture of the manners of a past age and generation, of which we know but little; but we have reason to believe that it is highly overcharged in its details, and the characters are certainly crudely and coarsely drawn, whilst the story, if "*vrai*," is any thing but "*vraisemblable*," and its revolting unpleasantry is unredeemed by any sparkles of wit and humour. This, indeed, is a common fault with our author; her description of the condition, manners and customs of the Irish peasantry is generally faithful, but in her hands their quick and racy humour degenerates into coarse blundering, whilst the deep well-spring of feeling that gushes in the Irish heart, is to her a fountain sealed. But if her Irish peasants be, generally speaking, but vapid caricatures, we must allow that she has been highly successful in drawing the characters of a higher class; her King Corny and Sir Ulick O'Shane in *Ormond*, are perhaps the most finished portraits she has ever traced, and as the representatives of two widely different, but still both genuinely *Irish* classes, can scarcely be surpassed.

We must now take leave of Miss Edgeworth, repeating our lively regret that this distinguished writer should have forced us to consider her as wanting in national feeling—a regret enhanced by our conviction, that this want has lessened the value and usefulness of her writings, and will prove injurious to her fame with posterity—and expressing our ardent wish—we dare not call it *hope*—that she may, even at the eleventh hour, assume her fitting place amongst those to whom their country is the first and dearest object.

Our attention is next directed to the works of Lady Morgan, to whom the reproach of want of nationality, at least, does not apply. Her novels are, indeed, thoroughly Irish in matter, in character, in their dry humour, and cutting sarcasm; no less than their vehemence and impetuosity of feeling. It should never be forgotten that, although writing at a period when, if it was not actually considered "*treason to love Ireland*," to defend her was to incur suspicion, Lady Morgan never hesitated to express her indignation at the wrongs of her country—that she continued to expose its misgovernment, and to win sympathy for its sufferings, and that she pursued this course regardless of the obloquy it entailed upon her, and careless that she thus provoked the enmity of those, high in station, whose good-will and powerful patronage a different line of conduct would have speedily commanded. Lady Morgan has powerfully advanced the cause of her country; she has been its "*unbought and unpurchasable servant*"; and we, therefore, in common with the Irish public, consider that the

present government, in bestowing upon her a pension, has done itself high honour, and to her but a tardy act of justice. Would that such names alone were to be found upon the Pension List, and it would soon cease to be a bye-word and a stumbling block to the people!

The first of Lady Morgan's national tales (and it is with them alone we have to do) was the *Wild Irish Girl*. It is evidently the work of a young and inexperienced writer—the story, the sentiments, and the characters, being alike extravagant and overwrought. Still there is a strong national feeling throughout—an occasional graphic sketch of Irish character and customs, and a tone of genuine enthusiasm which carries one along, and causes its deficiencies to be forgotten. Besides, its faults, as springing from an undisciplined and exuberant fancy, are those most easily pardoned in youth, from the high promise they hold out for the future; and this promise the succeeding works of our author have amply redeemed. Between the *Wild Irish Girl* and *O'Donnell* there is all the difference that can be imagined to exist between the first sketches of a young artist and the finished work of a great master. We are sure that this admirable production must be still fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. Who can forget the inimitable M'Rory, that personification of the fidelity, the courage, the reckless gaiety, and shrewd mother-wit of the "*mere Irishman*?" or the scarcely less admirably drawn character of the pert and servile Mr. Dexter, the "*English by descent*," and the type of a class once widely extended, and still too often to be met with in Ireland, who "live by the country they revile"?

The character of O'Donnell,—the Irish gentleman of high descent, the distinguished soldier, the sometime associate of princes in other lands, reduced by the consequences of obsolete statutes and the continued operation of others, no less unjust, if less strikingly barbarous, almost to a level with the peasant in his own—is a master-piece. His high sense of honour—his pride, which prefers the extreme of poverty to the incurring of obligation—his morbid sensitiveness, shrinking almost from the voice of courtesy, lest it should convey a covert insult—his bitter sense of the wrongs of his country, and of his own unjust and unmerited degradation—all these distinguishing traits are drawn with a force and verisimilitude that suggests the idea of Lady Morgan having had some living original in view, and that she sketched at least the leading characteristics of O'Donnell from some one of the many noble and gallant Irishmen whom the first French Revolution threw back upon their country, and whom she is likely in her early youth to have known. The history of the fallen fortunes of the house of O'Donnell, is told with great spirit

and fidelity, and embodies many a painful fact, but too often repeated in the past history of Ireland. We have indeed little doubt that, placing as it did the iniquities of the penal and restrictive laws in a new and forcible light, this narrative contributed not a little to disabuse the English mind of its prejudice, and to predispose many for the long delayed act of justice which the Catholics have at length obtained.

The lighter portions of this work are equally admirable with the more serious. In the scenes where M'Rory figures, not merely the idiom, but the modes of thought and expression peculiar to the Irish peasantry, are faithfully preserved, and their rich humour, ceremonious politeness, and natural tact, given to the life. Lady Singleton is a capital specimen of the bustling, officious, and self-important personage, who, though universally considered a *bore* of the first magnitude, yet so often deludes the world into calling her "an uncommonly clever woman;" whilst Lady Llanberis, the spoiled child of fortune, the capricious and inconsistent women of fashion, led by the whim of the moment, and the willing slave of whoever gratifies her passion for excitement and variety, forms an admirable contrast to her more bustling friend.

The character of the Duchess of Belmont, although evidently a favourite with the author, and worked up with much care and pains, we cannot help considering a failure. The change is too violent from the *bête* and *beckyish* Miss O'Halloran, the butt alike of her patroness and her pupils, to the self-possessed and satirical Duchess, braving unmoved the repelling coldness of the haughty family she had entered, and the envious sneers of their little world of flatterers and dependents. There is also something repugnant to all our ideas of feminine dignity and delicacy, in her accepting the hand of the old and profligate Duke of Belmont, which had only been tendered to her upon the rejection of less honourable offers. Throughout her subsequent conduct the same want of delicacy is perceptible; so that, notwithstanding her brilliant wit and many good qualities, we can only account for the ardent attachment with which she inspires the high-minded and sensitive O'Donnel, by adopting the doctrine, that a total contrast in mind, character, and disposition, is the most likely to create a violent passion.

Much as we admire *O'Donnel*, however, we must still confess a lurking preference for *Florence Macarthy*—perhaps from the many pleasing associations belonging to the latter. The very name brings back the happy home of our youth—the cheerful fireside around which we welcomed the arrival of the long desired volumes, scarce dry from the press—while the night flew

swiftly by as we listened to the beloved parent who read them aloud, with the keenest relish and most lively interest. Even now we cannot peruse a page of *Florence Macarthy* without in fancy hearing that full-toned and mellow voice give new point to the sarcasm—new energy to the indignant burst of national feeling. But *Florence Macarthy*, apart from these associations, may well vie with *O'Donnel* upon its own merits. The story is interesting and well managed—the incidents varied and highly dramatic,—the characters well drawn and well supported. The strong-minded, high-principled General Fitz-Walter, taught in the stern school of adversity, contrasts finely with the imaginative and honourable, though somewhat spoiled and selfish, Lord Adelm. The devoted and enthusiastic O'Leary, whose feelings draw him towards the Norman Fitz-Adelms, whilst all his pride of learning, birth, and clanship, incline him to the Milesian Macarthies, is also admirable. Owny the Rabragh, Padreen Gar, and the two Judges, are spirited sketches; but the Crawley family is the gem of the work—whether it be viewed as a series of admirable portraits, or as a most faithful representation of a class in Ireland, who long assumed to themselves the claim to exclusive loyalty, and to the loaves and fishes, which formed its appropriate reward—a class who not only were ready to sell their country, but, as one of its members frankly confessed, were “heartily glad they had a country to sell!” The acute and humorous, but vulgar and low-bred, Darby Crawley; his saintly and sentimental sister; his stupid and servile brothers; his squireen elder sons; and his pert and presumptuous younger hope, the darling of his aunt, and “janius,” half feared, half admired of his father; all these varying in character and disposition, but each alike governed by the same sordid motives,—alternately excite our laughter and disgust. The other characters demand little notice. Lady Dunore, though amusing, is a mere *rifacciamento* of the Lady Llanberis of *O'Donnel*—the same may be said of Lady Clancare with reference to the Duchess of Belmont—while the lords and ladies, dandies, and boarding-school misses, who fill up the rest of the canvass, are too insignificant to excite more than a passing smile.

Of the *O'Briens and the O'Flaherties*, which succeeded *Florence Macarthy*, (though at an interval of several years) we cannot speak so favourably. Although written with much power, and possessing scenes of exquisite humour, it is, as a whole, decidedly inferior to its predecessors. The story is extravagant—the incidents ill-conceived, ill put together, and improbable—the characters roughly drawn and unfinished, and what is far worse, the moral is defective. The *O'Briens and O'Flaherties* is the first of Lady Morgan's national tales, in

which she obtrudes those extraordinary and undigested notions of intolerant philosophy, which, without thoroughly understanding, she seems to have adopted in compliment to certain *cliques* (to use her own pet phrase) in Paris; certain worthies who would serve man by depriving him of all that elevates the mind, all that purifies the heart,—who consider love of country a weakness, and reverence for religion all but a crime. In conformity with these principles Lady Morgan has drawn her hero an enthusiast for virtue and liberty, but totally devoid of religious principle; he is brought through a variety of strange and inconsistent adventures; unnecessarily stained with crime which has not even the poor plea of passion for its excuse; condemned to death as a traitor; escaping we scarce know how, and finally presented to us as a general in the French service, sufficiently distinguished to attract the suspicion and almost the jealousy of the First Consul. The heroine, to whom he is united at the close, and who has been in the early part of the work inexplicably attached to his footsteps, (rivalling the “*ubiquitous* qualities” of Sir Boyle Roache’s bird) is represented as a miracle of beauty, genius and virtue, and is at once an accomplished hypocrite, an *esprit fort*, and a perjured nun! With such *dramatis personæ*, and the corrupt court of the Duke of Rutland as the principal scene, it is not wonderful that the *O’Briens* and *O’Flaherties* should contain much that is offensive both in dialogue and detail. There are, however, many redeeming passages, where our authoress, forgetting awhile her repulsive creed, is once more herself—ardent, enthusiastic, and Irish. Such, for instance, is the spirit-stirring Review of the Irish Volunteers in the Park—such the private meeting of the United Irishmen. She has also happily lashed the follies and vices of the vice-regal court of the day; while some of her broadest humour (perhaps sometimes bordering upon caricature), is displayed in the characters of O’Mealy and of the Miss Mac Taafs, with the scenes in which they figure. Of these the “*Jug Day*” is incomparably the best, and presents a most attractive, though somewhat homely picture, of Connaught hospitality in the good old times.

We cannot consider our notice of the national works of Lady Morgan complete, without bestowing a few words upon the fragment entitled *Manor Sackville*, which forms the first of what she has chosen to call *Dramatic Sketches*. It possesses a great deal of her peculiar power, has much truth, and much good feeling, alloyed with some angry prejudice. There are some scenes inimitable for their racy humour, and the characters of Gallagher the orange-agent, his ally the housekeeper, and Father Phil, are worthy the hand that sketched M’Rory and the Crawley family;

but Lady Emily and her friends are too childishly frivolous, Mr. Sackville tiresome to a degree, and the Whiteboy scenes, though forcibly drawn, are perhaps too melodramatic; and there is certainly a gross anachronism in placing them subsequent to the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill. This is not, however, the only misrepresentation of which we have to complain; and we cannot help expressing our regret, that Lady Morgan should, throughout this story, have lent herself to the then fashionable outcry against the Repealers—against men who, supposing them to have been mistaken, were yet only carrying into action principles and opinions of which she had long been the advocate. We feel, we say, naturally indignant that she should have maligned them as the inciters to outrages, which she must have been well aware it was their *interest*, as well as their constant and successful endeavour, to prevent.

We trust that Lady Morgan will believe that these remarks are made in no spirit of bitterness—nothing but a regard for truth could have drawn them from us; and acknowledging as we do that she had many a great example to plead in her justification during the short madness of those days of *declarations*, we gladly extend to her the olive branch—and recollecting with a glow of gratitude her many services, willingly bury this solitary back-sliding in eternal oblivion!

For a considerable period the field of Irish literature of which we treat, remained in undisputed possession of the two distinguished women whose works we have just glanced over. At length a competitor arose in the person of John Banim, a name now familiar to the British public, but which, in 1825, when he published the first series of *Tales by the O'Hara Family*, was scarcely known beyond the precincts of Dublin, and there only as that of a young and promising dramatic writer. No note of preparation was sounded—no skilful puff heralded the *O'Hara Tales* to public notice; but their own intrinsic merit speedily obtained for them a popularity which the succeeding works of their author have deservedly retained. Without possessing the polished correctness of Miss Edgeworth, or the epigrammatic brilliancy of Lady Morgan, Mr. Banim surpasses both in vigour of conception, in depth and energy of feeling, and in the power of working up incidents to a pitch of intense and overwhelming interest. There is a truth and verisimilitude in his occasional sketches of the interior of a lowly Irish family, the fire-side of a snug farmer or industrious “cottier,” not easily to be met with, and which proves him one that has mingled much and familiarly with the class he describes. He shows, indeed, on all occasions, that he considers himself *of* the people, and that he feels *with*

and for them. His love of country breaks forth in almost every page of his writings. He has vehement indignation for her wrongs, deep sympathy with her sufferings, nor does he shrink from entering into what are sometimes painful and revolting details, when it is necessary to expose the ill-doings of her oppressors.

To balance his many striking perfections, our author is not without some glaring defects. He elaborates a subject too much, and occasionally destroys the effect of a striking passage or a fine situation, by overworking the details. But his chief defect is the want of humour. Of this, in our opinion, he does not possess one particle; and yet, by some unhappy perversion of judgment, comic scenes and comic characters hold a most prominent place in all his tales; although the latter are, without exception, bores of the first magnitude, and the former excite no feeling but that of utter weariness. In his hands the wit and humour of the Irish peasant evaporate, and are replaced by low buffoonery, couched in a jargon meant for the Irish dialect, but more resembling the slang heard in the suburbs of a great city, or the purlieus of a provincial town, than the genuine language of the unsophisticated peasantry.

Gladly turning from the unpleasant task of censure, we shall proceed to a closer examination of the first series of the *O'Hara Tales*, consisting of three stories, "*Crohoore of the Billhook*," "*The Fetches*," and "*John Doe*." Of these, the first is the most perfect; the story is artfully constructed, the characters well drawn, the incidents highly exciting, and the interest admirably sustained throughout, to the *denouement*, which is well brought about, and worthy of what comes before. We shall give a few extracts, and first one of those home scenes in which, as we have already stated, Mr. Banim is peculiarly happy, and which also skilfully introduces some of the principal characters, while "coming events cast their shadows before." We should be tempted to extract, in the first place, the chapter which commences the volume, as forming a fine contrast to the scene of great enjoyment in question, but being pressed for space, we must choose between them, and have made the best selection we could under the circumstances.

"It was Christmas Eve, in the year 17—, that Anthony Dooling and his family were seated round the kitchen fire. He was a substantial farmer, renting a large and fertile tract of land; one of the good old times, who, except his broad-brimmed felt hat, his buckled shoes for Sunday and market-days, and his brogues for tramping round the farm, wore everything of his own manufacture. Little money went out, either for what Tony ate or drank; he killed his cow at

Christmas and Easter; he bred his own mutton, his bacon, his fowls; he baked his own bread, brewed his own ale, and altogether was vain of applying to himself the old song, 'I rear my own lamb, my own chickens and ham, and I shear my own sheep, and I wear it.' Plenty was in his house; he had a ready hand to relieve the poor; and the stranger never turned from his hearth without amply experiencing its hospitality. Yet with all these perfections, Anthony had his dark side. He was of a violent temper, and would fall into paroxysms of passion with his workmen, and sometimes ill-treat them, for the purpose, it almost seemed, of making it up with them when he became cool, and all was over.

"A turf fire blazed in the large open chimney, of which the red light glittered among the bright pewter plates and dishes and the burnished copper vessels that decked the opposite dresser, and showed the vast store of bacon hanging within and without the chimney, at the same time that it lit up the figures and countenances of as merry a group as ever blessed the comforts of a warm fire after a day's labour.

"At one side of the fire, and within the wide canopy of the chimney, in his stationary two-armed chair, one leg crossed above the other, his short pipe rested on his projected under-lip, which he frequently withdrew in a hurry, to partake of the merry laugh that was passing him, there, and so, sat the master of the house, Anthony Dooling. Opposite to him was the *vanithée*, an orderly, innocent, and even-tempered dame, her character in her face—mild, peaceable, and happy—as, in a low tone, she chaunted the ancient ditty of *Colloch a thusa*, which the busy hum of the spinning-wheel confined within the circumference of her own immediate atmosphere. At one side stood a long deal table, off which master and workmen, mistress and maids, ate their meals, except when a guest of distinction was entertained in the boarded and well-furnished parlour at the back of the kitchen; and in front, appertaining to the table, was a form, occupied at their ease by five or six workmen, who enjoyed the full lustre of the merry blaze, and the familiar and venerable jokes of their kind-hearted master. . . . The handsome daughter of the old couple had not yet taken her accustomed seat by her mother's side; she was employed, or seemingly employed, in some trivial house concerns; but conscious expectation appeared in the glance of her eye towards the door, and she frequently paused and started a little, as she tripped across the floor, and bent her head, as if attentively listening. By and bye, the latch was lifted, and the cordial smile she gave the new comer, who entered with the usual salutation of 'God save all here,' showed he was no unwelcome visitor; and another smile of a different character, with which she answered his whisper as he passed, told that they pretty well understood each other. In fact it was Pierce Shea who came in, the son of a neighbouring farmer, and the young girl's betrothed admirer. . . . When to his general salutation, 'God save all here,' Pierce had received the usual answer, 'God save you kindly,' and that he had particularly saluted the *vanithée* and the man of the house, he then stood leaning on the

back of the old woman's chair, as it occured to him that although Alley might be shy of coming to sit next him, if he took his place *first*, he would feel no such squeamishness when she should be seated. And, ' well a-vanithe, how goes on everything with you?' he said, addressing Cauth Dooling. ' Why, in troth, Pierce a-roon, and praise be to God for it, there's nothing wrong or astray ; if it wasn't for that thief of a fox that come last night, an' out of ten as fine geese as ever you laid an eye on—' But here the simple old woman stopt short, as she discovered that Pierce had left her in the middle of her tale of grievance, and taken his place by his comely mistress, who, with a complicated knitting apparatus in hand, was now seated. The mother smiled knowingly, and shook her head.

" ' Oh, then, musha, it's little he cares about myself or my geese,' she whispered, again taking up her old ditty, and plying her wheel with increased industry, and the young couple entertained each other without farther interruption. In a little time a respectful though resolute hand raised the latch, and Andrew Muldowney, the district piper, made his appearance. The insinuating servility of this man's voice, and the broad sycophancy of his grin, as he gave his salutation, '*Go dthogah diugh uluig shey an agus sunus duiv*', 'God send luck, and a plentiful Christmas to all here,' bespoke his partly mendicant profession, and plainly told, at the same time, his determination to make himself agreeable and delightful, in lieu of the shelter and good cheer, of which he made no question. . . . The music inspired a general passion for dancing, and the young light hearts did not demur, nor the old ones disapprove ; so Pierce led out his Alley, and Paudge Dermody did his best bow to Chevaun Darlduck, by whom he was blushingly accepted, and the dance went on. Old Anthony relished the sport, furnishing himself with a foaming can of his best home-brewed ale, with which he plied the piper, the dancers, and, including the vanithe and himself, the lookers-on ; and the night wore apace in mirth and joviality. There was but one person present, the quick and resolute glance of whose red eye, as it shot from one to another of the dancers, showed no sympathy with the happy scene. This was a young man, in the prime of life, as to years, but with little else of the charm of youth about him. An exuberance of bristling fiery-red hair stared around a head of unusual size ; his knobby forehead projected much, and terminated in strongly marked sinuses, with brows of bushy thickness, the colour of his hair ; his eyes fell far into their sockets, and his cheek-bones pushed out proportionably with his forehead, so that his eyes glared as from a recess ; his cheeks were pale, hollow, and retiring ; his nose, of the old Milesian mould—long, broad-backed, and hooked ; his jaws came unusually forward, which caused his teeth to start out from his face ; and his lips, that without effort never closed on those disagreeable teeth, were large, fleshy, and bloodless—the upper one wearing, in common with the chin, a red beard, just changed from the down of youth to the bristliness of manhood, and as yet unshaven. These features, all large to disproportion, conveyed, along with the unpleasantness deformity inspires, the

expression of a bold and decided character; and something else besides, which was malignity or mystery, according to the observation or mood of a curious observer. . . . Having said this young person was very short in stature, it should be added that he was not at all deformed. Across his shoulders and breast, indeed, was a breadth that told more for strength than proportion, and his arms were long and of Herculean sinew; but the lower part of the figure, hips, thighs, and legs, bespoke vigour and elasticity, rather than clumsiness; and it was known that, strange-looking as the creature might be, he could run, leap, or wrestle with a swiftness and dexterity seldom matched amongst men of more perfect shape and more promising appearance. He took no share in the diversions of the evening, but seated, far back on the hob, so far that the blaze of the fire shone between him and the others, and gave occasion to Paudge Dermody to remark that 'he looked like the ould buchal himself, in the middle of his own place'; he seemed busily employed in whetting a rusty bill-hook, while from under the shade of an old broad-leaved hat . . . the fiery eyes glanced around, and were clandestinely and sternly fixed now on one—now on another—with a dangerous or hidden meaning: . . . 'What are you grinding that for?' asked Anthony Dooling, in an angry tone of Crohoore, the name of the person we have just described; but a surly look was the only answer.

"Did you hear me spakin' to you *a veohon grauna* (ugly wretch)?" Anthony went on; and subdued resentment at the disgraceful and stinging term applied to him, knitted Crohoore's brow as he slowly raised his head to answer. "What am I grindin' it for? I know now that it's myself you mane," the man replied "I thought afore, you were discoorsin' the piper."

"You didn't," retorted Anthony, springing up in wrath at the buck tone of his insignificant cow-boy, "no you thought no such thing, *a vich na streepen* (son of a jade)". Another savage look was given in exchange for this opprobrious epithet.

"None o' your dog's looks!" continued Tony, replying to it, "take yourself to bed out o' that, since your black heart won't let you share in the innocent diversion." The *vanithees* here interfered in a mild beseeching tone, and said to her husband, "Never mind him Tony, *a roon*; he's doin' no harm, poor cratur."

"No harm, woman! auch, bad end to me, but his black looks 'ud turn the may-day into winther—go to your bed I say!" roared Tony.

Crohoore rose from the hob to go; he slowly laid the bill-hook where he had been sitting; his brows were knit closer than ever, his teeth clenched, and his eyes rolling.

"And, do you hear me, bull-head!" the angry master continued, "don't let it be wid you as it was this morning; have the cows in the bawn at the first light, or I'll break every bone in your lazy skin." The dwarf, as he may be called, was passing his harsh master while these words ended, and he fixed the full meaning of his look on Anthony, and said, "That same 'ud be nothing new, for tryin' at laste; it's an ould trick you have."

“‘ What’s that you say, there, you *shingawn* (dwarf) you?’ questioned Tony, his passion raised to the utmost at the thought of a saucy answer from a creature so contemptible.

“‘ An’ it’s well you know I am a *shingawn*, or you wouldn’t be so ready with your bone breaking,’ still retorted Crohoore. This was past bearing. ‘Take that for a pattern’ cried Anthony, the moment the speech was uttered, raising his clenched and ponderous hand, and dealing the miserable offender a violent blow with the whole force of his arm. Crohoore spun round and fell; his head as he went down, striking against a chair, so smartly as to draw the blood in some profusion. The piper stopped suddenly, and the dance ceased; and Pierce Shea was the first to raise and support the senseless Crohoore, while Alley, trembling and weeping, gave him a handkerchief to bind the wretch’s temples, and staunch the welling blood. Cauth Dooling, with eyes of pity, looked at her husband, fully comprehending his feelings, as he stood the picture of shame, sorrow, and repentance. Indeed, the blow had scarcely been given, when, from the bottom of his heart, he blamed and hated himself for it; and in his present mood he would have offered half his little wealth in atonement.

Crohoore, suddenly recovering, sprung on his legs, and freed himself from his supporter, with a force that made him reel, and a manner that seemed to scorn all obligation; his face was horribly pale, covered with blood, and every hideous feature rigid in checked passion. Without opening his lips, he dropped his head upon his breast, and trying to walk, but staggering, crossed the apartment to an opposite door, that opened into a passage, through which he should go to the loft where he slept. While the whole group looked on with wonder and alarm, Anthony called after him, and, in a crying voice, said, can in hand, ‘ Crohoore, *a vich ma chree*, come back, an’ make it up; drink to me, an’ be friends.’ But there was no reply to this pacific and penitent overture; Crohoore only turned round his ghastly face on his master, as he held the door in his hand, gave him one parting look, and then banged the door after him. That look was afterwards well remembered, and often commented upon.

“ Anthony set himself down without speaking. He felt a return of dudgeon at the manner in which his advances had been received, and this, in some measure, served to reconcile his conscience to the cruelty he had been guilty of. But a general damp fell over the whole party, and its effects soon became visible; the workmen silently, or in whispers, withdrew to an outhouse, where they slept, and the now superfluous piper as silently plodded after them. Pierce Shea took his leave, but not without his parting kiss from Alley, and the renewal of an understanding with her and the old people to call for them next morning, at a very early hour, when all were to set off to the chapel, for the six o’clock mass; it being the practice throughout Ireland, whenever it can possibly be done, to assemble at devotion before day-break on the Christmas morning.”—Vol. i. pp. 5-7, 9-14, 15-25.

We shall only give one more extract from this tale. It is the speech of an unfortunate Irish peasant, ground to the earth by exactions, at a meeting of Whiteboys, in reply to the well-meant remonstrances of Pierce Shea, as to the little good their resistance to the laws could do. It embodies, we think, in a few words a very sufficient explanation of the feelings which have so often impelled the Irish peasant to desperate and useless outrages.

"His (Pierce's) attention was here rivetted by the miserable man opposite to him, who, at once, with that violence of action and furious contortion of countenance, for which the Irish peasant is remarkable, poured out a speech in his native tongue, adopting it instinctively as the most ready and powerful medium of expressing his feelings; for one who boggles and stammers, and is ridiculous in English, becomes eloquent in Irish. . . . 'Who talks of the *good* we can do?—we look not to do good—we are not able nor fit to do good—we only want our revenge!—And that, while we are men, and have strong hands, and broken hearts, and brains on fire with the memory of our sufferings—that we can take. Your father, young man, never writhed in the proctor's gripe; he has riches, and they bring peace and plenty, so that the robber's visit was not heeded,—but look at me!' With the fingers of one hand he pressed violently his sallow and withered cheek, and with the other tore open the scanty vesture, that leaving him uncovered from the shoulders to the ribs, exhibited a gaunt skeleton of the human form. 'I have nothing to eat, no house to sleep in; my starved body is without covering, and those I loved and that loved me, the pulses of my heart, are gone;—how gone and how am I as you see me? Twelve months ago I had a home, and covering, and food, and the young wife, the mother of my children, with me at our fire-side; but the plunderer came on a sudden; I was in his debt; he has a public-house, and he saw me sitting in another in the village; he took my cow, and he took my horse; he took them to himself; I saw them—and may ill luck attend his ill got riches!—I saw them grazing on his own lands; I was mad; every thing went wrong with me; my landlord came, and swept the walls and the floor of my cabin; my wife died in her labour—who was to stand up for me? where had I a friend, or a great man to help me?—No one;—no where; there is no friend, no help, no mercy, no law, for the poor Irishman;—he may be robbed—stripped—insulted—set mad—but he has no earthly friend but himself!'

"The wretch sprung from his seat—seized a drinking vessel—and with the look and manner of a maniac indeed, added, 'And here let every *man* pledge me! May *his* heart wither, and his children and name perish! May the grass grow on his hearth-stone, and no kin follow his corpse to the grave, who will refuse to wreck on the hard-hearted proctors the revenge they provoke by the sorrows they inflict!'"—vol. i. pp. 197-99.

Of *The Fetches*, the second tale in this series, we shall only say, that it is in many parts powerfully written, and excites a

degree of interest in the perusal, of which, considering the fantastic nature of the story, the sober reader is afterwards inclined to be ashamed. As it is emphatically with the *National Tales* of Ireland we have to do, and *The Fetches* can scarcely be ranked amongst them,—as, although founded on a popular Irish superstition, it is quite as much like a German legend as it is to any thing else, we shall pass on to the third and last tale, *John Doe*, which demands a more extended notice. In the management of the story, the working up of the incidents, and the delineation of character, it is certainly equal to *Crohoore na Vilhoge*; whilst, in one respect, the almost total absence of the buffoonery which disfigures the latter, it has a decided superiority. The character of O'Clery, by which name the celebrated Father Arthur O'Leary is designated, is admirably drawn, and kept up with great spirit throughout, and the fidelity of the portrait has been acknowledged by the few cotemporaries of the great original who still remain. As it is highly characteristic, we shall here extract the passage in which O'Clery is first introduced, and is mistaken by a pragmatical, prejudiced English officer and his orderly for the formidable *John Doe*.

“ The appearance, almost immediately, of a man from the bosheen, was not calculated, all circumstances of time, place, and prepossession, considered, to allay the fears of our travellers. He was well mounted on a strong, active, though not handsome horse; his figure seemed over large, enveloped from the chin to the boot-heels in a dark top-coat; on his head appeared a white mass of something, which the imperfect light did not allow Graham to discriminate or assign to any known class of head-gear; and upon this again was placed a hat, with a remarkably broad brim, and a low, round crown. As he emerged on the main road, this apparition still continued his voluminous chaunt, and was only interrupted by the challenge ‘ Who goes there?—stand! ’ of Graham, and its instant echo by the mechanical old soldier. ‘ Stand yourself then,’ answered the stranger, in an easy, unembarrassed, but by no means hostile, tone; and continuing, rather jocosely, he repeated an old school-boy rhyme,—

‘ If you’re a man, stand;
If you’re a woman, go;
If you’re an evil spirit, sink down low.’

“ ‘ Did you say, fire, sir?’ asked Evans, in an aside to Graham, and levelling his piece.

“ ‘ No!’ said Graham, aloud; ‘ hold!—and you, sir, I ask again, who or what are you? friend or foe?’

“ ‘ A friend to all honest men, and a foe, when I can help myself, to no man at all,’ was the answer.

“ ‘ That’s no answer,’ whispered Evans.

“ ‘ You speak in untimely and silly riddles, sir,’ said Graham; ‘ advance and declare yourself.’

“ ‘ Begging your pardon,’ continued the stranger, still in a good-humoured tone, ‘ I see no prudent reason why I should advance at the invitation of two persons armed and unknown to me.’

“ ‘ We are the king’s soldiers,’ said Evans, rather precipitately.

“ ‘ Silence, man,’ interrupted Graham. ‘ I am an officer in the king’s service, sir, and my attendant is a soldier.’

“ ‘ O ho !’ quoth the stranger, ‘ an officer, but no soldier.’

“ ‘ What, sir !’ exclaimed Graham, raising his pistol, while Evans had recourse to his musket.

“ ‘ Hold ! and for shame, gentlemen !’ cried the other, seriously altering his tone. ‘ What ! on a defenceless and peaceable poor man, who has given you no provocation ? Upon my life, now, but this is unceremonious treatment, just at the end of one of my own bosheens. In the king’s name, forbear ; if, indeed, ye are the king’s soldiers, as you say, though I can discover no outward badges of it ;’ for Graham rode in a plain dress, and Evans had disguised, under a great coat, all appearance of uniform, a foraging-cap alone intimating, to an experienced eye, his military character.

“ ‘ I pledge my honour to the fact,’ said Graham, in answer to the stranger’s last observation.

“ ‘ Recover arms !’ cried Graham, ‘ and fall back, Evans, and keep yourself quiet.’

“ ‘ God bless you, sir, and do manage him now,’ continued the stranger, as Evans obeyed orders. ‘ I will hold out my arms, I say, as they are at present, and we’ll lave the rest to my horse. Come, Podhereen, right about face, and march.’

“ The obedient animal moved accordingly, and a few paces brought his master and Graham face to face. ‘ And now, sir,’ continued this person, ‘ I suppose you are satisfied, and I may just lift the baste’s rein, as before.’

“ To this Graham assented, rather because he saw no reasonable ground for refusal, than because he was perfectly satisfied ; while Evans, from behind, whispered, ‘ Search him first, your honour ; ‘tis Doe, I’ll take my oath of it, in one of his disguises ; look at him.’

“ Graham did look, and, in truth, if his moral certainty was not so strong as Evans’s, he still had misgivings, in common with the crafty old campaigner. The white protuberance on the stranger’s head he could now ascertain to be some species of wig, bloated out over his ears and the back of his neck, to an immoderate compass, and lying close to his forehead and the side of his face in a rigid, unbroken line, while it peaked down in the middle of the forehead, much like, in this respect, the professional head-disguise of the gentlemen of the long robe. The broad-leaved, round-topped thing on the pinnacle of this, still seemed to be a hat, and the dark loose coat hid all detail of the figure. By his face, the stranger was between forty and fifty, exactly Doe’s age ; and his heavy, depressed eye-brows, broad-backed nose, well-defined and expressive mouth, together with the self-assured twinkle of his eyes, that gleamed on Graham like illuminated jets, and a certain mixed

character of severity and humour that ran through his whole visage, indicated a person of no ordinary cast, at least.

* * * * *

“ The object of his admiration again broke silence. ‘ And I suppose I may go my road, too, without any farther question, captain?’

“ ‘ May I ask which road you travel, sir?’ asked Graham, with an obvious meaning.

“ ‘ Hoot, toot, now,’ said the other, ‘ that’s too Irish a way of answering a gentleman’s question on the king’s high-way. Danger has often come of such odd answers. You see I am unarmed, and I see that you have the power, that is, if you liked it, to strip me of my old wig and hat in a moment, and no friend of mine the wiser. In fact, sir, you now give me sufficient cause to look after my own personal safety. I have no wish to offend any gentleman; but you must excuse me for saying I cannot be quite sure who or what *you* are: you may be Captain John Doe as well as any other captain, for aught I know.’

“ This was said with much gravity; and Graham hastened, in some simplicity, to make the most solemn and earnest declarations of his loyalty, and professional character and services.

“ ‘ Well sir,’ continued the stranger, who had now turned the tables, and become catechist accordingly, ‘ all this may be very true, and from your appearance and manners I am inclined to think the best of you; but if you are not he how can I be so sure of that suspicious-looking person at your back?’

“ Evans, shocked to the bottom of his soul, as well as displeased, that under any circumstances, he could be confounded with a traitor, rebel and desperado, shouted out at this observation, and was with some difficulty restrained by Graham from taking instant vengeance for the insult. When he was restored to order, Graham assured the stranger, with emphasis equal to what he had used on his own account, of Evans’s real character.”—pp. 72-79.

After some farther conversation, and some ludicrous incidents, the stranger and Graham travel on in company:—

“ The day was now fully up, and the thick vapour that had slept out the night on the bosom of Slievenamon, whitened in the returning light, and lazily obeying the summons of the breeze, began to crawl towards the peak of the mountain, and there once more deposit itself, as if to take another slothful nap. Graham remarked on the picturesque effect: and his companion replied, ‘ Yes, it is odd enough that ould Slievenamon should put on his night-cap just as all the rest of the world was throwing off that appendage.’

“ Graham, too proper and systematic in the arrangement of his ideas to like this trope, did not notice it, but proceeded, with a little vanity of his travelled lore, to allude to the superiority of Italian, over our island scenery.

“ ‘ Superiority is a general word,’ said the traveller, ‘ in the way you use it. I presume you do not mean mere height, as applied to such mountain scenery as surrounds us; in other respects, the Italian

landscape, principally owing of course to the influence of atmosphere, is more beautiful than the English one, and from the scarcity of trees in Ireland, much more so than the Irish one; but among the mist and shadow of our island hills, as you call them, particularly in Kerry, I have always felt a fuller sense of the sublime, at least, than I ever did in the presence of continental scenery, either in Italy or in Spain; Switzerland, alone, to my eye, first equals us, and then surpasses us.'

" This speech gave intimation of rather more acquaintance with the distinctions, in a knowledge of which Graham took it for granted he might shine, than it seemed practicable to turn to advantage, so he avoided the general subject; and taking up only a minor division of it, protested he could not understand why, unless it was attributable to the indolence of its people, Ireland should be so ' shamefully deficient in trees!' 'Indeed!' his companion replied in an indefinite tone; then after a pause, added, that 'he thought so too;' but Graham did not notice—it was not intended he should—the scrutinizing, and, afterwards, rather contemptuous look, and, finally, the severe wagging of face, that filled up the seeming *hiatus*. So having to his own mind hit on a fruitful theme, Graham diverged into all the ramifications of Irish indolence; obstinacy was his next word; Irish indolence and obstinacy; they would neither do, nor learn how to do anything, he said; they would not even submit to be educated out of the very ignorance and bad spirit that produced all this Whiteboyism. There was a national establishment, he was well assured, in Dublin, with ample means, that proposed the blessings of education on the most liberal plan; yet the very ministers of the religion of the country would not suffer their ragged and benighted flock to take advantage of so desirable an opportunity; the bigotted rustic pastors actually forbade all parents to send their children to the schools of this institution.

" 'Yes,' the stranger said, 'the parish priests, the bigotted parish priests; and all because a certain course of reading was prescribed in these schools.'

" 'Precisely, sir,' said Graham.

" 'The bigotry of the priests is intolerable,' said the stranger, 'nothing can bring them to consent to the proposed terms, because, forsooth, they plead a conscientious scruple; because, they say, their approval would be a breach of their religious duty; as if we had anything to do with the private conscience and creed of such people.'

" 'Or as if the body of respectable gentlemen who framed the regulations, should accede, by rescinding their law, to the superstitious prejudices of such people,' echoed Graham.

" 'Very true, sir; the Medes and Persians, I am given to understand, never repealed a law, and why should the gentlemen you speak of? Besides, there is so little necessity for the concession, the liberal and wise association can so easily accomplish their professed object without it.'

" 'Pardon me, sir, there we differ: the object proposed is the education of the poor of this country, and I cannot exactly see how they

are to be educated, if—as is on all hands undeniable—the parish priests have sufficient influence to keep them now and for ever out of the school-houses.'

" 'Oh, sir, nothing can be easier. But first let me see that we understand each other. You and I, suppose, are now riding to the same point; well, a pit, an inundation, or a fallen mountain, occurs a little way on, rendering impassable the road we had conceived to be perfectly easy, so that we cannot gain our journey's end by this road. If you please, the place we want to reach shall stand for the education of the poor Irish, the object professed; *we* may personify the educating society, taking our own road; and the bigotted priests are represented by the monstrous impediment. Well, sir, we reach that insurmountable obstacle to our progress, and now, would it not be most humiliating and inconsistent, and all that is unworthy, if we did not instantly stop and declare we would not proceed a foot farther, by any other road, till one favourite one, that never can be cleared, *is* cleared for us; so far I understand you, sir.'

" 'Then I protest you have an advantage I do not possess over you, sir,' said Graham.

" 'All will be distinct in a moment,' resumed his companion. 'I say we are both exactly of opinion that the society should not, with ample means and professions, take a single step towards their end, unless by their own blockaded way; that, in dignified consistency, they should not vouchsafe to teach one chattering urchin how to read or write, or cast up accounts, unless they can at the same time teach him theology; in other words, till they see the mountain shoved aside, or the deluge drained, or the bottomless pit filled up: in other words again, till the bigotted popish priests consent to sacrifice their conscience, whatever it may be; though, meantime, the swarming population remain innocent of any essential difference between B and a bull's foot, or between A and the gable-end of a cabin. We are agreed, I say, sir!'

" 'Upon my word, whatever may be your real drift, I must admit you have substantially defined, though in your own strange way, the very thing that I but just now endeavoured to distinguish. And I must now repeat, from what we have both said, that the main object of the society still seems shut out of attainment. This, however, was what you appeared to deny, I think; I should be glad to hear your remedy.'

" 'We come to it at once, sir; by no means look out for another road, but try to get rid of the irremovable barrier.'

" 'I protest, sir, you rather puzzle me.'

" 'That's the way, sir,' continued the stranger, running on in his wonted delight and bitterness, 'no time can be lost, nor no common sense and consistency compromised in the hopeful experiment; that's the way.'

" 'What, sir? what do you mean?'

" 'Convert the parish priests; there is nothing easier.' "— pp. 86-92.

We must now bid farewell to *John Doe*, although strongly tempted to delay by various passages of great power and beauty, amongst which we need only particularize the description of Mary Grace at her prayers, and the scene between Purcell and the wretched Cathleen; but we must resist, as our time and space are both limited, and in consequence we can merely glance over the remaining works of Mr. Banim, the principal of which, *The Nowlans*, has been made so familiar by frequent criticisms, as to call for few observations on our part. It is a work strongly marked by the defects and beauties of our author, the latter, however, predominant—the interest is intense—the descriptions true to nature—and although the story is an unpleasant one, and there are scenes and passages too warmly coloured, (while vice, though made abundantly “hateful,” is, perhaps, too plainly unveiled,) yet the moral tendency of the whole is undeniably and irreproachable. Of the *Boyne Water* and the *Croppy* we do not think so highly, although they abound in passages of deep feeling and strong interest; but we think they want originality of plan and design, and the incidents are overstrained and improbable. The *Ghost Hunter* we consider the most perfect of Mr. Banim’s later productions, and we regret much that time at present does not permit us to analyse it as closely as its merits would demand. Perhaps at some future period we may be able to do so,—meanwhile we will take leave of Mr. Banim, sincerely rejoicing that he is once more a dweller amongst us, and earnestly hoping that his native air, and the scenes of his youth, may not only restore his health, but renovate his genius, and inspire new works to emulate the fame of their predecessors.

The next to appear before the public was Mr. Griffin, whose first work, *The Aylmers*, although full of promise, did not attract much attention. This was quickly succeeded by the first series of *Tales of the Munster Festivals*, in which a very striking improvement in style, as well as in management of plot, was already visible, and which soon obtained very considerable reputation. *Card Drawing*, the first of these tales, is highly interesting, and the characters, though, with but one exception, slight sketches, are true to nature. That exception, the character of Pryce Kavanagh, is a highly finished and masterly portrait. His cold sullen vindictive nature, brooding for years over fancied injuries, till time brings a fitting opportunity for revenge without danger to himself, seems at first sight to fit him to be not only the chief actor in a scene of blood, and the cunning contriver of a scheme to throw suspicion on another, but also the unmoved spectator of that other’s death for a crime of which he alone was guilty. On a closer inspection, however, we find that the worst

are not *all* bad—two principles of good still lurked within the breast of Pryce—the one, strong filial piety—the other, undoubting faith in the truths of Christianity. Nor can anything be better drawn than the gradual workings of remorse, suggested by those virtuous principles, and finding fresh aliment in every incident, however trifling; until after violent conflicts of feeling, he takes the better part, and surrenders himself to save the innocent. The *Half-Sir*, though not equal as a story to *Card Drawing*, still displays considerable talent, and it is impossible not to feel interested for the wayward lovers, Hammond and Emily, although at the same time provoked with both for the pride and captiousness which makes their prime of life miserable. The humours of Remmy O'Lone are but little exaggerated, and highly amusing; while the scenes amongst the peasantry of the south, during the prevalence of typhus fever, are but too painfully true. *Suil Dhuv, the Coiner*, the last tale in the series, is also the best. There are some slight anachronisms and some inconsistencies in the plot, but these are but trifling blemishes, and do not detract from its intrinsic merits. The characters of the robbers who compose the coiner's gang, are admirably discriminated, and possess a wonderful variety. The stern and wily, but high-spirited and courageous Suil Dhuv—the ferocious Red Rory, trembling on the brink of the grave, yet still thirsting for blood—the stupidly cunning Manus—the sharp, quick-witted Awney Farrell—the gentle and fair-spoken Jerry,—and the vacillating M'Mahon, constant neither to good nor evil,—each possesses an individuality which makes itself distinctly felt. There are two scenes in this tale which are equal to anything the genius of Scott has produced—the first is the introduction of Kumba among the robbers—the other the sacrilegious attempt of Suil Dhuv to rob the Mountain Chapel. We are only deterred from extracting both these passages by our anxiety to come at once to the master-piece of our author—to *The Collegians*. It is a domestic tragedy of the deepest interest—an original work of the very highest order. *Original*, we say emphatically—for although a real occurrence in the south of Ireland (the murder of a young female by the connivance of her lover, a young man of good family) has furnished its groundwork, it has done no more—the perfect and beautiful story erected upon that groundwork—its characters so truly and delicately drawn—so admirably grouped—so finely contrasted—its incidents so animated—so varied—its quaint humour—its deep pathos, and its pure morality—are all alike the original creations of our author's genius. The scene is laid in Munster some sixty years since, and the manners of that day are delineated with much humour,

and, we believe, considerable accuracy. The characters are drawn from all classes—the hard-drinking, fox-hunting, fire-eating squire—the much maligned middle-man—the country parish priest—the rich tradesman—the strong farmer—and the poor cottier—each has his representative, and all are faithfully pourtrayed. Among the female characters Eily O'Connor claims the first place. In all the range of romantic fiction we do not remember so sweet a being; there is a simplicity, a gentleness, a power of loving in her disposition, which, brought out as they are by a thousand delicate touches (for she appears but seldom, and as seldom acts a prominent part) win our utmost sympathy for her sorrows—our deepest pity and horror for her deplorable fate. It is, indeed, the highest triumph of our author's genius—the strongest proof of his skill—that while such a feeling is excited for Eily, we still preserve an interest for the faithless husband who deserts and destroys her; yet so strong are his temptations, and so terrible his remorse, that we cannot help looking on him more in sorrow than in anger. But instead of dilating farther on the merits of the *Collegians* (which very ill-chosen and inappropriate title is, by the way, almost the sole blemish of the work), we shall proceed to give a few extracts from its pages, although where all is so good it is hard to make a choice. Opening the first volume, however, almost at random, we have chanced upon the scene where Myles Murphy pleads the cause of his impounded ponies, and we give it as a fair specimen of the lighter portions of the work:—

"The door opened, and the uncommissioned master of horse made his appearance. His figure was at once strikingly majestic and prepossessing; and the natural ease and dignity with which he entered the room, might almost have become a peer of the realm, coming to solicit the *interest* of the family for an electioneering candidate. A broad and sunny forehead, light and wavy hair, a blue cheerful eye, a nose that in Persia might have won him a throne, healthful cheeks, a mouth that was full of character, and a well knit and almost gigantic person, constituted his external claims to attention; of which his lofty and confident, although most unassuming carriage, showed him to be in some degree conscious. He wore a complete suit of brown frieze, with a gay-coloured cotton handkerchief around his neck, blue worsted stockings, and brogues carefully greased, while he held in his right hand an immaculate felt hat, the purchase of the preceding day's fair. In the left he held a straight-handled whip and a wooden rattle, which he used for the purpose of collecting his ponies when they happened to straggle. . . . The mountaineer now commenced a series of most profound obeisances to every individual of the company, beginning with the ladies, and ending with the officer. After which he remained glancing from one to another, with a smile of mingled sadness and

courtesy, as if waiting, like an evoked spirit, the spell word of the enchantress, who had called him up. ‘ ‘Tisn’t manners to speak first before quollity,’ was the answer he would have been prepared to render, in case any one had enquired the motive of his conduct.

“ ‘ Well, Myles, what wind has brought you to this part of the country?’ said Mr. Barney Cregan. ‘ The ould wind always, then, Mr. Cregan,’ said Myles, with another deep obeisance, ‘ seeing would I get a *feow* o’ the ponies off. Long life to you, sir; I was proud to hear you wor above stairs, for it isn’t the first time you stood my friend in trouble. My father (the heavens be his bed this day!) was a fosterer o’ your uncle Mik’s, an’ a first an’ second cousin, be the mother’s side, to ould Mrs. O’Leary, your honour’s aunt, westwards. So ‘tis kind for your honour to have a leaning towards uz.’

“ ‘ A clear case, Myles; but what have you to say to Mrs. Chute about the trespass?’

“ ‘ What have I to say to her? Why, then, a deal. It’s a long time since I see her now, an’ she wears finely, the Lord bless her! Ah, Miss Anne!—oych, murther! murther! sure I’d know that face all over the world, your own liven image, ma’am, (turning to Mrs. Chute) an’ a little dawney touch o’ the masther (heaven rest his soul!) about the chin; you’d think my grandmother an’ himself wor third cousins. Oh, vo! vo!’

“ ‘ He has made out three relations in the company already,’ said Anne to Kyrle; ‘ could any courtier make interest more skilfully?’

“ ‘ Well, Myles, about the ponies.’

“ ‘ Poor craturs, true for you, sir. There’s Mr. Creagh there, long life to him, knows how well I airn ‘em for ponies. You seen what trouble I had wid ‘em, Mr. Creagh, the day you fought the *jewel* with young M’Farlane from the north. They went skeiping like mad, over the hills, down to Glena, when they heard the shots. Ah, indeed, Mr. Creagh, you *cowed* the north countryman that morning fairly. ‘ My honour is satisfied,’ says he, ‘ if Mr. Creagh will apologize.’ ‘ I didn’t come to the ground to apologize,’ says Mr. Creagh. ‘ It’s what I never done to any man,’ says he, ‘ an’ it’ll be long from me to do it to you.’ ‘ Well, my honour is satisfied any way,’ says the other, when he heard the pistols cocking for a second shot. I thought I’d split laughing. ‘ Pooh! pooh! nonsense, man,’ said Creagh, endeavouring to hide a smile of gratified vanity, ‘ your unfortunate ponies will starve, while you stay inventing wild stories.’ ‘ He has gained another friend since,’ whispered Miss Chute.

“ ‘ Invent!’ echoed the mountaineer. ‘ There’s Dr. Leake was on the spot the same time, an’ he knows if I invent. An’ you did a good job, too, that time, Doctor,’ he continued, turning to the latter. ‘ Old Kegs, the piper, gives it up to you of all the doctors going, for curing his eye sight, and he has a great leaning to you; moreover, you are such a fine *Irishman*.’

“ ‘ Another,’ said Miss Chute, apart.

“ ‘ Yourself an’ ould Mr. Daly,’ he continued; ‘ I hope the master is well in his health, sir? (turning towards Kyrle, with another pro-

found *congé*) may the Lord fasten the life on you and him ! That's a gentleman that wouldn't see a poor boy in want of his supper or a bed to sleep in, an' he far from his own people, nor persecute him in regard of a little trespass that was done *unknownst*.'

" ' This fellow is irresistible,' said Kyrle. ' A perfect Ulysses.'

" ' And have you nothing to say to the Captain, Myles ? Is he no relation of yours ?'

" ' The Captain, Mr. Cregan ? Except in so far as we are all servants of the Almighty, and children of Adam, I know of none. But I have a *feeling* for the red coat, for all. I have three brothers in the army, serving in America. One of 'em was made a corporal, or an admiral, or some *ral*, or another, for behavin' well at Quaybec the time of Woulfe's death. The English showed themselves a great people that day, surely.'

" Having thus secured to himself what lawyers call ' the ear of the court,' the mountaineer proceeded to plead the cause of his ponies with much force and pathos ; dwelling on their distance from home, their wild habits of life, which left them ignorant of the common rules of boundaries, enclosures, and field-gates ; setting forth, with equal emphasis, the length of road they had travelled, their hungry condition, and the barrenness of the common on which they had been turned out ; and finally, urging in mitigation of penalty, the circumstance of this being a first offence, and the improbability of its being ever renewed in future.

" The surly old steward, Dan Dawley, was accordingly summoned for the purpose of ordering the discharge of the prisoners, a commission which he received with a face as black as winter. Miss Anne might ' folly her liking,' he said, ' but it was the last time he'd ever trouble himself about damage or trespass any more. What affair was it of his, if all the horses in the barony were turned loose into the kitchen garden itself ?'

" ' Horses do you call 'em,' exclaimed Myles, bending on the old man a frown of dark remonstrance ; ' a parcel of little ponies, not the heighth o' that chair.'

" ' What signifies it ?' snarled the steward ; ' they'd eat as much, and more, than a racer.'

" ' Is it they, the craturs ? They'd hardly injure a plate of stirabout if it was put before them.'

" ' Aych !—hugh !'

" ' And 'tisn't what I'd expect from you, Mr. Dawley, to be going again a relation of your own in this manner.'

" ' A relation of mine !' growled Dawley, scarce deigning to cast a glance back over his shoulder, as he hobbled out of the room.

" ' Yes, then, of your's.'

" Dawley paused at the door and looked back.

" ' Will you deny it to me, if you can, continued Myles, fixing his eye on him, ' that Biddy Nale, your own gossip, an' Larey Foley, wor second cousins ? Deny that to me, if you can ?'

" ' For what would I deny it ?'

"Well, why!—and Larrey Foley was uncle to my father's first wife (the angels spread her bed this night!). And I tell you another thing, the Dawleys would cut a poor figure in many a fair westwards, if they hadn't the Murphys to back them, so they would. But what hurt! sure you can folly your own pleasure."

"The old steward muttered something which nobody could hear, and left the room. Myles of the ponies, after many profound bows to all his relations, and a profusion of thanks to the ladies, followed him, and was observed a few minutes after in the avenue."—vol. i. pp. 184-194.

Passing over with some difficulty many admirable scenes, (amongst which the death of the old huntsman, Dalton, stands conspicuous for power and originality) we come to the *last* interview, as it turned out, of Hardress and Eily.

"Hardress," she said to him one morning when he was preparing to depart, after an interval of gloomy silence, long unbroken, "I won't let you go among those fine ladies any more, if you be thinking of them always when you come to me again."

"Her husband started like one conscience-stricken, and looked sharply round upon her.

"What do you mean?" he said, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Just what I say then," said Eily, smiling and nodding her head, with a petty affectation of authority; "those fine ladies must not take you from Eily. And I'll tell you another thing, Hardress; whisper!" she laid her hand on his shoulder, raised herself on tiptoe, and murmured in his ear, "I'll not let you among the fine gentlemen either, if that's the teaching they give you."

"What teaching?"

"Oh, you know yourself," Eily continued, nodding and smiling: "it is a teaching that you'd never learn from Eily if you spent the evenings with her as you used to do in the beginning. Do you know is there ever a priest living in this neighbourhood?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have something to tell him that lies upon my conscience."

"And would you not confess your failings to an affectionate friend, Eily, as well as to a holier director?"

"I would," said Eily, bending on him a look of piercing sweetness, "if I thought he would forgive me afterwards as readily."

"Provided always that you are a true penitent," returned Hardress, reaching her his hand.

"There is little fear of that," said Eily. "It would be well for me, Hardress, if I could as easily be penitent for heavier sins." After a moment's deep thought, Eily resumed her playful manner, and placing both her hands in the still expanded one of her husband, she continued: "Well, then, sir, I'll tell you what's troubling me. I'm afraid I'm going wrong entirely this time back. I got married, sir, a couple of months ago, to one Mr. Hardress Cregan, a very nice gentleman, that I'm very fond of."

“ ‘ Too fond, perhaps?’

“ ‘ I’m afraid so, rightly speaking, although I hope he doesn’t think so. But he told me, when he brought me down to Killarney, that he was going to speak to his friends,’ (the brow of the listener darkened) ‘ and to ask their forgiveness for himself and Eily ; and there’s nearly two months now since I came, and what I have to charge myself with, sir, is, that I am too fond of my husband, and that I don’t like to vex him by speaking about it, as maybe it would be my duty to do. And, besides, I don’t keep my husband to proper order at all. I let him stop out sometimes for many days together, and then I’m very angry with him : but when he comes, I’m so foolish and so glad to see him, that I can’t look cross, or speak a hard word, if I was to get all Ireland for it. And more than that again, I’m not at all sure how he spends his time while he is out, and I don’t question him properly about it. I know there are a great many handsome young ladies where he goes, and a deal of gentlemen that are very pleasant company after dinner ; for, indeed, my husband is often more merry than wise, when he comes home late at night, and still Eily says nothing. And besides all this, I think my husband has something weighing upon his mind, and I don’t make him tell it to me, as a good wife ought to do ; and I’d like to have a friend’s advice, as you’re good enough to offer it, sir, to know what I’d do. What do you think about him, sir ? Do you think any of the ladies has taken his fancy ? or do you think he’s growing tired of Eily ? or that he doesn’t think so much of her, now that he knows her better ? What would you advise me to do ?’

“ ‘ I am rather at a loss,’ said Hardress, with some bitterness in his accent ; ‘ it is so difficult to advise a jealous person.’

“ ‘ Jealous !’ exclaimed Eily, with a slight blush ; ‘ ah, now I’m sorry I came to you at all ; for I see you know nothing about me, since you think that’s the way. I see now that you don’t know how to advise me at all, and I’ll leave you there. What would I be jealous of ?’

“ ‘ Why, of those handsome young ladies that your husband visits.’

“ ‘ Ah, if I was jealous that way,’ said Eily, with a keen and serious smile, ‘ that isn’t the way I’d show it.’

“ ‘ How, then, Eily ?’

“ ‘ Why, first of all, I wouldn’t as much as think of such a thing, without the greatest reason in the world, without being downright sure of it ; and if I got that reason, nobody would ever know it, for I wouldn’t say a word, only walk into that room there, and stretch upon the bed, and die.’

“ ‘ Why, that’s what many a brutal husband, in such a case, would exactly desire.’

“ ‘ So itself,’ said Eily, with a flushed and kindling cheek ; ‘ so itself. I wouldn’t be long in his way, I’ll engage.’

“ ‘ Well, then,’ Hardress said, rising and addressing her with a severe solemnity of manner, ‘ my advice to you is this. As long as you live, never presume to inquire into your husband’s secrets, nor affect an influence which he never will admit. And if you wish to avoid that great reason for jealousy of which you stand in fear, avoid suffering the

slightest suspicion to appear ; for men are stubborn beings, and when such suspicions are wantonly set afloat, they find the temptation to furnish them with a cause almost irresistible.'

" 'Well, Hardress,' said Eily, ' you are angry with me, after all. Didn't you say you would forgive me ? Oh, then, I'll engage I'd be very sorry to say any thing, if I thought you'd be this way.'

" 'I am not angry,' said Hardress, in a tone of vexation. ' I do forgive you,' he added, in an accent of sharp reproof ; ' I spoke entirely for your own sake.'

" 'And wouldn't Hardress allow his own Eily her little joke ?'

" 'Joke !' exclaimed Hardress, bursting into a sudden passion, which made his eyes water, and his limbs shake, as if they would have sunk beneath him. ' Am I become the subject of your mirth ! Day after day my brain is verging nearer and nearer to utter madness, and do you jest on that ? Do you see this cheek ?—you count more hollows there than when I met you first, and does that make you merry ? Give me your hand ! Do you feel how that heart beats ? Is that a subject, Eily, for joke or jest ? Do you think this face turns thin or yellow for nothing ? There are a thousand and a thousand horrid thoughts and temptations burning within me daily, and eating my flesh away by inches. The devil is laughing at me, and Eily joins him !'

" 'Oh, Hardress—Hardress !'

" 'Yes !—you have the best right to laugh, for you are the gainer ! Curse on you !—Curse on your beauty—curse on my own folly—for I have been undone by both ! Let go my arm ! I hate you ! Take the truth, I'll not be poisoned with it. I am sick of you—you have disgusted me ! I will ease my heart by telling you the whole. If I seek the society of other women, it is because I find not among them your meanness and vulgarity. If I get drunk, and make myself the beast you say, it is in the hope to forget the iron chain that binds me to you !'

" 'Oh, Hardress !' shrieked the affrighted girl, ' you are not in earnest now ?'

" 'I am ! I do not joke !' her husband exclaimed, with a hoarse vehemence. ' Let go my knees !—you are sure enough of me. I am bound to you too firmly.'

" 'Oh, my dear Hardress ! Oh, my own husband, listen to me ! Hear your own Eily for one moment ! Oh, my poor father !'

" 'Ha !'

" 'It slipped from me ! Forgive me ! I know I am to blame,—I am greatly to blame, dear Hardress ; but forgive me ! I left my home and all for you—oh, do not cast me off ! I will do anything to please you—I never will open my lips again—only say you did not mean all that ! Oh, Heaven !' she continued, throwing her head back, and looking upward with expanded mouth and eyes, while she maintained her kneeling posture, and clasped her husband's feet. ' Merciful Heaven, direct him ! Oh, Hardress, think how far I am from home !—think of all you promised me, and how I believed you ! Stay with me for a while, at any rate. Do not—'

"On a sudden, while Hardress was still struggling to free himself from her arms, without doing her a violence—Eily felt a swimming in her head, and a cloud upon her sight. The next instant she was motionless."—vol. ii. pp. 140-50.

Our next extract is one of a less painful nature, and quite equal to the last in power and beauty. It is the visit of the unhappy Eily to her uncle, the parish priest, upon Christmas morning.

"After a sharp and frosty morning, the cold sun of the Christmas noon found Father Edward O'Connor seated in his little parlour, before a cheerful turf fire. A small table was laid before it, and decorated with a plain breakfast, which the fatigues of the forenoon rendered not a little acceptable. The sun shone directly in the window, dissolving slowly away the fantastic foliage of frost-work upon the window-panes, and flinging its shadow on the boarded floor. The reverend host himself sat in a meditative posture near the fire, awaiting the arrival of some fresh eggs, over the cookery of which, Jim, the clerk, presided in the kitchen. His head was drooped a little,—his eyes fixed upon the burning fuel,—his nether lip a little protruded,—his feet stretched out and crossed,—and the small bulky volume, in which he had been reading his daily office, half-closed in his right hand, with a finger left between the leaves to mark the place. No longer a pale and secluded student, Father Edward now presented the appearance of a healthy man, with a face hardened by frequent exposure to the winds of midnight and of morn, and with a frame made firm and vigorous by unceasing exercise. His eye, moreover, had acquired a certain character of severity, which was more than qualified by a nature of the tenderest benevolence. On the table, close to the small tray which held his simple tea-equipage, was placed a linen bag, containing, in silver, the amount of his Christmas offerings. They had been paid him on that morning, in crowns, half-crowns, and shillings, at the parish chapel. And Father Edward, on this occasion, had returned thanks to his parishioners for their liberality,—the half-yearly compensation for all his toils and exertions, his sleepless nights and restless days, amounting to no less a sum than thirteen pounds, fourteen shillings.

"'Tis an admiration, sir,' said Jim, the clerk, as he entered, clad in a suit of Father Edward's rusty black, laid the eggs upon the tray, and moved back to a decorous distance from the table. 'Tis an admiration what a sight of people is abroad in the kitchen, money-hunting.'

"'Didn't I tell them the last time, that I never would pay a bill upon a Christmas day again.'

"That's the very thing I said to 'em, sir. But 'tis the answer they made me, that they come a long distance, and it would cost 'em a day more if they were obliged to be coming again to-morrow.'

"Father Edward, with a countenance of perplexity and chagrin, removed the top of the egg, while he cast a glance alternately at the bag, and at his clerk. 'It is a hard case, Jim,' he said at last, 'that they will not allow a man even the satisfaction of retaining so much money

in his possession for a single day, and amusing himself by fancying it his own. I suspect I am doomed to be no more than a mere agent to this thirteen pound fourteen, after all ; to receive and pay it away in a breath.'

" 'Just what I was thinking myself, sir,' said Jim.

" 'Well, I suppose I must not cost the poor fellows a day's work, however, Jim, if they have come such a distance. That would be a little Pharasaical, I fear.'

" Jim did not understand this word, but he bowed, as if he would say, ' Whatever your reverence says, must be correct.' * * *

" Father Edward emptied the bag of silver, and counted into several sums the amount of all the bills. When he had done so, he took in one hand the few shillings that remained, threw them into the empty bag, jingled them a little, smiled, and tossed his head. Jim, the clerk, smiled, and tossed his head in sympathy.

" 'It's aisier emptied than filled, plase your reverence,' said Jim, with a short sigh.

" 'If it were not for the honour and dignity of it,' thought Father Edward, after his clerk had once more left the room, ' my humble curaey at St. John's were preferable to this extensive charge, in so dreary a peopled wilderness. Quiet lodgings, a civil landlady, regular hours of discipline, and the society of my oldest friends ; what was there in these that could be less desirable than a cold small house, on a mountain-side, total seclusion from the company of my equals, and a fearful increase of responsibility ? Did the cause of preference lie in the distinction between the letters *V.P.* and *P.P.*, and the pleasure of paying away thirteen pounds fourteen shillings at Christmas ? Oh, world ! world ! you are a great stage-coach, with fools for outside passengers ; a huge round lump of earth, on the surface of which men seek for peace, but find it only when they sink beneath ! Would I not give the whole thirteen pounds fourteen at this moment, to sit once more in my accustomed chair, in that small room, with the noise of the streets just dying away as the evening fell, and my poor little Eily reading to me from the window as of old, as innocent, as happy, and as dutiful as then ? Indeed I would, and more, if I had it. Poor Mihil ! Ah, Eily, Eily ! you deceived me ! Well, well ! Old Mihil says I am too ready to preach patience to him. I must try and practise it myself.'

" At this moment the parlour-door opened again, and Jim once more thrust in his head.

" 'A girl, sir, that's abroad, and would want to see you, if you plase.'

* * * * *

" Jim went out, and presently returned, ushering in, with many curious and distrustful glances, the young female of whom he had spoken. * * * When the clerk had left the room, Father Edward indulged in a preliminary examination of the person of his visitor. She was young and well-formed, and clothed in a blue cloak and bonnet, which were so disposed as she sat, as to conceal altogether both her person and features.

" 'Well, my good girl,' said the clergyman in an encouraging tone, ' what is your business with me ?'

" The young female remained for some moments silent, and her dress moved as if it were agitated by some strong emotion of the frame. At length, rising from her seat, and tottering towards the astonished priest, she knelt down at his feet, and exclaimed, while she uncovered her face, with a burst of tears and sobbing, ' Oh, uncle Edward, don't you know me ? '

" Her uncle started from his chair. Astonishment, for some moments, held him silent, and almost breathless. He at last stooped down, gazed intently on her face, raised her, and placed her on a chair, where she remained quite passive, resumed his seat, and covered his face, in silence, with his hand. Eily, more affected by this action than she might have been by the bitterest reproaches, continued to weep aloud with increasing violence.

" ' Don't cry—do not afflict yourself,' said Father Edward, in a quiet yet cold tone ; ' there can be no use in that. The Lord forgive you, child ! Don't cry. Ah, Eily O'Connor ! I never thought it would be our fate to meet in this manner.'

" ' I hope you will forgive me, uncle,' sobbed the poor girl ; ' I did it for the best, indeed.'

" ' Did it for the best ! ' said the clergyman, looking on her for the first time with some sternness. ' Now, Eily, you will vex me, if you say that again. I was in hopes that, lost as you are, you came to me, nevertheless, in penitence and in humility at least, which was the only consolation your friends could ever look for. But the first word I hear from you is an excuse, a justification of your crime. Did it for the best ! Don't you remember, Eily, having ever read in that book I was accustomed to explain to you in old times, that the excuses of Saul made his repentance unaccepted ? and will you imitate his example ? You did it for the best, after all ! I won't speak of my own sufferings, since this unhappy affair, but there is your old father (I am sorry to hurt your feelings, but it is my duty to make you know the extent of your guilt)—your old father has not enjoyed one moment's rest ever since you left him. He was here with me a week since, for the second time after your departure, and I never was so shocked in all my life. You cry ; but you would cry more bitterly if you saw him. When I knew you together, he was a good father to you, and a happy father too. He is now a frightful skeleton ! Was that done for the best, Eily ? '

" ' Oh ! no, no, sir, I did not mean to say that I acted rightly, or even from a right intention. I only meant to say, that it was not quite so bad as it might appear.'

" ' To judge by your own appearance, Eily,' her uncle continued, in a compassionate tone, ' one would say, that its effects have not been productive of much happiness on either side. Turn to the light ; you are very thin and pale. Poor child ! poor child ! oh ! why did you do this ? What could have tempted you to throw away your health, your duty, to destroy your father's peace of mind, and your father's reputation, all in one day ! '

" ' Uncle,' said Eily, ' there is one point on which I fear you have

made a wrong conclusion. I have been, I know, sir, very ungrateful to you, and to my father, and very guilty in the sight of heaven, but I am not quite so abandoned a creature as you seem to think me. Disobedience, sir,' she added, with a blush of the deepest crimson, 'is the very worst offence of which I can accuse myself.'

"'What!" exclaimed Father Edward, while his eyes lit up with sudden pleasure, 'are you then married?'

"'I was married, sir, a month before I left my father.'

"The good clergyman seemed to be more deeply moved by this intelligence than by anything which had yet occurred in the scene. He winked repeatedly with his eyelids, in order to clear away the moisture which began to overspread the balls, but it would not do. The fountain had been unlocked, it gushed forth in a flood too copious to be restrained, and he gave up the contest. He reached his hand to Eily, grasped hers, shook it fervently and long, while he said, in a voice that was made hoarse and broken by emotion:—

"'Well, well, Eily, that's a great deal. 'Tis not every thing, but it is a great deal. The general supposition was, that the cause of secrecy could be no other than a shameful one. I am very glad of this, Eily! This will be some comfort to your father.' He again pressed her hand, and shook it kindly, while Eily wept upon his own like an infant!

"'And where do you stay now, Eily? Where—who is your husband?'

Eily appeared distressed at this question, and, after some embarrassment, said:—'My dear uncle, I am not at liberty to answer you those questions at present. My husband does not know of my having even taken this step: and I dare not think of telling what he commanded that I should keep secret.'

"'Secrecy still, Eily?' said the clergyman, rising from his seat, and walking up and down the room, with his hands behind his back, and a severe expression returning to his eye,—'I say again, I do not like this affair. Why should your husband affect this deep concealment? Is he poor?—your father will rejoice to find it no worse. Is he afraid of the resentment of your friends?—let him bring back our own Eily, and he will be received with open arms. What besides conscious guilt can make him thus desirous of concealment?'

"'I cannot tell you his reasons, uncle,' said Eily, timidly, 'but indeed he is nothing of what you say.'

"'Well; and how do you live, then, Eily? With his friends, or how? If you cannot tell where, you may at least tell how?'

"'It is not *will not* with me, indeed, uncle Edward, but *dare not*. My first act of disobedience cost me dearly enough, and I dare not attempt a second.'

"'Well, well,' replied her uncle, a little annoyed, 'you have more logic than I thought you had. I must not press you farther on that head. But how do you live? Where do you hear mass on Sundays? or, do you hear it regularly at all?'

Eily's drooping head and long silence gave answer in the negative. 'Did you hear mass a single Sunday at all since you left home?' he asked in increasing amazement.

“ ‘Eily answered in a whisper, between her teeth, ‘Not one.’ The good Religious lifted his hands to heaven, and then suffered them to fall motionless by his side. ‘O you poor child!’ he exclaimed, ‘May the Lord forgive you your sins! It is no wonder that you should be ashamed, and afraid, and silent.’ . . . ‘And what was your object in coming then, if you had it not in your power to tell me anything that could enable me to be of some assistance to you?’

“ ‘I came, sir,’ said Eily, “in the hope that you would, in a kinder manner than any body else, let my father know all that I have told you, and inform him, moreover, that I hope it will not be long before I am allowed to ask his pardon, with my own lips, for all the sorrow that I have caused him. I was afraid if I had asked my husband’s permission to make this journey it might have been refused. I will now return, and persuade him, if I can, to come here with me again this week.’

“ Father Edward again paused for a considerable time, and eventually addressed his niece with a deep seriousness of voice and manner. ‘Eily,’ he said, a strong light has broken in upon me respecting your situation. I fear this man, in whom you trust so much and so generously, and to whose will you show so perfect an obedience, is not a person fit to be trusted nor obeyed. You are married, I think, to one who is not proud of his wife. Stay with me, Eily, I advise—I warn you! It appears by your own words that this man is a tyrant; already he loves you not, and from being despotic he may grow dangerous. Remain with me and write him a letter. I do not judge the man. I speak only from general probabilities, and these would suggest the great wisdom of your acting as I say.’

“ ‘I dare not, I could not, would not do so,’ said Eily, ‘you never were more mistaken in any body’s character than in his of whom you are speaking. If I did not fear, I love him far too well to treat him with so little confidence. When next we meet, uncle, you shall know the utmost of my apprehensions. At present I can say no more. And the time is passing too; I am pledged to return this evening. Well, my dear uncle, good bye! I hope to bring you back a better niece than you you are parting with now. Trust all to me for three or four days more, and Eily never will have a secret again from her uncle, nor her father.’

“ ‘Good bye, child, good bye, Eily,’ said the clergyman, much affected. ‘Stop—stay—come here, Eily, an instant!’ He took up the linen bag, before mentioned, and shook out into his hand the remaining silver of his dues. ‘Eily,’ said he with a smile, ‘it is a long time since uncle Edward gave you a Christmas-box. Here is one for you. Open your hand, now, if you do not wish to offend me. Good bye, good bye, my poor darling child!’ He kissed her cheek, and then, as if reproaching himself for an excess of leniency, he added in a more stern accent: ‘I hope, Eily, that this may be the last time I shall have to part from my niece without being able to tell her name.’

“ Eily had no other answer than her tears, which in most instances were the most persuasive arguments she could employ.

“ ‘She is an affectionate simple little creature after all,’ said Father Edward, when his niece had left the house, ‘a simple affectionate

creature—but I was in the right to be severe with her,' he added, giving himself credit for more than he deserved, 'her conduct called for some severity, and I was in the right to exercise it as I did.'—vol. ii. pp. 207-11, 213 228.

Our next extract shall be the departure of Eily from her cottage, in obedience to the commands of Hardress—a scene of the most touching pathos—enhanced by the horrors of the fate which awaits her, and which dimly "casts its shadows before."

"It was the eve of little Christmas, and Eily was seated by the fire, still listening with the anxiety of defeated hope to every sound that approached the cottage door. She held in her hand a small prayer book, in which she was reading, from time to time, the office of the day. The sins and negligences of the courted maiden and the happy bride, came now in dread array before the memory of the forsaken wife, and she leaned forward, with her cheek supported by one finger, to contemplate the long arrear in silent penitence. They were for the most part such transgressions as might, in a more worldly soul, be considered indicative of innocence, rather than hopeless guilt; but Eily's was a young and tender conscience, that bore the burden with reluctance and with difficulty.

"Poll Naghten was arranging at a small table the three-branched candle, with which the vigil of this festival is observed in Catholic houses. While she was so occupied, a shadow fell upon the threshold, and Eily started from her chair. It was that of Danny Mann. She looked for a second figure, but it did not appear, and she returned to her chair, with a look of agony and disappointment.

"'Where's your masther? Isn't he coming?' asked Poll, while she applied a lighted rush to one of the branches of the candle.

"'He isn't,' returned Danny, in a surly tone, 'he has something else to do.'

"He approached Eily, who observed, as he handed her the note, that he looked more pale than usual, and that his eye quivered with an uncertain and gloomy fire. She cast her eyes on the note, in the hope of finding there a refuge from the fears which crowded in upon her. But it came only to confirm them in all their gloomy force. She read it word after word, and then letting her hand fall lifeless by her side, she leaned back against the wall in an attitude of utter desolation. Danny avoided contemplating her in this condition, and stooped forward, with his hands expanded over the fire. The whole took place in silence so complete, that Poll was not yet aware of the transaction, and had not even looked on Eily. Again she raised the paper to her eyes, and again she read in the same well known hand, to which her pulses had so often thrilled and quickened, the same unkind, cold and heartless, loveless wor's. She thought of the first time on which she had met with Hardress—she remembered the warmth, the tenderness, the respectful zeal of his young and early attachment—she recalled his favourite phrases of affection—and again she looked upon this unfeeling scrawl—and the contrast almost broke her heart. She thought, that if he were determined to renounce her, he

might at least have come and spoken a word at parting; even if he had used the same violence as in their last interview. His utmost harshness would be kinder than indifference like this. It was an irremediable affliction—one of those frightful visitations from the effects of which a feeble and unelastic character, like that of this unhappy girl, can never after be recovered. But though the character of Eily was unelastic—though, when once bowed down by a calamitous pressure, her spirits could not recoil, but took the drooping form, and retained it, even after that pressure was removed; still she possessed a heroism peculiar to herself; the noblest heroism of which humanity is capable—the heroism of endurance. The time had now arrived for the exercise of that faculty of silent sufferance, of which she had made her gentle boast to Hardress. She saw now that complaint would be in vain, that Hardress loved her not—that she was dead in his affections—and that although she might disturb the quiet of her husband, she never could restore her own. She determined, therefore, to obey him at once, and without a murmur. She thought that Hardress's unkindness had its origin in a dislike to her, and did not at all imagine the possibility of his proceeding to such a degree of perfidy as he, in point of fact, contemplated. Had she done so she would not have agreed to maintain the secrecy which she had promised.

"While this train of meditation was still passing through her mind, Danny Mann advanced towards the place where she was standing, and said, without raising his eyes from her feet:—

"'If you're agreeable to do what's in dat paper, *Miss Eily*, I have a boy below at de gap, wit a horse an' car, an' you can set off to-night if you like.'

"Eily, as if yielding to a mechanical impulse, glided into the little room, which, during the honey-moon, had been furnished and decorated for her own use. She restrained her eyes from wandering as much as possible; and commenced with hurried and trembling hands her arrangements for departure. They were few and speedily effected. Her apparel was folded into her trunk, and, for once, she tied on her bonnet and cloak without referring to the glass. It was all over now! It was a happy dream, but it was ended. Not a tear fell, not a sigh escaped her lips, during the course of these farewell occupations. The struggle within her breast was deep and terrible, but it was firmly mastered.

"A few minutes only elapsed before she again appeared at the door of the little chamber accoutred for the journey.

"'Danny,' she said, in a faint small voice, 'I am ready.'

"'Ready?' exclaimed Poll. 'Is it going you are, *d-chree*?' Nothing could be more dangerous to Eily's firmness, at this moment, than any sound of commiseration or of kindness. She felt the difficulty at once, and hurried to escape the chance of this additional trial. 'Poll,' she replied, still in the same faint tone, 'good bye to you! I am sorry I have only thanks to give you at parting, but I will not forget you, when it is in my power. I left my things within, I will send for them some other time.'

" 'And where is it you're going? Danny, what's all this about?'

" 'What business is it of your's?' replied her brother, in a peevish tone, or of mine eider? It's de master's bidding, and you can ax him why he done it, when he comes, if you want to know.'

" 'But the night will rain. It will be a bad night,' said Poll. 'I seen the clouds gatherin' for thunder, an' I comin' down the mountain.'

" Eily smiled faintly, and shook her head, as if to intimate that the change of the seasons would henceforth be to her a matter of trivial interest. ' If it is the master's bidding, it must be right, no doubt,' said Poll, still looking in wonder and perplexity on Eily's dreary and dejected face; ' but it is a queer story, that's what it is.' Without venturing to reiterate her farewell, Eily descended, with a hasty but feeble step, the broken path which led to the gap road, and was quickly followed by the little lord. Committing herself to his guidance, she soon lost sight of the mountain cottage, which she had sought in hope and joy, and which she now abandoned in despair."

Unwillingly obliged by want of space to pass over the beautiful and affecting episode of the death and funeral of Mrs. Daly we come to the most harrowing scene in the book—the discovery made at the fox-hunt given by Conolly—let it speak for itself:

" The fox was said to have earthed in the side of a hill near the river-side, which on one side was grey with lime-stone crag, and on the other covered with a quantity of close furze. Towards the water, a miry and winding path among the underwood led downward to an extensive marsh or corcass, which lay close to the shore. It was overgrown with a dwarfish rush, and intersected with numberless little creeks and channels, which were never filled, except when the spring-tide was at the full. On a green and undulating champagne above the hill, were a considerable number of gentlemen mounted, conversing in groups, or cantering their horses around the plain, while the huntsmen, whippers-in and dogs, were busy among the furze, endeavouring to make the fox break cover. A crowd of peasants, boys, and other idlers, were scattered over the green, awaiting the commencement of the sport, and amusing themselves by criticizing with much sharpness of sarcasm, the appearance of the horses, and the action and manner of their riders. The search after the fox continued for a long time without avail..... The morning, which had promised fairly, began to change and darken. It was one of those sluggish days, which frequently usher in the spring season in Ireland; on the water, on land, in air, on earth, every thing was motionless and calm. The boats slept upon the bosom of the river. A low and dingy mist concealed the distant shores and hills of Clare. Above, the eye could discern neither cloud nor sky. A heavy haze covered the face of the heavens, from one horizon to the other. The sun was wholly veiled in mist, his place in the heavens being indicated only by the radiance of the misty shroud in that direction. A thin drizzling shower, no heavier than a summer dew, descended on the party, and left a hoary

and glistening moisture on their dresses, on the manes and forelocks of the horses, and on the face of the surrounding landscape.

" 'No fox to-day, I fear,' said Mr. Cregan, riding up to one of the groups before-mentioned, which comprised his son, Hardress, and Mr. Conolly. . . . 'Hark! what is that?' said Conolly. 'What are the dogs doing now?'

" 'They have left the cover on the hill,' said a gentleman who was galloping past, 'and are trying the corcass.'

" 'Poor Dalton!' said Mr. Cregan, 'that was the man that would have had old Reynard out of cover before now.'

" 'Poor Dalton!' exclaimed Hardress, catching up the word with passionate emphasis, 'poor, poor Dalton! O days of my youth!' he added, turning aside on his saddle, that he might not be observed, and looking out upon the quiet river. 'O days—past, happy days. My merry boyhood, and my merry youth! my boat! the broad river, the rough west wind, the broken waves, and the heart at rest. O miserable wretch, what have you now to hope for? My heart will burst before I leave this field!'

" 'The dogs are chopping,' said Conolly; 'they have found him—come! come away!'

" 'Ware hare!' said the old gentleman; 'Ware hare!' was echoed by many voices. A singular hurry was observed amongst the crowd upon the brow of the hill, which overlooked the corcass, and presently all had descended to the marsh. 'There's something extraordinary going on there,' said Cregan; 'what makes all the crowd collect upon the marsh?' . . . The hounds continued to chop in concert, as if they had found a strong scent, and yet no fox appeared.

" At length, a horseman was observed riding up the miry pass before-mentioned, and galloping towards them. When he approached, they could observe that his manner was flurried and agitated, and that his countenance wore an expression of terror and compassion. He tightened the rein suddenly as he came upon the group. 'Mr. Warner,' he said, 'I believe you are a magistrate?' Mr. Warner bowed. 'Then come this way, sir, if you please. A terrible occasion makes your presence necessary on the other side of the hill.'

" 'No harm, sir, to any of our friends, I hope?' said Mr. Warner, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping away. The answer of the stranger was lost in the tramp of the hoofs, as they rode away.

" Immediately after, two other horsemen came galloping by. One of them held in his hand a straw bonnet, beaten out of shape, and draggled in the mud of the corcass. Hardress just caught the word 'horrible,' as they rode swiftly by.

" 'What's horrible?' shouted Hardress aloud, and rising in his stirrup. The two gentlemen were already out of hearing.

" 'I did not hear him,' said Conolly, 'but come down upon the corcass, and we shall learn.' They galloped in that direction. The morning was changing fast, and the rain was now descending in much greater abundance. Still, there was not a breath of wind to alter its direction, or to give the slightest animation to the general lethargic

look of nature. As they arrived on the brow of the hill, they perceived the crowd of horsemen and peasants collected into a dense mass, around one of the little channels before described. Several of those in the centre were stooping low, as if to assist a fallen person. The individuals who stood outside were raised on tiptoe, and endeavoured, by stretching their heads over the shoulders of their neighbours, to peep into the centre. The whipper-in, meanwhile, was flogging the hounds away from the crowd, while the dogs reluctantly obeyed. Mingled with the press were the horsemen, bending over their saddle-bows, and gazing downwards on the centre.

"Bad manners to ye!" Hardress heard the whipper-in exclaim, as he passed; "what a fox ye found for us this morning! How bad ye are now, for a taste o' the Christian's flesh!" . . . Urged by an unaccountable impulse, and supported by an energy he knew not whence derived, Hardress alighted from his horse, threw the reins to a countryman, and penetrated the group with considerable violence. He dragged some by the collars from their places, pushed others aside with his shoulder, struck the refractory with his whip-handle, and in a few moments attained the centre of the ring.

"Here he paused, and gazed in motionless horror upon the picture which the crowd had previously concealed. Opposite to Hardress stood Mr. Warner, the magistrate and coroner for the county. On his right stood the person who had summoned him to the spot. At the feet of Hardress was a small pool, in which the waters now appeared disturbed and thick with mud, while the rain descending straight, gave to its surface the appearance of ebullition. On a bank at the other side, which was covered with the sea-pink and a species of short moss, an object lay, on which the eyes of all were bent, with a fearful and gloomy expression. It was for the most part concealed beneath a large blue mantle, which was drenched in wet and mire, and lay so heavy on the thing beneath as to reveal the lineaments of a human form. A pair of small feet, in Spanish leather shoes, appearing from below the end of the garment, showed that the body was that of a female; and a mass of long, fair hair, which escaped from beneath the capacious hood, demonstrated that this death, whether the effect of accident or malice, had found the victim untimely in her youth.

"The cloak, the feet, the hair, were all familiar objects to the eye of Hardress. On very slight occasions, he had often found it absolutely impossible to maintain his self-possession in the presence of others. Now, when the fell solution of all his anxieties was exposed before him,—when it became evident that the guilt of blood was upon his head,—now, when he looked upon the shattered corpse of Eily, of his chosen and once-beloved wife, murdered in her youth, almost in her girlhood, by his connivance, it astonished him to find that all emotion came upon the instant to a dead pause within his breast. Others might have told him that his face was rigid, sallow, and bloodless, as that of the corpse on which he gazed. But he himself felt nothing of this. Not a sentence that was spoken was lost upon his ear. He did not even tremble, and a slight anxiety for his personal safety was the

only sentiment of which he was perceptibly conscious. It seemed as if the great passion, like an engine embarrassed in its action, had been suddenly struck motionless, even while the impelling principle remained in active force. . . . At this moment the hounds once more opened into a chopping concert, and Hardress, starting from his posture of rigid calmness, extended his arms, and burst into a passion of wild fear.

“ ‘ The hounds ! the hounds ! ’ he exclaimed. ‘ Mr. Warner, do you hear them ? Keep off the dogs ! They will tear her if ye let them pass ! Good sir, will you suffer the dogs to tear her ? I had rather he torn myself, than look upon such a sight. Ye may stare as ye will, but I tell ye all a truth, gentlemen. A truth, I say—upon my life, a truth ! ’

“ ‘ There is no fear,’ said Warner, fixing a keen and practised eye upon him.

“ ‘ Aye, but there is, sir, by your leave,’ cried Hardress. ‘ Do you hear them now ? Do you hear that yell for blood ? I tell you I hate that horrid cry. It is enough to make the heart of a Christian burst. Who put the hounds upon that horrid scent ?—that false scent ? I am going mad, I think. I say, sir, do you hear that yelling now ? Will you tell me *now* there is no fear ? Stand close ! stand close, and hide me—*her*, I mean ; stand close ! ’

“ ‘ I think there is none whatever,’ said the coroner, probing him.

“ ‘ And *I tell you*,’ cried Hardress, grasping his whip, and abandoning himself to an almost delirious excess of rage, ‘ *I tell you* there is. If this ground should open before me, and I should hear the hounds of Satan yelling upward from the deep, it could not freeze me with a greater fear.’ ”

We have now given, we think, a sufficient number of extracts to justify the high praise we have bestowed on this work, in the opinion of such of our readers as may not happen to have read the work itself. To such (and we feel confident they are but few) we would recommend the perusal of the entire of *The Collegians*, as it is impossible for the most copious extracts to give a correct idea of its merits. Mr. Griffin has since published several works, all displaying much talent, but none equalling *The Collegians*. Of these, *Tracy’s Ambition* is the best. *The Rivals*, though an interesting tale, is evidently written in great haste, and abounds in improbable and unnatural incidents. The characters, too, are over-strained, and the style inflated.

In *The Duke of Monmouth*, his latest production, our author has fallen much below his usual standard, and has produced a feeble and uninteresting work, solely, we believe, in consequence of being for once seduced into an imitation of the historical novels of Scott, and deserting the style he had created for himself. We trust his failure on this occasion will prove an useful lesson

to him, and that the next work he offers to the public will be in the *genre* of *The Collegians*—an original tale, illustrating, as that does, the feelings, the passions, as well as the manners and customs, of his countrymen. There is one praise, however, which the least interesting of Mr. Griffin's works may safely claim—and it is the highest of all praise—that not one of them contains a “line which dying he may wish to blot;” they breathe the purest morality, inculcate the highest principles, and express the deepest religious feeling. Their author is evidently a *practical*, as well as a professing, Catholic; and boldly stands forth on all occasions to avow himself as such.

We turn to the works of Mr. Carleton with strangely mingled feelings;—admiration, pity, sorrow, and indignation, alternately taking possession of our mind. We grieve to see talents of a high order, and feelings naturally kind and warm, warped and perverted, to serve the ends, and feed the foul appetite for slander, of a faction. We know nothing of the private history of Mr. Carleton, but from his writings we should gather that he is one who had left the religion in which he was brought up, from motives in which *pique* strongly predominated, and this we infer from the extreme bitterness with which, in his first works especially, he assails the Catholic faith and its ministers. We are bound to add, in justice to him, that his later works do not display this uncharitable feeling, but that while he still speaks as a Protestant, he uses no language which can be offensive to a fellow-Christian. Such being the case, we shall not dwell upon those writings of Mr. Carleton in which he has calumniated the religion and religious feelings of at least three-fourths of his countrymen, but gladly turn to those other works in which he displays brilliant talent, and strong natural feeling. Yes, wonderful as it is to ascribe such feeling to an *Irish Conservative*, Mr. Carleton is in heart and soul an Irishman,—thoroughly understands, and heartily sympathizes with, the faults, the virtues, the joys and sorrows, of his countrymen. So much is this the case, and so fearlessly does he reprobate the heartlessness of Irish landlords, that our only wonder is, that the party to which he belongs, who are noted for nothing more than their contempt and dislike of the country of their birth, and the people from whom they derive their subsistence, should so long have endured him amongst them; and we are quite sure that they would not have done so, but for the paucity of talent which their ranks present, on which account they cannot afford to lose the services of a man of undoubted genius. The earlier works of Mr. Carleton, besides the more serious faults at which we have glanced, had the minor defects of want of arrangement of story,

and of crudeness and extravagance of style. Amongst them, however, the *Three Tasks*, *Shane Fuah's Wedding*, and *Larry M'Farland's Wake*, may be noted as favourable specimens, although not undisfigured by misrepresentation, and by occasional exaggeration. Exaggeration, at least in the humorous part of his stories, is our author's besetting sin; indeed, we think he possesses but little real humour, and generally fails when he attempts to be *funny*; but to make amends for his deficiency in this respect, he is almost unequalled in the pathetic parts.—No one has so well sounded the depths of the Irish heart; no one so admirably pourtrays its kinder and nobler feelings. We shall give a specimen of our author's very best style, from the *Poor Scholar*, and another from *Tubber Derg*; after which we must unwillingly take our leave of Mr. Carleton, although there are several of his tales, in particular *The Donegh*, and *The Midnight Mass*, which we should have wished to examine, had time permitted. In the first of the following extracts, the Poor Scholar is about to leave his parents to endeavour to procure education for the church—his mother watches him while asleep :

“ ‘ There you lie,’ she softly sobbed out in Irish, ‘ the sweet pulse of your mother’s heart, the flower of our flock, the pride of our eyes, and the music of our hearth ! Jemmy, avourneen machree, an’ how can I part with you, my darlin’ son ! Sure, when I look at your mild face, and think that you’re taking the world on your head to rise us out of our poverty, isn’t my heart breaking ! A lonely house we’ll have after you, *acushla*. Going out or coming in, at home or abroad, your voice won’t be in my ears, nor your eye smiling upon me ! And then to think of what you may suffer in a strange land ! If your head aches, on what tender breast will it lie, or who will bind the ribbon of comfort round it, or wipe your fair, mild brow in sickness ? Oh ! Blessed Mother, hunger, sickness, and sorrow, may come upon you, when you’ll be far from your own and from them that love you ! ’ . . . At this moment his father, who probably suspected the cause of her absence, came in, and perceived her distress. ‘ Vara,’ (Mary) he said, in Irish also, ‘ is my darling son asleep ? ’ She looked up with streaming eyes as he spoke, and replied to him with difficulty, whilst she involuntarily held over the candle to gratify the father’s heart with a sight of him. ‘ I was keeping him before my eye,’ she said ; ‘ God knows but it may be the last night we’ll ever see him undher our own roof. Dominick achorra, I doubt if I can part with him from my heart.’

“ ‘ Then how can I, Vara,’ he replied. ‘ Wasn’t he my right hand in everything ? When was he from me, ever since he took a man’s work upon him ? And when he’d finish his own task for the day, how kindly he’d begin and help me with mine ! No, Vara, it goes to my

heart to let him go away upon such a plan, and I wish he hadn't taken the notion into his head at all.'

" 'It's not too late, may be,' said the mother. 'I think it wouldn't be hard to put him off it; the cratur's heart's failing him to leave us; he has sorrow upon his face where he lies.' The father looked at the expression of affectionate melancholy which shaded his features as he slept; and the perception of the boy's internal struggle against his own domestic attachments, powerfully touched his heart. 'Vara,' he said, 'I know the boy; he won't give it up; and 'twould be a pity—may be a sin—to put him from it. Let the child get fair play, and try his course. If he fails, he can come back to us; and our arms and hearts will be open to welcome him! But if God prospers him, wouldn't it be a blessing that we never expected, to see him in the white robes, celebrating one mass for his parents? If these ould eyes could see that, I would be contented to close them in peace and happiness for ever!' 'And well you'd become them! avourneen machree! Well would your mild, handsome countenance look, with the long heavenly stole of innocence upon you! and although it's eating into my heart, I'll bear it for the sake of seein' the same blessed sight! Look at that face, Dominick; mightn't many a lord of the land be proud to have such a son! May the heavens shower down its blessing upon him!' The father burst into tears. 'It is, it is,' said he. 'It's the face that would make many a noble heart proud to look at it! Is it any wonder, then, it would cut our hearts to have it taken from afore our eyes? Come away, Vara, come away, or I'll not be able to part with it. It is the lovely face, and kind is the heart of my darling child!' As he spoke, he stooped down and kissed the youth's cheek, on which the warm tears of affection fell soft as the dew from heaven."—vol. i. pp. 97-100.

The Poor Scholar abounds in passages of equal, if not of superior beauty, and is a most interesting and highly finished story. We must, however, turn from it to *Tubber Derg*, and being limited to one extract, give (at random, almost) the going forth of Owen M'Carthy and family to beg.

" Heavy and black was his heart, to use the strong expression of the people, on the bitter morning when he set out to encounter the dismal task of seeking alms in order to keep life in himself and his family. The plan was devised on the foregoing night; but to no mortal, except his wife, was it communicated. The honest pride of a man whose mind was above committing a mean action, would not permit him to reveal what he considered the first stain that was ever known to rest upon the name of M'Carthy. He, therefore, sallied out under the beating of the storm, and proceeded, without caring much whither he went, until he got considerably beyond the bounds of his own parish.

" In the meantime hunger pressed keenly upon him and them. The day had no appearance of clearing up, the heavy rain and sleet.

beat into their thin worn garments, and the clamour of the children for food began to grow more and more importunate. They came to the shelter of a hedge, which enclosed on one side a remote and broken road, along which, to avoid the risk of being recognized, they had preferred travelling. Owen stood here for a few minutes to consult with his wife as to where and when they should 'make a beginning,' but on looking around he found her in tears.

" ' Kathleen, asthore,' said he, ' I can't bid you not to cry; bear up, a *cushla* machree, bear up: sure, as I said this morning, there's a good God above us that can still turn over the good leaf for us, if we put our hopes in him.'

" ' Owen,' said his sinking wife, ' it's not altogether bekase we are brought to this that I'm cryin'. No, indeed.'

" ' Then what ails you, Kathleen, darlin'?

" ' Owen, since you must know—och! may God pity us!—it's wid hunger! *wid hunger!* I kept unknownst a little bit of bread to give the chilfer this morning, an' that was part of it I gave you yesterday early—I'm near two days' fastin'.'

" ' Kathleen! Kathleen! och sure I know your worth a villich! You were too good a wife, an' too good a mother, almost, God forgive me, Kathleen. I fretted about beggin', dear, but as my Heavenly Father's above me, I'm now happier to beg with you by my side, nor if I war in the best house in the province without you! Hould up, avourneen for awhile. Come on, chilfer, darlins, and the first house we meet we'll ax their char—their assistance. Come on, darlins, all of you! Why my heart's asier, so it is! Sure we have your mother, chilfer, safe with us, an' what signifies anything so long as *she's* left to us?' He then raised his wife tenderly, for she had been compelled to sit from weakness, and they bent their steps to a decent farm-house, about a quarter of a mile before them.

" As they approached the door, the husband hesitated a moment; his face got paler than usual, and his lip quivered, as he said:—

' Kathleen—'

" ' I know what you're going to say, Owen. No, *acushla*, you won't; *I'll* ax it myself.'

" ' Do,' said Owen, with difficulty; ' I can't do it; but I'll overcome my pride before long, I hope. It's tryin' to me, Kathleen, an' you know it is, for you know how little I ever expected to be brought to this!'

" ' Whisht, a villich! We'll try, then, in the name of God!'

" As she spoke, the children, herself, and her husband, entered, to beg for the first time in their lives a morsel of food. Yes! timidly—with a blush of shame, red even to crimson, upon the pallid features of Kathleen—with grief acute and piercing, they entered the house together.

" For some minutes they stood and spoke not. The unhappy woman, unaccustomed to the language of supplication, scarcely knew in what terms to crave assistance. Owen, himself, stood back, uncovered; his fine but much changed features overcast with an express-

sion of deep affliction. Kathleen cast a single glance at him as if for encouragement. Their eyes met ; she saw the upright man—the last remnant of the M'Carthy—himself once the friend of the poor, of the unhappy, of the afflicted, standing crushed and broken down by misfortunes which he had not deserved, waiting with patience for a morsel of charity. Owen, too, had *his* remembrances. He recollected the days when he sought and gained the pure and fond affections of his Kathleen ; when beauty, and youth, and innocence, encircled her with their light, and their grace, as she spoke or moved ; he saw her a happy wife and mother in her own house, kind and benevolent to all who required her good word, or her good office ; and now she was homeless. He remembered, too, how she used to plead with himself for the afflicted. It was but for a moment ; yet when their eyes met, that moment was crowded by remembrances that flashed across their minds with a keen sense of a lot so bitter and wretched as theirs. Kathleen could not speak, although she tried ; her sobs denied her utterance ; and Owen involuntarily sat upon a chair, and covered his face with his hand."—pp. 406-10.

We shall conclude our review of Irish Novels with the latest in the field—the very clever tale of *Rory O'More*, by Mr. Lover. This gentleman has been long favourably known to the public as a distinguished artist, and a poet and musician of no trifling merit : but, although he had previously published some admirable comic sketches of the Irish peasantry, this is his first appearance as a novelist. We are happy to add that it is a highly successful first appearance. *Rory O'More*, although not possessing a story of very deep interest, has many passages of great power ; is written in the very best spirit ; and is full of amusing incident, well-drawn characters, and dialogue of great point and humour. It gives a very faithful picture of the state of Ireland just before, and immediately after, the insurrection of 1798—and it is impossible to read it without blessing Heaven that *we* are fallen upon happier days ! The hero of the novel, *Rory O'More*, is an excellent impersonation of the best qualities of the Irish peasantry—so racy is his wit—so impenetrable his good humour—so fertile his invention—and so unimpeachable his honour and fidelity—that whilst he amuses, he, at the same time, fills us with affection and respect. Solomon, the tinker, is a being of a very different order, but equally well drawn ; the incident of his death, frightfully revolting though it be, is, we fear, the too faithful transcript of a frequent occurrence in the guilty year ninety-eight. Phelim O'Flanagan, the school-master, is a capital character ; his pedantry, though quaint, is not overcharged ; and his peculiarities, never obtruded upon our notice, are, when occasion serves, brought forward with very comic effect. None of the other characters require much notice. De Lacy is a

mere outline; and the two heroines, Mary and Kathleen, very beautifully and truly drawn. But Adèle de Verbigny, and the whole episode connected with her, in our opinion disfigure the book. With the denouement we confess ourselves much pleased, though we have heard many persons condemn it; we think, under the circumstances, De Lacy acted wisely and naturally; and we lay down the book, pleased with the author for having, (in contradiction to the common practice) given us, after passing through scenes of grief and horror, the comfort of leaving the most deserving characters in a fair way for happiness. The chief defect of *Rory O'More* is traceable to the author's exuberance of comic talent—his wit gets the better of, and fairly runs away with, him; and thus the action of the story is delayed whilst his fancy is sporting through pages of humorous digression, comic anecdote, and pointed repartee. We can scarcely quarrel with him for this—for it is all admirably well done, and is just the species of fault for which an Irishman is most pardonable. The following is a scene where De Lacy, still weak from severe illness, finds it necessary to confide in *Rory O'More*, and discovers that he, too, is an United Irishman.

“ ‘O'More,’ said he at last, ‘shut the door. Come close to me, I want to ask you a question, and I charge you, as you hope for salvation, to answer me truly. I know I have been out of my senses, and I suppose I talked a great deal while I was so. Now tell me honestly, did anything remarkable strike you in my raving?’

“ ‘Yes, there did, sir,’ said *Rory*, smiling at De Lacy, and looking straight into his eyes with that honest look which honesty alone can give. There was a soothing influence to De Lacy in the expression of that smile and look, and a peculiar intelligence in them, that shewed him *Rory* knew the drift of his question, by having fathomed the circumstances of his situation.

“ ‘I'm sure you guess what I am,’ said De Lacy.

“ ‘Shoulder arms—whoo!’ said *Rory*, laughing.

“ De Lacy smiled faintly at *Rory*'s mode of illustrating his knowledge. ‘ You are right,’ said De Lacy, ‘ and you know I'm not a soldier of King George.’

“ *Rory* sang, in a low tone—

‘ Viva la, the French is coming—

‘ Viva la, our friends is threue;

‘ Viva la, the French is coming—

‘ What will the poor yeomen do?’

“ De Lacy nodded assent, and smiled, and, after a short pause, said, ‘ You're a sharp fellow, O'More.’

“ ‘I've been blunt enough with you, sir.’

“ ‘Honest as the sun,’ said De Lacy. ‘ Now tell me, do the women know anything about this?’

“ ‘Not a taste; they suspect you no more nor the child unborn; only, Mary says—’

“ ‘ What ? ’ said De Lacy, rather alarmed.

“ ‘ That you’re in love, sir—beggin’ your pardon.’

“ ‘ Oh ! that’s all. Well, she’s right too. Why, you’re a sharp family altogether.’

“ ‘ Devil a much sharpness in that,’ said Rory. ‘ Sure, whin there’s the laste taste o’ love goin’, the wind o’ the word is enough for a woman. Oh ! let them alone for findin’ out the soft side of a man’s heart !—the greatest fool o’ them all is wise enough in such matters.’

“ ‘ O’More,’ said De Lacy, after another pause, ‘ you’re an United Irishman ? ’

“ Rory smiled. ‘ Now, it’s you’re turn to be sharp,’ said he.

“ ‘ You *are* an united man, then ? ’ said De Lacy.

“ ‘ To the core of my heart ! ’ replied Rory, with energy.

“ ‘ Then my mind’s at ease,’ said De Lacy ; and he held out his hand to O’More, who gave his in return, and De Lacy shook it warmly.

“ ‘ God be praised, sir ! ’ said Rory ; ‘ but how does that set your mind at aise ? ’

“ ‘ Because you can fulfil a mission for me, Rory, that must otherwise have failed ;—that is, if you’ll undertake it.’

“ ‘ Undhertake it !—I’d go to the four corners of the earth in a good cause.’

“ ‘ You’re a brave fellow ! ’ said De Lacy.

“ ‘ But will you tell me, sir,’ said Rory, ‘ is the French comin’ in airnest to help us ? ’

“ ‘ No doubt of it, Rory—and you shall be the joyful messenger of their coming, by doing the errand I wish for.’

“ ‘ Oh ! but that’ll be the proud day for me, your honour ! ’

“ ‘ Well, then, there’s no time to lose. To-morrow I am bound by promise to be in the town of ——, where an agent from France is waiting who bears intelligence to Ireland. It is impossible for me to go ;—now, will you undertake the duty, Rory ? ’

“ ‘ With all the veins o’ my heart,’ said Rory, ‘ and be proud into the bargain.’

“ ‘ Go then,’ said De Lacy, ‘ to the town of ——, and there, on the quay, there’s a public house.

“ ‘ Faith there is—and more,’ said Rory.

“ ‘ The public house I mean bears a very odd sign.’

“ ‘ I’ll be bound I know it,’ said Rory, whose national impatience could not wait for De Lacy’s directions ; ‘ I’ll engage it’s the Cow and Wheelbarrow.’

“ ‘ No,’ said De Lacy, who could not help smiling at the oddness of the combination in Rory’s anticipated sign, ‘ it is not ; but one quite as queer—the Cat and Bagpipes.’

“ ‘ Oh, that’s a common sign,’ said Rory.

“ ‘ There are a great many queer things common in Ireland,’ said De Lacy, who, even in his present weakened state could not resist his habitual love of remark. ‘ You are well acquainted, I see, with the town,’ he continued.

“ ‘ Indeed, and I’m not,’ said Rory, ‘ I never was there but wanst,

and that happened to be on the quay, by the same token, where I remarked the Cow and Wheelbarrow; for it's a sign I never seen afore, and is mighty noticeable.'

" ' But that is not the sign of the house you are to go to, remember.'

" ' Oh, by no manes, sir; the Cat and Bagpipes is my mark.'

" ' Yes! and there, about the hour of six in the evening, you will see a party of three men.'

" ' But if there's two parties of three?' said Rory.

" ' You can distinguish our friends by contriving, in the most natural manner you can—I mean, so as not to excite observation from any but those who will understand and reply to your signal—to say, *one, two, three*, in their hearing, and if those whom I expect you to meet be there, you will be spoken to by them, and then you must introduce into whatever you say to them these words, *They were very fine ducks.* They will then leave the public house, and you may trust yourself to follow wherever they lead.'

" ' Now, how am I to make sure that they are right?' said Rory.

" ' You have my word for their being trusty,' said De Lacy.

" ' Oh, sir, sure it's not your word I'd be doubting; but I mane, how am I to make sure that it *is* the right men *I* speake to?'

" ' Their noticing your remark will be sufficient; but as a farther assurance, they can return you the united man's signal and grip. Give me your hand.'

" ' That's the grip,' said Rory; ' tare alive! are the French united Irishmen?'

" ' Not exactly,' said De Lacy, smiling; ' but the chosen know your signs. Now I've told you all that's requisite for your mission; when you give those signs, they whom you meet will tell you what it is requisite for me to know, and you can bring me back the intelligence.'

" ' I've no time to lose,' said Rory; ' I must be off to-morrow by the dawn.'

" ' Will your mother or sister suspect anything from your absence?'

" ' Why, sir, the thruth is, neither mother nor sistar ever questioned me about my incomins or outgoins; though they have, av coarse, observed I was not always reg'lar, and women is sharp enough in sitch matters; but they suspect something is going on in the countrhy—how could they help it? But they know it is a good cause, and that they have no business to meddle with it, and so the fewer questions they ask, they think it is the betther. They know men must do what becomes men; and though the mother and sistar loves me as well as ever a son or a brother was loved in this wide world, they would rather see me do what a man ought to do, and die, than skulk and live undher disgrace.'

—vol. i. pp. 163-72.

We would direct the earnest attention of our readers to the two letters addressed by De Lacy to the agent of the French Directory. They contain a most graphic picture of the comparative state of England and Ireland at *that* day, and clearly shew why, while it was useless to think of revolutionizing the former, the latter was ripe and ready for any change. Although there

is much improvement since, some of the leading features in the following extract from the letter which treats of Ireland, still remain.

"In Ireland, the aristocracy seem to live wholly for themselves: the poor they seem to consider utterly unworthy of being thought of. Look at the English tenantry, lived amongst by their landlords, and their comforts cared for; while the poor Irish are left to take what care they can of themselves. If the fever visits an English village, there is the manor-house to apply to, whence the hand of affluence can be stretched forth to afford the comforts which the hour of sickness demands. If typhus rage in Ireland, there is not for miles, perhaps, the hall of a proprietor to look to, and where there is, it is vacant: grass grows before its doors, and closed shutters say to the destitute, 'No help have you here. My lord spends elsewhere the gold you have paid to his agent, and his wine-cellar is not to be invaded by a pauper.' His claret flows freely midst the laugh of revelry, but may not retard the expiring sigh of some dying father of a helpless offspring. 'Draw the cask dry for riot!' cries the bacchanal, 'and let the call of charity be echoed back by the empty barrel!' What can such a landlord hope for from his neglected serf? Is it to be expected that his name will be heard with blessings, and his person looked upon with attachment, or that the wholesome link between landlord and tenant can exist under such a state of things? No—they are not beings of the same community—man and the beast of the field are not more distinct than these two classes of people, and the time will come when the Irish landlord shall bitterly lament that the only bond which held the peasant to his master was his chain.' * * * 'The hovels of the Irish peasantry are not by any means so good as the stables of their masters' horses. The lord of the soil would not let his hunter sleep in the wretched place he suffers his tenant to dwell in, and for which he receives the rent that supports *him* in his wastefulness. Nor does he seek to better their condition; and if a murmur of discontent escapes these ill-used people, they are branded with the foulest names, and the guilty party seeks, by heaping abuse and calumny on those whom he injures, to justify the conduct which has *produced* the very state of things of which he complains."—vol. ii.

Our notice of *Rory O'More* would be incomplete were we to conclude it without adverting to the songs with which it is interspersed, and ornamented. They all deserve the praise due to smooth versification, grace, and playfulness—but there is one far superior to all the rest in these qualities, and in high poetical and national feeling—we allude to the *Land of the West*; and cold indeed must be the heart of the Irishman who can read it unmoved, when a wanderer in other climes than the "land of his sires!" For our own parts we confess, that (cold and stern though in our capacity of critics we may be) the perusal never fails to cause a choking sensation in the throat—an unbidden

tear-drop in the eye-lid—which all our pride and philosophy cannot wholly suppress. In short it is a song which must be admired every where; but in Ireland it should be, and we think it will be, regarded as worthy to rank with the national lyrics which constitute Moore's best claims to immortality. In our review of the works of Banim and Griffin, we omitted to state that they too contain songs of great beauty, pathos, and simplicity. We should particularize, as most worthy of admiration, the song to *Ailleen*, in *John Doe*, by Banim; *The Child's Fetch*, by the same, in *The Nowlans*; *Old Times*, in *Suil Dhuv*; and *A place in thy memory*, in *The Collegians*, by Griffin.

We must now conclude this brief and imperfect survey of "Irish Novels and Novelists," feeling that we have not done justice, either to the writings of our compatriots, or to our admiration of their genius, and sympathy with their love of country. We may, however, resume this subject on some future and fitting opportunity;—in the meantime we shall rest from our task, happy in the thought that we have had so little to blame—so much to praise—and still more in the proud conviction that so much talent is the indigenous growth of

— "the land we love best,
The land of our sires!—our own darling West!"

ART. XI.—*Summary Review of French and Italian Catholic Literature, from September 1837 to March 1838.*

THEOLOGY.

Cours complet d'Ecriture sainte et de Théologie. This useful undertaking, which we mentioned in our last summary, is to consist of six complete courses, selected from the best authors of moral, dogmatical, ascetic, and mystic theology, canon law, and Liturgy. The publishers have increased the size of the volumes from 8vo. to 4to., and in many cases have exceeded the six hundred pages originally promised; we are at a loss to conceive how the low price of 5fr. each volume can cover the outlay incurred. The works, which are to form the course, have been selected with the greatest judgment. In the five volumes on Scripture already printed, we find the best dissertations of Huet, Calmet, Becanus, Acosta, Jahn, Ackerman, Carrières, and Cornelius à Lapide, besides part of the Prologomena of Walton, and an unpublished work of Renaudot on the oriental versions of the Bible, and the antiquity of the sacred books; the third volume is entirely dedicated to the geological, chronological, and other questions, connected with the Bible. In the four volumes of theology, which have appeared, we have the *Commonitorium* of St. Vincent of Lerins, the *Prescriptions* of Tertullian, &c. Supplemental to this course are several other valuable works; the *Bulla-*

rium from 1758 to 1830, the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas, Renaudot's *Perpétuité de la Foi*, the works of St. Teresa, and the *History of the Council of Trent*, by Pallavicini, &c. The three last-named works acquire new value from the addition of several unpublished MSS. collected by the editors, especially the important documents respecting the Council of Trent, which were printed in the last Roman edition.

Collectio Sanctorum Ecclesiae Patrum. This collection is under the patronage of the French Bishops, and the direction of the Abbé Caillau and Monsig. Guillon. It contains select works from all the Fathers, and has already extended to one hundred and twenty 8vo. volumes (5fr. 50c. each). The works of St. Augustin, St. Jerome, and St. John Chrysostom, with a few others, will be published entire; fifteen volumes of St. Augustin (6fr. each) have already issued from the press, the remainder will fill from twenty to twenty-five volumes more. Monsig. Guillon has also published a French translation of the complete works of St. Cyprian, in two volumes 8vo. (15fr.). M. Parent-Desbarres, the publisher of this collection, has received distinguished marks of approbation from his present Holiness, in a brief written with his own hand, commending his zeal in undertaking the publication of these and other works so useful to religion. M. Desbarres has secured, after a long search, and at a great expense, the materials collected by the Maurist monks, for the second volume of the works of St. Gregory Nazianzen, which they were prevented from giving to the world by the suppression of their order and the unfavourable state of the times. The first part of the second volume has lately appeared in Greek and Latin, under the revision of the Abbé Caillau. The same spirited publisher has also procured from the Medici library, at Florence, and that of Monte Cassino, a series of letters and sermons, amounting to nearly three hundred, of the great St. Augustin. The MSS. from which they have been printed, belong to the tenth and eleventh centuries, and the most satisfactory evidence of their genuineness is given in the first part of the volume, which will be issued in four parts, (each 15fr.) The editors are M. Caillau and M. St. Yves. The edition of St. Augustin and St. John Chrysostom, by Gaume Frères, proceeds with the regularity and care which distinguish them. We copy the following from a letter from Dresden, dated the 4th of December. "On examining the MS. of the homilies of St. Chrysostom, bequeathed by the collegiate Counsellor Matthiae to our royal library, and which, in the opinion of the most experienced antiquaries, belongs to the tenth century, five homilies of this great orator have been discovered, which are unpublished, and, until the present moment, have been wholly unknown. An exact copy of them has been sent to the senate of the University of Leipzig, which has commissioned Dr. Becker, a distinguished divine, and well versed in Grecian literature, to publish them, with a Latin translation on the opposite page. Persons who have read over these fine homilies, assure us that they are equal, both in substance and in composition, to the finest published works of St. Chrysostom.

Nouvelle Bibliothèque des Prédicateurs, by M. d'Assance, fifteen vols.

8vo. 60fr. The first ten volumes contain sermons on general subjects; the eleventh and twelfth, the mysteries of the Lord; the thirteenth and part of the fourteenth, sermons on the Immaculate Virgin; the remainder of the fourteenth and the fifteenth, specimens, homilies, and the index to the work.

Repertoire universel et analytique de l'Ecriture Sainte, by M. de Matalène, two vols. 8vo. 25fr.; 4to. 31fr. In this work is contained the whole of the sacred text, under the heads of history, religious belief, and morals; the biography of the patriarchs, prophets, and chief personages mentioned in the Bible, with the dates of their births and deaths; the chronology of the Kings, with the concordance and parallel passages of the Old and New Testament.

Pureté du Christianisme, by F. Baltus, S. J., two vols. 8vo. 1fr. The object of this work is to show that the Christian religion is not indebted to heathen philosophy for any portion of its doctrines.

Le Christianisme démontré par les traditions Catholiques, two vols. 8vo., 10fr. This excellent work is from the pen of a young ecclesiastic, M. de la Chadenède, whose success on various occasions, in demonstrating the truths of Christianity against the attacks of infidel writers, will be increased by this effort. His object, in the present instance, has been to show, by extracts from the works of the Fathers, how the divinity of the Christian religion was established by them against the rationalists, so to speak, of former ages; and in these extracts from the writings of the early apologists are to be found refutations of the sophisms of many modern writers. The style adopted in the translation of these passages is concise and nervous, and the work will furnish weapons of attack or defence against infidelity to those whose occupations do not allow them to have recourse to the original sources.

Recherches sur la Confession auriculaire, by the Abbé Guillois, 1 vol. 18mo. The author endeavours in a series of letters to point out the traces of auricular confession amongst the people of Greece and in various parts of Asia; and contends that the Jews and Pagan nations had been accustomed to the law of confession in their old religion, and on this account were not inclined to murmur at its introduction by our Saviour, amongst the precepts of religion. He then goes on to show that by it alone remission of sins can be obtained, and demonstrates this practice to have always subsisted in the Church, and to have been recommended by all the fathers. Instances are adduced of many infidels, Diderot, Montesquieu, D'Alembert, Buffon, Voltaire, and others, who sought to confess their sins at the hour of death. The advantages of confession have been seen by the Protestants themselves, and its necessity has caused the precept of practising it to be retained in the Lutheran ritual in Norway and Sweden, and in the book of Common Prayer; and by some Protestant ministers in France obedience to this precept is still exacted. The learned author proves the necessity of keeping the seal of confession inviolate in every instance, and remarks that in no case has it ever been broken even by apostate priests. In the twelfth letter the different objections against confession are answered, and the author concludes with expressing his conviction of the solidity

of the arguments of Catholics in favour of the divine origin of the precept of auricular confession.

Le Prédicateur, by M. Morel, 1 vol. 12mo. In this small volume M. Morel has entered into an examination of the duties and qualifications of a preacher, according to the spirit of the sacred writings, the councils, and the fathers of the church. The materials on which the work is grounded, have been taken from the works of F. Balinghem, and if we have any fault to find, it is that he has followed too closely in the footsteps of his predecessor, whose learning was more conspicuous than his perspicuity. M. Morel writes with unction and grace, and makes frequent use of the language of Scripture in the course of his examination. The author, who is Vicar-general in the diocese of Paris, has also added much from his own experience and observation on the important subject of which he treats.

Anthologie Catholique, ou Instructions dogmatiques et morales sur les Vérités de la religion, by M. l'Abbé Huet; 2f. 75c.

Lettre sur le Saint-Siège, by the Abbé Lacordaire; 1 vol. We regret that our limits do not allow us to offer any extracts from this powerful and eloquent essay. It has caused a great sensation in France and other countries; his Holiness, Gregory XVI, received the original manuscript from the talented author during his stay in Rome last year, and has, on several occasions, expressed his high approbation of it.

Episcopalis sollicitudinis engridion; 1 vol. 4to. *Besançon* The pious Abelly, Bishop of Rodez, composed this manual, drawn principally from the doctrine and practice of the great model of bishops, St. Charles Borromeo, during his retirement in the Convent of St. Lazarus, at Paris, where he resided twenty-four years after resigning his bishopric. This new and beautiful edition has been printed at the suggestion of the present Archbishop of Besançon.

Dissertatio in sextum decalogi praeceptum et supplementum ad Tractatum de Matrimonio; 1 vol. 12mo.; by Monsig. Bouvier, Bishop of Mans. This work is intended to supply the deficiencies of the ordinary moral treatises on these subjects, and is meant solely for the use of confessors and students in divinity. It is printed at Malines.

Traité dogmatique et pratique des Indulgences, &c.; Tournay, 1 vol. 12mo. 1f. 75c. In this useful book, by the same author, a complete account is given of the doctrine and practice of the Church respecting indulgences, confraternities, and jubilees.

Prælectiones Theologicae Majores; 2 large vols. This book contains the lectures on the sacrament of Matrimony, by the Abbé Carrière, vicar-general in the diocese of Paris, delivered in the seminary of St. Sulpice. The series is divided into three parts; the first relates to the *nature* of marriage, considered as a sacrament and as a contract; in the second are examined the various questions on the three *properties* of matrimony, its *inviolability*, *unity*, and *indissolubility*. The third part, which is by far the most extensive, considers the *conditions preceding, accompanying, and following* the contract. This work may be considered a clear, full, and complete treatise on these important points; and although the author has been led away by too closely following the

doctrines of a particular class of theologians, he is every way entitled to commendation for the able and learned manner in which the work is written.

A new series of the religious periodical, the *Pragmologia Catholica*, began to appear in January, under the direction of the Canon Bertalozzi, assisted by a numerous body of coadjutors.

The following are the principal theological works which have appeared in Italy since our last notice.

The fifth volume of *Dogmatical Theology*, by F. Perrone, S.J.—The series of treatises, contained in this course, are:—Vol. I. *De Verâ Religione*; II. *De Deo Uno et Trino*; III. *De Deo Creatore*; IV. *De Incarnatione et Cultu Sanctorum*; V. *De Gratâ et Sacramentis*. A reprint of this work has been commenced at Naples and at Augsburg, the latter edition being under the care of Professor Möhler, author of the *Symbolik*. Another edition is shortly to appear at Louvain. It will probably extend to about eight volumes.

L'Episcopato, by Bolgeni.—A new edition of this extensive and learned work is coming out at Rome. It has been corrected from the author's manuscripts, and may be considered almost a new work.

In the eighth volume of the *Collezione di Opere di Religione*, are contained the opinions of Leibnitz in favour of the Catholic religion; and opinions and testimonies from the lives and works of Newton, Clarke, Locke, Boyle, Linnaeus, Cuvier, and others, in favour of revealed religion. In the eleventh and twelfth volumes, is republished Ditton's work, *La Religione Cristiana dimostrata col mezzo della risurrezione di Gesù Cristo*.

La Religione Cristiana dimostrata per la natura de' suoi Misteri, by Severino Fabriani, 1 vol. 8vo.

La Scienza teologica, l'eminente scienza di Gesù Cristo, by G. B. Virtua, 4 vols.

Institutiones Theologiae Dogmaticæ, by F. Platania, D.D., published for the University of Catania. The first part of Vol. I has appeared.

Manuale Confessoriorum, 1 vol. published for the clergy of the diocese of Aosta.

Tractatus de Romano Pontifice, by D. Gualeo, D.D., 2 vols. 8vo.

Degli Altari e della loro consacrazione, &c., by Stancovich, 1 vol. 8vo.

Two courses of ecclesiastical history have been commenced at Rome. The first is entitled, *Institutiones Historiae Ecclesiasticae*, by Delsignore, late professor of ecclesiastical history at the Sapienza, or Roman university. The text of this work is by him, and has been published, with learned notes, by Fizzani, the present professor. The original work is divided into four periods, and extends to the Council of Trent; a fifth period, bringing the history to our own times, will be added by the editor. Each period is subdivided into the *external* history, which describes the propagation of religion, and the persecutions of the Church; and the *internal*, which treats of the government and hierarchy of the Church, the lives of the Popes, religious rites, and the practises of the faithful, matters of religious belief, and ecclæ-

sistorical writers. The text contains a simple and short account of the historical facts; and, in the notes, the reader is enabled to pursue the examination of any particular point, by a full reference to the principal writers on the subject. The first part treats of the external history as far as Constantine.

The second work is *Prælectiones Historiæ Ecclesiastice*, by J. B. Palma, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the College of the Propaganda and the Roman Seminary. He proposes, first, to discuss various controverted points down to the present time; and his first volume will include the principal questions respecting the history of the six first centuries, such as the celebration of Easter, the time of the birth and death of our Saviour, the discipline of the Secret, &c. At the close of this course, which is to consist of four 8vo. volumes, he will publish a connected history of the leading events.

Professor Tizzani has likewise announced another work to appear in monthly parts, and to be entitled, *Thesaurus Historiæ Ecclesiastice*. It is to resemble the splendid collections of dissertations made by Ugolini on sacred, and of Gravius and Gronovius on Grecian and Roman antiquities, &c., and will comprehend many valuable dissertations connected with the history of the Church, by Mamachi, Ballerini, Lermond, Ruinart, and others, whose works are now become extremely rare. Several unpublished works will be added to the collection, which will be divided into periods corresponding to the editor's historical course, each of which will contain about forty dissertations selected from the most approved authors.

A new edition of Cardinal Orsi's *Storia Ecclesiastica* is in course of publication at Rome, in 4to. and 8vo.

In the eleventh and twelfth volumes of the *Biblioteca di Opere di Religione*, are reprinted the *Fiori di Storia Ecclesiastica*, by Cesari, whose *Trionfo de' Martiri* is also published in a separate form.

Storia Evangelica, by F. Finetti, S.J. is just completed at Rome, in 4 vols.

Storia del Papa Pio VII, by Artaud, 2 vols.

Besides the last mentioned, several other biographical works have been announced.

Abrégé de l'Histoire de la Religion Catholique depuis la Création jusqu'à nos jours; 3 vols. 10fr. By the Countess de Semallé.

Biografia della Vita di Gesù Cristo e de' suoi Santi, in 18 vols.

Memorie intorno al martirio e culto di S. Filomena, V.M., with an account of the finding and translation of her relics, by F. Gatteschi, 1 vol. 18mo.

An Italian translation of the *Life of S. Elizabeth*, by the Comte de Montalembert, has been published at Vienna by Negrelli. Three German translations have appeared at Leipsig, Munich, and Aix-la-Chapelle.

The spiritual works are chiefly:

A complete collection of ascetic works (*Opuscoli ascetici*) is to be published at Rome. The first number of it contains the explanation of the *Our Father*, by Father Segneri, S.J. Many spiritual works,

now out of print, will be placed within the reach of all by means of this neat and useful collection, which will appear in monthly parts, at an expense of less than seven francs annually.

Anno Ecclesiastico, familiar instructions on the mysteries and feasts, by G. D. Boriglioni, 4 vols. 12mo.

Orazioni Quaresimali, by Barbieri, 8vo. and 12mo.

Prediche Quaresimali, by G. B. Bono.

Orazioni sacri, by F. Calvi, 1 vol.

Letture spirituali for every day of Lent, according to the Ambrosian rite, by E. Visconti, 8vo.

Collectio selecta Sanctorum Ecclesiae Patrum. The first part of the 21st volume (8vo.) contains the works of St. John Chrysostom.

Biblioteca classica de' sacri oratori, Greci, Latini, Italiani, Francesi, antichi e recenti, 8vo.

Lettera didascalica ad un predicatore novello, on the method and composition of sermons and catechetical instructions, by A. da Fazenda, 8vo.

Operette Spirituali, by Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State to his present Holiness, 2 vols. 18mo.

Two volumes of poems by Silvio Pellico, attest the deep religious feelings of their author, his love towards the place of his birth, and his recollections of the friends of his captivity. The first volume contains about forty short poems; the second consists of seven longer pieces:—none of them before published.

We take this opportunity of mentioning that the Papal Government has published a plain and unvarnished account of the causes and circumstances connected with the affairs of the Archbishop of Cologne and the Catholic Church in Prussia, and corroborated by the original documents which have passed between the two Governments. We forbear entering at any length into this question at present; as we have already treated of it in a former number, we reserve our farther observations for a more convenient opportunity.*

It would be unfair to pass over two important works which do honour to the enterprising spirit and learning of their publishers. The first is the new *Antiquarian and Topographical Dictionary of the Environs of Rome*, by Professor Nibby. Besides a learned and complete account of every spot famous in the classics or in history, this work will be enriched by an extensive map of the whole territory. The other work to which we allude, is the magnificent edition of *Vitruvius*, published last year, by the Marchese Marini, in four folio volumes. The text has been restored by a careful comparison of the most accurate editions, whose various readings are also given, and learned notes have been added. The execution and getting up of the work are admirable; and the greatest attention has been paid to its correctness. A splendid copy of it was prepared for his late Majesty William IV, but his death prevented its being forwarded to London.

* The papers announce, that the Administrator of the Diocese of Cologne, and several members of the chapter, have resigned their offices in obedience to his Holiness.

We are happy to find that the Mechitarist congregation at Venice continues its labours of translating and publishing various works in the Armenian and Turkish languages. Amongst the latter, we find Young's *Night Thoughts*, translated by Baron Eremian, interpreter to the King of Denmark at Constantinople; and amongst the former, the works of St. Ephrem, in four 8vo. volumes; the *Rules of Christian Living*, by F. Quadrupani, translated from the Italian, by Father G. B. Aucher; a *History of Russia*, by F. Aivazovsk, besides two Dictionaries, one of Armenian and English, and the other of Italian and Armenian, and *vice versa*. Likewise, the *Preces Sti. Nersetis Clajensis*, in twenty-four languages.

Cardinal Mai has in the press another volume of his *Scriptorum Veterum nova Collectio*. We understand that the very Rev. Dr. Wiseman will shortly forward for publication his answer to the Rev. Dr. Turton's attacks on his work on the Eucharist. The Rev. Dr. Baggs, Vice-Rector of the English College, is preparing for the press a course of Lectures on the Holy Week, delivered by him before an English audience in Rome. It will be published in the same form as his preceding works, viz. his *Letter to the Rev. R. Burgess*, late Protestant Chaplain at Rome, in answer to that gentleman's various publications against Catholics; and his learned *Discourse on the Supremacy of the Roman Pontiffs*, in the appendix to which he has taken an opportunity of completely and triumphantly refuting the principal objections of Mr. Blunt (Lectures on Peter) and other Protestant writers against the dogma which he so ably establishes. Of both these works, an Italian translation in one volume has been published by Garofolini.

PHILOSOPHY.

Malebranche; 2 vols. 4to. 20fr. A new edition of the works of this eminent and devout Father has been much wanted in France. The present one appears under the revision of M. de Genoude and M. de Lourdoueix, whose previous reputation induces to hope much from their talents in the present instance.

Défense de l'Ordre Social, by the Abbé Boyer. The object of this book is to establish the real principles of social order, on the basis of religion, against the attacks of modern atheists. The author points out the disorders produced by the various revolutions in France, and the evils which have resulted from the principles of irreligion and impiety infused by them into the order of society; and shows that by religion alone these disorders have been arrested, and society restored to its proper condition. We have not space to insert his ingenious comparison between the Revolutions in France and England, and between the characters of Charles I and Louis XVI.

We are glad to find that the first fruits of the Catholic University, at Louvaine, are beginning to appear, in the publications of its professors. M. Ubags, the Professor of Philosophy, is preparing an improved edition of his *Traité de Logique*; and M. de Cock, the Vice Rector of the University, has lately published a treatise on Moral Philosophy.

Examen du Magnetisme Animal. The virtuous author of this work, the Abbé Frère, has spent twenty years in the study of natural philosophy, as connected with religion. In the present work, he undertakes to demonstrate, by philosophical arguments, how weak and destitute of foundation are all the conclusions of modern rationalists, who have so vainly endeavoured to explain away the miracles of our Saviour and the saints, and the supernatural workings of nature, by supposing them to have been produced by means of animal magnetism or artificial somnambulism. In the course of his investigation, he examines different objections raised by the adversaries of Christianity, by comparing the prophecies of our Saviour and the saints with the prophecies of the ancient oracles.

These discussions occupy the first part of the work ; in the second, M. Frère considers the advantages to morality and science which may arise from any future discoveries of magnetism, and he concludes, that, without producing any useful results in a scientific point of view, it will be highly injurious to morality, as even the greatest admirers of it are obliged to allow.

Liberté et Travail. The object of this book is to explain a system for the abolition of slavery, without exposing the slave-colonies to the consequences which might result from too sudden a transition from a state of complete subjugation of the working classes, to unfettered freedom. Its author, M. Hardy, director of the seminary of St. Esprit, has spent much of his life in America, and has already published another smaller work on the abolition of slavery in the French colonies. The present publication merits the attention of the public, on account of the long experience of the author, and his personal observations on the state of the slaves. His chief conclusions may be summed up in a few words. He is of opinion that slavery must be abolished, and that it is the duty of all to endeavour to effect this grand object ; a *total* and *immediate* abolition is impossible, on account of the many disastrous and fatal consequences which would attend it. The abolition, therefore, ought to be *progressive* ; before the slaves can receive their freedom, they are to be rendered worthy of possessing it. This necessary work can be performed by the Catholic religion and its ministers only. They will instruct them in the duties they owe to their families, and in the real advantages and comforts which may be derived from performing them ; they will teach them how to overcome the brutal passions to which they are subject, and to stifle the ardent desire of vengeance, whose embers frequently live so long smouldering and concealed in their breasts ; they will show them the infinite distance that separates freedom and licentiousness ; they will make them understand that property is sacred, and that labour is a law imposed by Almighty God on all men. M. Hardy then explains the practical part of his plan, and points out the system of education and of religious instruction most suited to bring about this gradual abolition of slavery, by a previous and preparatory amelioration of their religious and social condition.

Tableau Chronologique de l'Histoire Universelle. M. Ferrand, the author of this work, has endeavoured to fix the chronology of ancient

and modern history according to a standard by which the historical records of the scripture history may be reconciled with those of profane writers. Instead of choosing the epoch of the Creation as a fixed point from which the chronology of different nations is to be calculated, he has taken the commonly received date of the birth of our Saviour, as being more generally known, and less disputed, than the former. From this epoch, he mounts by successive stages to the time of the Creation. He places the Deluge in the year 3345 B.C., and has shown that this date harmonizes better than any other with the chronology of ancient nations. His solutions of the difficulties in the chronology of China, in which he follows the list of dynasties according to Father Gaubil's treatise on Chinese chronology, and M. Panthier's history of China, are curious, and learned, though we confess that much weight cannot be attached to them. In Egyptian chronology, he has followed the general opinion, that the first fourteen dynasties reigned simultaneously; but has given the whole series of the succeeding ones from the year 2300 B.C. This list he has taken from Manetho, and has confirmed its authority by a skilful use of the recent labours of Letronne, Champollion, and Rosellini. Chronologists disagree in fixing the epochs of Assyrian history, as well as the number of kings, and the duration of their reigns. M. Ferrand hazards a new system, drawn from Julius Africanus; and by restoring the four kings who reigned before Teutames, and who are omitted by Eusebius, he fixes, with Ctesias, the downfall of Sardanapalus in the year 900 B.C. This hypothesis is supported by its happy synchronism with several epochs in other histories, and by the strong reasons adduced by M. Ferrand. Thus, for instance, Teutames reigns at the time of the Trojan war; Ninus, the contemporary of Abraham, comes about one thousand years earlier; and Belus conquers Babylon in the very year in which the traditions contained in the Chah-Nameh represent the descendants of the Djemchid to have been expelled from it. In other points, M. Ferrand adopts the chronology of preceding writers, and inserts them in his plan. The chronology of Persian history is given from the Chah-Nameh, published by Klapproth; in that of Lydia, Troy, and Phrygia, he copies the lists of Fréret, but deducts ten years from them, placing the taking of Troy in 1270 instead of 1280; for that of the states of Greece, the system of Larcher, corrected from the recent discoveries of Raoul-Rochette, Petit, Radel, and others; in Roman history, he follows the *Art de vérifier les Dates*; for Armenian history, he has recourse to M. H. Martin; and for Egyptian history under the Ptolomies, Champollion and Letronne. The plates of this useful and learned work are well executed, and the work itself, in every point of view, deserves the fullest commendation.

Dictionnaire des Dates, by M.M. Rouaix and A. D'Harmonville; 1 vol. 4to. 24fr.

Histoire du Moyen Age. This is another work from the University of Louvaine, and is highly creditable to its author, M. Moeller. It embraces the history of the Middle Ages, from the fall of the Western Empire to the death of Charlemagne.

We observe with pleasure that translations have appeared of several historical works published in Germany, which have already been serviceable to the cause of religion and truth; we allude to a series of historical and biographical works written in defence of the Popes who governed the Church during the middle ages, by Protestant authors. Besides those we mention at present, the Abbé Axinger has announced a French translation of the *Life of Sylvester II*, by M. Hocke, which has been very favourably received in Germany. *Histoire du Pape Gregoire VII, et de son siècle*, by Voigt; 2 vols. 8vo. 12fr. *Histoire d'Innocent III, et de ses Contemporains*, by Hurter, translated by Haiber and St. Chéron; 2 vols. 8vo. These two works are indispensable to every one who wishes to form an impartial opinion respecting the influence of the Popes in the affairs of Europe; and the latter is particularly interesting to the English reader, as it enters fully into the history of the disputes between Innocent III and King John, and completely refutes the calumnies usually asserted, and believed, with regard to the character and designs of the former.

Histoire abrégée de la Religion Chrétienne, by Noirlieu. The author of this abridgement has published several books for the use of young persons, and the present one may be safely recommended as a short but complete account of the history of the Church from the time of our Saviour to the present century, and as written in a manner excellently calculated to impress the leading events on the mind, and instil an early interest in the study of the history of religion.

Histoire de la Mère de Dieu, by the Abbé Orsini. This work may be divided into two parts; in the first is contained the life of the Blessed Virgin, in which the learned author has supplied from the writings of the Fathers, and the apocryphal lives of the Blessed Virgin, an ideal life of the Mother of God, illustrating, by its simplicity, the affectionate devotion with which the secret and untold mysteries of her life have been contemplated in all ages; the second part contains a clear and interesting account of the history of the devotion towards the Blessed Virgin from the period of her death to the present time.

Vie de la très sainte Vierge, 1 vol. 12mo. 75c., by the Princess of Craon. This life is extracted from the Gospels alone.

Histoire de Charles-le-Bon, comte de Flandre, 1 vol. 8vo. 3f. 50c. Translated from the life of St. Charles by the Bollandists. Bruges.

Histoire des Saints d'Alsace, by M. Hunkler.

La vie d'un bon Prêtre, 1 vol. 12mo. 2f. 50c. by M. d'Amboise.

Vie du Cardinal Cheverus, Archevêque de Bourdeaux, by M. Dubourg.

Vie de quelques Bienfaiteurs de l'Humanité. This volume is published by the Société Bibliographique, whose successive publications, too numerous to be always noticed, evince the decided return which has taken place, in French literature, to studies of a truly Catholic nature. The preface contains a summary of the chief motives which have, since the establishment of Christianity, guided the noble-minded men, whose lives the work contains, in their various foundations, (all of them inspired by a spirit of divine charity) to relieve and support the poor and the afflicted.

Monumens de l'Histoire de Ste. Elizabeth. The Count de Montalembert, while collecting the materials for his beautiful life of St. Elizabeth, took opportunities of selecting the most ancient as well as the best works of art, connected with the actions of the Saint. At the same time, he engaged the co-operation of the illustrious Overbeck, of Müller, and of Hatze, who have furnished a series of designs on the same subjects, worthy of the rising school of German Catholic art. M. Schwanthalter, who is at the head of the Catholic school of sculpture at Munich, has represented the life of the Saint in a series of basreliefs. Other drawings have been made by M. Hauser, a young German artist, who, since the age of fourteen, has, like the Count de Montalembert, devoted the chief portion of his time to the study and contemplation of the life and virtues of St. Elizabeth. The same subject occupied the pencil of the saintly Fra Angelico da Fiesole, and other ancient masters. Their paintings will be engraved in the present collection, a few parts of which have already been published. Each part contains three plates on China paper, and the collection will extend to about thirty engravings. We take this opportunity of mentioning that a correct and well-executed engraving of the portrait of the Archbishop of Cologne has been issued by the publishers of the *Univers*, (Rue du Fossé St. Jacques, Paris). They announce a series of portraits of the ecclesiastics who have been distinguished for their conscientious defence of religion.

This leads us to the late publication on the affairs of the diocese of Cologne, by the celebrated Görres. This work is entitled *Athanasius*, and it was received with such eagerness in Germany, that five thousand copies of the first edition disappeared in four days. It has been translated into French under the eyes of the author. We cannot here enter into any examination of its merits; suffice it to say, that the sensation produced by it in Germany is far from favourable to the Prussian government, which may again fear the power of that master-mind, who, thirty years ago, was styled by Buonaparte "the fifth European power," and whose productions have before now rendered him an object of dread as well as persecution to the government whose proceedings are censured in the present essay.

LITERATURE, POETRY, AND BOOKS OF DEVOTION.

Les églises Gothiques, 1 vol. 8vo. The object of this elegant work is to engage public attention and interest towards the study and preservation of the Gothic Cathedrals of France, and the venerable monuments which adorn them. A similar appeal might be made in favour of our own cathedrals, and remarks equally severe might be applied to those in both countries who suffer these memorials of ancient faith to fall to ruin by neglect, or who mar their beauty by ill-judged and unsuitable restorations and additions. At every page of this eloquent exposition of the beauty and great principles of art, displayed in the works of the middle ages, and of the wretched and tasteless changes of modern times, we are reminded of the "Contrasts" to be found at home, and are induced to hope that the exertions of men of taste and judgment will lead to happy results. We extract the following passage on sepulchral monuments:—

“ The statesman ought to deplore, no less than the churchman, the disappearance of those sepulchral monuments so full of instruction and recollections ; and the destruction of those tumulary pavements, which were trodden on with pious dread. These emblems of death reminded the faithful that Christianity arose from a tomb to undertake the conquest of the universe, and that its early worship and first initiations were confined to the silence of its tombs. Every one of these monuments seemed to cry out with a voice of sadness, “ Remember, man, that thou art dust ! ” The people, who saw beneath their feet the images of those who, in their lifetime, had walked above their heads, were better able to understand that a day approaches, when the powerful and the poor, slumbering alike in dust, shall be distinguished only by their deeds. They learned thus to bear their lot, to lay aside their hatred in this consideration, and even the richness of the lordly monuments, which were ranged beside their own humble remains, served only to render the lesson still more striking.”

Les Eglises de Paris, 50c. This small publication professes to describe the churches of Paris under a religious point of view, as well as with regard to their being works of art. The latter portion of it has been composed by M. de Rouvière, a civil engineer, with the assistance, for the former department, of Mr. O’Clark, formerly professor of theology at Dublin. The profits arising from it are to be applied to the missions in China and America.

Choix de Lettres edifiantes, 8 vols. 8vo. 30f.

Colonne Chrétienne, by M. Sabatier, (plates) 1 vol. 12mo. 2f. 50c.

Tableaux des Catacombes, 1 vol. 12mo. (plates) 2f. 25c., by M. Raoul-Rochette. We have spoken, in a former Number, of the accuracy of this writer on Christian art, and need not describe the merits of the present sketches of the catacombs at any greater length.

Méditations Religieuses, and *Regrets et Consolations*, by M. d’Exauvillez, each 1 vol. 18mo.

Volberg, 1 vol. 8vo. M. Pécontal traces in this poem the triumph of religion over the struggles of human passions and desires, in the mind of Volberg, who, perplexed in his searches after truth, determines to commit suicide. His rash design is prevented, and he seeks for truth amongst the philosophers of ancient and modern times. At length, he meets with an aged priest, who leads him to the knowledge of it, which he hesitates to embrace, until overcome by the entreaties of a young friend, to whom he has been strongly attached, and who implores him, when at the point of death, to follow its light : he promises, as his friend expires, to yield up his reason to the truth of Christianity.

Prismes Poétiques, by Count Jules de Rességnier. These poems are chiefly on serious subjects, and contain many beauties both in expression and sentiment, and breathe a spirit of religious feeling and devotion.

Lettres à un Curé sur l’éducation du Peuple. M. Laurentie, the author of these letters, brings to his inquiry on the subject of education the aid of much experience, as well as of sound and enlarged views. He bases all his system on a mutual union of religion and education,

and shows that no education can be perfect which attempts to form the mind by the light of human instruction without the influence of religion. He points out many fundamental errors in the present system, and suggests the remedies best adapted for them.

Prascovie, ou la piété filiale, le Livre des Veillées, le Fermier aveugle, ou la récompense du travail, M. Daucourt et son fils, ou l'abus et le bon usage du talent, are small but useful publications, calculated to enforce, by examples, the practice of virtue by young persons.

Facsimiles of MSS. from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries, of the *Pater, Ave, Credo, &c.* 2*f.* each. Imitation of Gothic MSS. 2*f.*

Amongst the books of devotion, which are very numerous, we perceive the following:—

Inspirations d'une Âme Chrétienne au sacrifice de la Messe, 2*f.* 50*c.* These prayers are taken from a MS. of a princess royal who lived in the fourteenth century. *Dévotions pratiques aux sept principaux mystères douleureux de la Mère de Dieu*, 2*f.* 75*c.* *L'Imitation de Jesus Christ*, 8*f.* This beautiful edition is published by M. de Genoude; it has been reprinted at Malines. Another edition in seven languages has been published, with notes respecting the author, at Ratisbon; and a translation of the first book of it into Hebrew, has been published by Professor Müller of Strasbourg,—in the neighbourhood of which city many Jewish families are established, for whose use it is chiefly intended.

The *Université Catholique* for December, 1837, contains:—

1. Religion considered in its principles and in its connexion with the different branches of science. Lecture VI. By the Abbé de Salinis.

2. History of France. Lecture VIII. By M. Dumont.

3. Astronomy. Lecture III. By M. Desdouits.

4. Sacred and profane music. Lecture IX. By M. d'Ortigue.

5. Monumental history of the early Christians. Lecture X. By M. Cyprien Robert.

6. Reviews of various works republished by M. de Genoude.—On the favourable circumstances of, and on the chief obstacles to, the propagation of Christianity, by the Abbé Doellinger.—*Christ devant le siècle*, by Roselly de Lorgues.—Analysis of the Lectures on the origin of the Chaldeans, delivered at the Sorbonne, by M. le Normand.

7. Notices of new books. Index to the four first volumes.

The number for January, 1838, contains:—

1. Introduction to the study of the truths of Christianity. Lecture IX. By the Abbé Gerbet.

2. Political Economy, Continuation of Lecture XIII. By Viscount Villeneuve de Bargemont.

3. Astronomy. Lecture IV. By M. Desdouits.

4. General history of Hebrew literature. Lecture V. By M. de Cazalès.

5. Review.—*Prælectiones Theologicæ de Matrimonio*, by the Abbé Carrières.—On the present state of religious art in France, by Count de Montalembert.

6. Notices of new books.

The contents of the number for February are :

1. Political Economy. Lecture XIV.
2. Astronomy. Lecture V.
3. Monumental History of the early Christians. Lecture XI.
4. History of Christian poetry. Lecture II. By M. Douhaire.
5. Review.—The state of the Catholics in Prussia.—Memoir on Syriac literature, by M. Eugène Boré.—Life of Balzac, by Moreau.—Announcement of a series of reviews of the principal German works connected with religion or ecclesiastical history, to be published in the *Université*.

It may not be uninteresting to many of our readers to hear of such musical publications as appear on the continent, and may be useful in religious worship. We shall, therefore, mention such as have come to our knowledge.

The *Stabat Mater*, for three voices, treble, tenor, and bass, with accompaniment for the organ or piano, by Pietro Ravalli of St. Peter's Basilica, dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Wiseman; Rome, 1837. The works of this young composer are publishing in Paris, and the composition here mentioned is full of expression, and admirably suited for small choirs.

Saggio Storico, teorico pratico del Canto Gregoriano. By Father Alfieri, 4to. Rome, 1835. The first part of this work contains a simple but complete system of the Gregorian chaunt. The second gives the tones, verses, &c., as well as the manner of singing the epistle, gospel, collects, little chapters, &c., as practised in Rome, particularly in the basilicas and papal chapel. It is much the best work we know upon this subject.

Cantus Gregorianus in Purificationis B. Marie Virginis, et Palmarum Processionibus, collectus et emendatus, 4to. Edited by same author.

Padre Alfieri has also ready for publication the following.

1. *Cantus Gregorianus Passionis Domini Nostri Jesu Christi.* The four Passions, as sung in the office of Holy Week, arranged in three folio volumes, each containing the entire text, but the musical notes for only the part which one of the three chaunters has to sing. By this arrangement much confusion and occasional mistakes are avoided. The splendid chaunt of the Passions, which is very ancient, was reformed, with the rest of the Gregorian music, by John Guidetti, the friend of Palestrina, by command of the Holy See. Besides several unaccountable errors in the musical arrangements, this work is clogged with many superfluous notes, and has the text anterior to the two last corrections of the Missal. It is, moreover, now extremely rare. All the corrections made for the forthcoming editions, besides being based upon ancient manuscripts, and the practice of the papal chapel, have been submitted to the sound judgment of the eminent D. Giuseppe Baini, the biographer of Palestrina, and present director of the pontifical choir. A very small number of subscribers is now wanting to bring this work to press, so as to be ready for delivery in time for next Lent. Price about *ten shillings*.

2. Directorium Chori juxta ritum S. R. Ecclesiae a Joanne Guidetto olim edito.

Another collection of Church music will soon appear in numbers. The first, to be published on the 2nd of November, will contain Palestrina's celebrated *Missa Pape Marcelli*, as reduced by himself from eight to six parts. This magnificent composition saved Church music in part from total abolition, having received the perfect approbation of St. Charles Borromeo, appointed to decide on the great composer's efforts to produce music worthy of God's house. Besides this, the first number will contain the same composer's celebrated motett, "Fratres," and Burroni's "Credidi," performed in St. Peter's on that apostle's festival. The collection will present none but masterpieces, chiefly of the old school, and mostly inedited.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE EARL MARSHALL AND THE CORONATION.

It is not true, as currently reported, that the Office of Chief Butler at the approaching Coronation devolves, or will on any future occasion devolve, upon the Duke of Newcastle, in right of the purchase of the Property and Manor of Worksop.

The Office of *Chief Butler* is vested in the Property and Manor of *Kenning-hall*, which the Duke of Norfolk retains; and it is in right of this Office that the Dukes of Norfolk receive after the Banquet the gold cup and ewer used on that occasion, and which form the most substantial appendage and memorial of having served the office. The only privilege attached to the Manor of Worksop itself, and which has been confounded with the other, is—that the Manor of Worksop is held by the service of finding gloves for the Sovereign at any Coronation, which service and right will be transferred to the purchaser of Worksop on the completion of the sale; but will be exercised by the present owner—Bernard Edward, Duke of Norfolk, at the approaching Coronation of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

ROME.—On Sunday, the 22nd of December, in the Basilica of St. Peter's, was celebrated the beatification of the venerable servant of God, John Massias, of the order of St. Dominic. The cardinals, prelates, and consultors of the congregation of the Rites of God, was read by Monsig. Falati, secretary of the Congregation. Two miracles performed by his intercession were represented on each side of his statue, which was splendidly illuminated. A solemn high mass was sung in his honour, and in the afternoon, his Holiness, accompanied by the cardinals, proceeded to St. Peter's, where, after adoring the blessed Sacrament, he prayed for some time before the picture of the holy man.

On the following Sunday, the beatification of B. Martin de Porres was celebrated with the same pomp. On each occasion, a short address was delivered by the general of the Dominicans, to which order both of the holy men belonged.

On Christmas Day, the Pope went in procession and celebrated high mass in St. Peter's. On St. Stephen's Day, his Holiness assisted at the high mass performed in the Sistine Chapel, on which occasion a Latin discourse was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the English College, to whose members the privilege of preaching in honour of the illustrious and holy protomartyr has belonged since the days when so many of its missionaries shed their blood in their native land in defence of the ancient faith.

At a late meeting of the Congregation of Rites, the preliminary questions relative to the beatification of six venerable servants of God, were examined, and it was decreed that they should be allowed to proceed. These decrees have been approved and confirmed by his Holiness.

On the 15th of February, the Pope held a public Consistory in the Vatican Palace, for the promotion of six cardinals. The cardinals elect first proceeded to the adjoining (Sixtine) chapel, to take the oath required by the apostolic constitutions. They were led back to the Consistory by the three senior cardinals of the orders of bishops, priests and deacons, and by Cardinal Pedicini, the Vice-Chancellor, and Cardinal Giustiniani, Chamberlain of the holy Roman Church, and Protector of the English College, and by them accompanied to the foot of the throne. They kissed the foot and hand of the Pope, who embraced each of them in turn. Having received the embraces of the other cardinals, they retired to their places, and afterwards returned to the throne, when the Pope placed the cardinal's hat on their heads. The Sacred College next proceeded to the chapel to assist at the *Te Deum*, at the end of which, Cardinal Pacca, Bishop of Ostia and Dean of the Sacred College, read the prayer *Super electos*, and the new cardinals were again embraced by their colleagues. When this salutation was concluded, his Holiness held a secret Consistory, in which he nominated bishops for eight different churches, one of them for Guayaquil in South America, a see just erected. The Pope then placed the ring on the fingers of the new cardinals, and nominated them to their respective titular churches in the following order:— Monsignor Mai, late Secretary of the Propaganda, Cardinal Priest of St. Anastasia; Monsig. Falconieri-Mellini, Archbishop of Ravenna, Cardinal Priest of St. Marcellus; Monsig. Orioli, Bishop of Orvieto, Cardinal Priest of Sta. Maria *supra Minervam*; Monsig. Mezzofante, late Librarian of the Vatican, the celebrated linguist, Cardinal Priest of St. Onuphrius; Monsig. Ciacchi, Governor of Rome, Cardinal Deacon of St. Angelo; Monsig. Ugolini, Cardinal Deacon of St. George. In the evening, their eminences went in state to the Basilica of St. Peter, whence they proceeded to pay their respects to the Dean of the Sacred College. On the same evening, the Pope's master of the robes carried the hat to each of the new cardinals at their palaces.

The following appointments have taken place in consequence of these

promotions: Monsig. Cadolini, Archbishop of Spoleto, to be Secretary to the Congregation of Propaganda: Monsig. Laureani, to be first Librarian of the Vatican; Monsig. Molza, to be second Librarian: Monsig. Fornari, Professor of Divinity at the Roman seminary, has proceeded as nuncio to Brussels.

We regret to announce within the last year the deaths of no fewer than six cardinals; Brancadoro, Trezza, Doria, De Simone, Gonzaga, and Marisi, Archbishop of Palermo, who died a victim to his exertions during the ravages of the cholera in that city.

A charitable lottery is shortly to be drawn in Rome, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the support of the orphans left destitute by the cholera. The prizes consisting of fancy articles of every description, many of them of great value, have been sent by the most illustrious personages. His Holiness has sent upwards of fifty rich prizes; the cardinals have followed his example; other prizes have been sent by the Queen of the French, Madame Adelaide, the Princesses of Denmark and Sulmona, the Countess of Beverley, and by most of the English ladies at present in Rome. The number of prizes amounts to two thousand, and sixteen thousand tickets have been already disposed of.

The original manuscript copy of the acts of the schismatical council of Pistoja, have been lately presented to the Pope by the secretary of one of the bishops present at it.

RUSSIA.—According to the official census of 1831, the population of Prussia amounted to 13,100,000 souls, of whom nearly 5,000,000 were Catholics, 8,000,000 Protestants, 168,000 Jews, 15,000 Mennonites. In the province of Aix-la-Chapelle, the Catholics were 345,000, Protestants and others 12,000. This province contains more Catholics, in comparison with other creeds, than any of the rest. After it comes Munster, containing 300,000 Catholics and 40,000 of other creeds. The same proportion exists in the regency of Trèves. In Dusseldorf and Coblenz, the majority of Catholics is considerable. In the beginning of 1837, the Catholic clergy of Prussia included, the two archbishops of Cologne and Posen, the two prince-bishops of Breslau and Ermeland, the three bishops of Munster, Paderborn and Culm, eight suffragans, twenty-five prelates, and one hundred canons. The secular clergy amounted to 3,500 curates, and 1,900 chaplains or vicars. Almost the only religious communities are those for instructing youth and visiting the sick. Most of the ecclesiastics belonging to the suppressed monasteries are dead. The clergy of Prussia is stated at 8,000 in all.—*Sion of Augsburg.*

END OF VOL. IV.

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